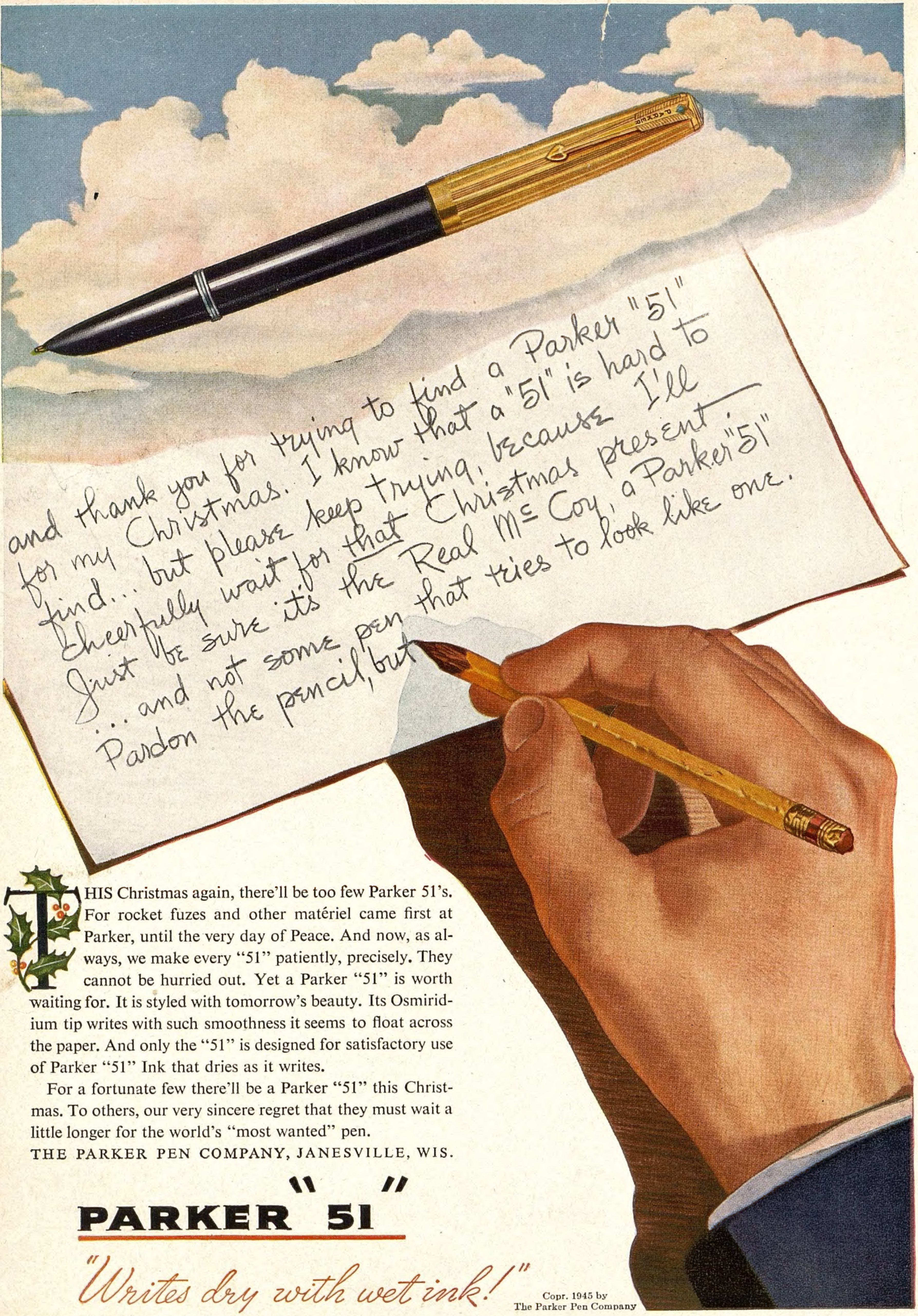
DEC. 15, 1945 10c

Liberty

Book: RAILROAD AVENUE

Classic Sagas of the
Singing Rails

5 MILLION NEGROES HEAD NORTH



and thank you for trying to find a Parker "51"
for my Christmas. I know that a "51" is hard to
find... but please keep trying, because I'll
cheerfully wait for that Christmas present.
Just be sure it's the Real McCoy, a Parker "51"
... and not some pen that tries to look like one.
Pardon the pencil, but

THIS Christmas again, there'll be too few Parker 51's. For rocket fuzes and other matériel came first at Parker, until the very day of Peace. And now, as always, we make every "51" patiently, precisely. They cannot be hurried out. Yet a Parker "51" is worth waiting for. It is styled with tomorrow's beauty. Its Osmiridium tip writes with such smoothness it seems to float across the paper. And only the "51" is designed for satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink that dries as it writes.

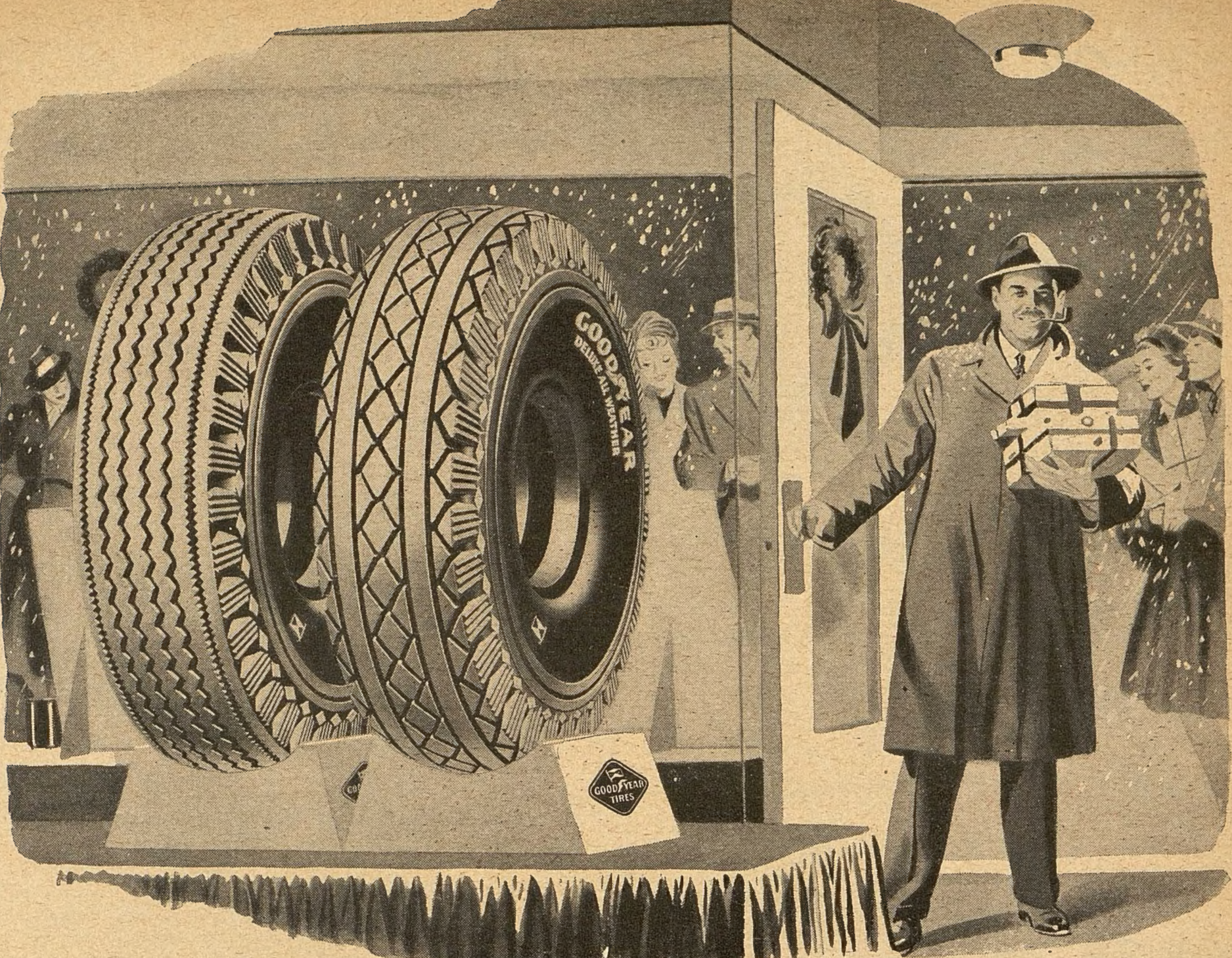
For a fortunate few there'll be a Parker "51" this Christmas. To others, our very sincere regret that they must wait a little longer for the world's "most wanted" pen.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.

PARKER "51"

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Copr. 1945 by
The Parker Pen Company



When you go to buy new tires

REMEMBER THIS—

For the past four years *all* tires have been put to the sternest test of quality in history.

Never before did car owners everywhere watch performance so carefully, check mileages so zealously — giving millions their first true-measured comparison of tire values.

And the pay-off is: *Today Goodyear tires have risen to the highest peak of popular preference in all their 30 years of world leadership!*

There can be only one reason. In these critical years more people have found Goodyears to be first in mileage, first in endurance, first in economy — the qualities you want most in the new tires you buy today.

• • •

TO MAKE YOUR PRESENT TIRES LAST — fortify them with a Goodyear Extra-Mileage Recap and new Goodyear Heavy-Duty DeLuxe inner tubes — available at all Goodyear dealers'.

All-Weather—T.M. The Goodyear T. & R. Co.

Best Christmas Present
for your car—
World's First-Choice Tires

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

BE CAREFUL when your hair starts to look lifeless . . . when it's hard to comb . . . when there's loose dandruff. Your hair may not be getting enough of the essential natural scalp oils. When this occurs, you get Dry Scalp. You need the daily help of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

BE CAREFREE! Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by *supplementing* the natural scalp oils. Dandruff starts to go. Your hair *looks* better . . . your scalp *feels* better. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature . . . not against it. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it, too, with massage before shampooing. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

In This Week's Liberty

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Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Helen Greenwood, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*

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Cover: The Blossoming of a Bobby-soxer

Painted by Del Holcomb

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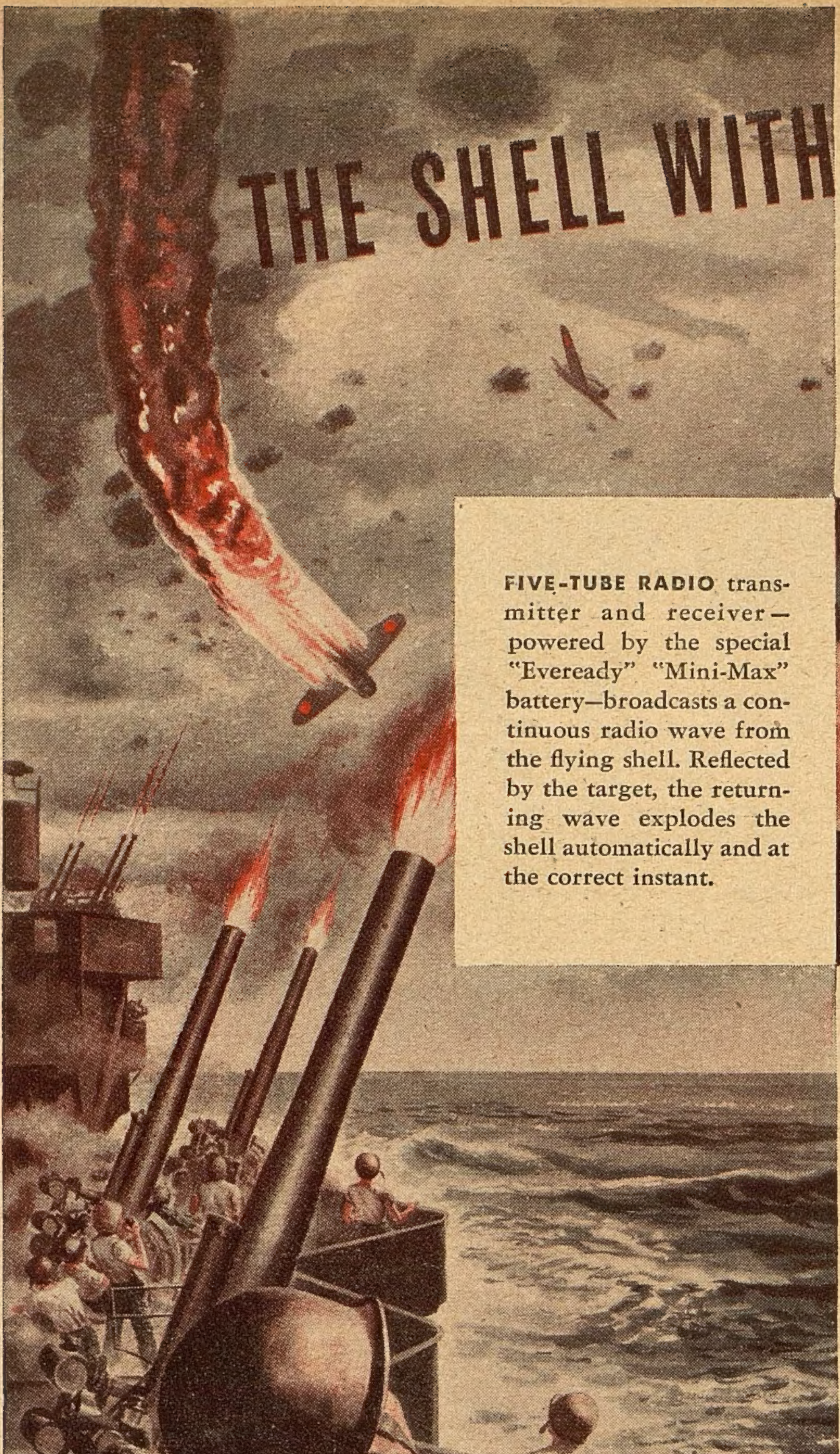
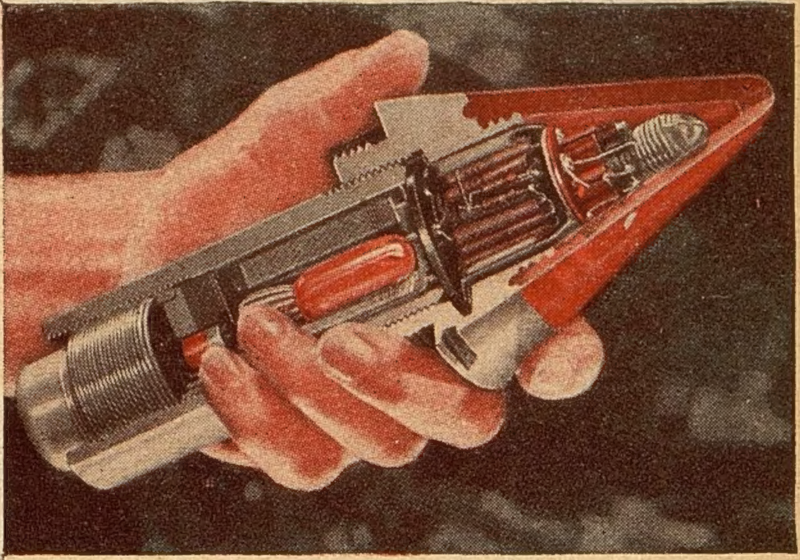
THE SHELL WITH A "RADIO BRAIN"

Army, Navy lift censorship on mystery weapon that licked V-Bomb, Kamikaze attacks

DEATH IN THE AIR. Many a Jap pilot, spinning down in flames from high over an American warship, quite literally never knew what hit him. Neither did enemy intelligence, bewildered by the "impossible" accuracy of Allied gunnery.



FIVE-TUBE RADIO transmitter and receiver—powered by the special "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery—broadcasts a continuous radio wave from the flying shell. Reflected by the target, the returning wave explodes the shell automatically and at the correct instant.



NOT EVEN the Atomic Bomb was more "hush-hush" than the "Variable Time Radio Proximity Fuse"—a fuse that decides for itself when to explode; requires no advance setting.

For 2½ years, on land and sea, it made possible unprecedented accuracy of fire: against V-bombs, Kamikaze planes, and enemy troops.

Transmitter, receiver, and detonating mechanism all draw power from a tiny "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery: a "powerhouse" rugged enough to withstand the shock of the gun's discharge: a force *20,000* times that of gravity!

EVEREADY
MINI-MAX
"B" BATTERY
EVEREADY
MINI-MAX
"B" BATTERY

"CIGARETTE CASE" RADIOS, small enough to wear, are on the way! This 22½-volt "Mini-Max" Battery is typical of developments that make such sets possible. It's less than the size of a box of safety matches, yet it's built to last and l-a-s-t!

TYPICAL OF PEACETIME application of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" power is this 15-volt *hearing-aid* battery. Small, light, powerful, it gives many hours of service at sensationally low cost per hour! It is now available.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
MINI-MAX
TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

THE ONE AND ONLY PIPE OF ITS KIND

VanRoy

with the NEW Ajustomatic STEM

FREE-TURNING

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VanRoy Ajustomatic Bard $5

VanRoy Ajustomatic is more than just another screw-stem. It is a totally new kind of pipe. New — because the patented stem is "float-mounted" — accurately lines up with the bowl as straight as a die, always. The stem can be turned as often as you like — it will never lock at an off angle. Give yourself, or another, the proud satisfaction of owning this latest — and greatest — VanRoy pipe . . . VanRoy Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

Signet of Quality in Pipes

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Lakeland, Fla.—Paul Hunter's editorial, Who's to Blame for Pearl Harbor? (November 3), is one of the finest ever submitted by him. He certainly puts to shame the former isolationists who tried to hamstring every move of our great war President and who now jump so eagerly at any opportunity to pass on a measure of blame to a man not here to defend himself.—*Chas. I. Dwiggins.*

Seattle, Wash.—Paul Hunter's editorial about Pearl Harbor is one of the most revolting attempts at whitewashing that I've ever seen! I know, and *you* know, that Franklin D. Roosevelt was to blame for Pearl Harbor. Yet, "No one," Mr. Hunter says, "in this country ever dreamed an attack on us was coming, and certainly no one imagined it would be at Pearl Harbor," and "each of us is a little to blame." All of that is a lie! Who was supposed to be looking after the defense of the United States—the President, who had all the facts, or the uninformed people, many of whom had been pleading with him to stop shipments of scrap iron and gasoline to the Japs? I've read and heard a lot of pink punks who call themselves Americans, but this really is the pay-off!—*Mrs. E. J. Combs.*

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.—Mr. Hunter brings out clearly and convincingly the real motives behind the asinine accusations aimed at our great leader in the war and peace.

His service to his country and to the world is now more than ever apparent. If he were with us in the fullness of his insight and knowledge of how to deal with emergencies, we would not be floundering around in the global uncertainties that now prevail.—*William E. Durrell.*

DID HE READ THE WRONG STORY?

Los Angeles, Calif.—Did the artist read the wrong story when he did the illustration for that wonderful short story, The Hands of Simon Lombard, by Sid Schumann (November 10)? I've never seen anything so unsuitable as that picture.

Lawrence Butcher had a sweet chance to do some good character work. And what does he draw? A bunch of people who look as if they lived on Main Street, not the East Side of New York. I got a perfect idea of Simon from reading the story, but the artist ruined it for me.—*Ed Gold.*

FUN—FOR SOMEBODY ELSE

Newark, N. J.—That guy who told the story about How to Train a Sea Gull (November 3) doesn't need to worry about anybody stealing his secret formula for catching them. After reading about how they spear your eyeballs and bite at your face, I wouldn't go near one.

But it was interesting reading about somebody else training the birds. And I think you did a swell job with the color illustrations for the article.—*Carey Ackerman.*

ON MEN AND MIXES

Richfield, Calif.—The nerve of some people's children! Mrs. A. W. writes in Vox Pop (October 20) that there are no real Americans outside of the Indians unless they have more than one race's blood in their veins.

I know ladies are always right, but I beg to differ with her anyway. Probably 70 per cent of our people aren't Americans, then, according to her. George Washington, Abe Lincoln, and most of our Presidents are of unmixed English-Scotch-Irish descent, but Mrs. A. W.'s rule prevents them from being Americans.—*Robert Douglas Kellogg.*

CALLING ALL WOMEN

New York, N. Y.—Perhaps Vox Pop will be interested in one idea about what women can do to save humanity from the atomic bomb. Men are doing nothing, as usual, and

it is evident that politicians will never do anything to stop armament races until forced to by popular pressure. So an informal club has been formed with a single-point program—no more children until there is an international police system effective enough to make impossible the manufacture of an atomic bomb anywhere in the world. If enough women adopt this idea, it won't be many years before politicians will be forced to progress beyond their phony conferences and insurmountable difficulties.—*Mrs. J. Vibart.*

A STORY TO CONSOLE

DETROIT, MICH.—Were it possible for every mother, father, sister, brother, wife, and sweetheart to read the short story, Meeting in April, by Katherine Lyon (November 3), I am sure not a little consolation would be theirs for the grief they bore in having given a loved one in the war. It was a beautiful story—one you think about long after you've read it.—*Don S. Mulholland.*

A LIFT WITH A UNIFORM

CAMP PATRICK HENRY, VA.—In Woman-Talk (September 15), Margaret Fishback speaks of helping "fashion-hungry servicewomen fight off the gentle melancholy induced by the monotony of uniforms."

When will people stop talking about how servicewomen long to wear civilian clothes again? No hat by Dache or gown by Adrian could give a woman the lift she gets from wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam's Army, Navy, or Marines.—*T/5 Virginia L. Ahlgrimm.*

PICTURE STORIES

DENVER, COLO.—I particularly enjoyed the picture story of the wardrobe mistress in Oklahoma! and Carousel (November 3), and the one showing nightgown styles in the next issue.

Have picture spreads become a new feature in Liberty? I hope so. —*Jean Samerton.*

A POOR EXCUSE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If you're going to publish a comic in Liberty, why don't you make it a good one? The

(*Continued on page 8*)

The best brushes have
DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

. . . this Christmas you can have yours

A hairbrush beautiful enough to grace the dressing table of every lady in the land! That's what you'll say when you see dainty brushes with backs and handles of gleaming "Lucite"* and bristles of clean, strong nylon.

Best of all, this year there's nothing to stop you from having one on *your* dressing table. For nylon-bristled brushes are now waiting for you at your favorite store.

While you're there, be sure you see the nylon-bristled brushes for *men*, too. In all brushes, nylon bristles stimulate . . . bring life and sparkle to lustrous hair. Their spring and vigor last and last. Look for the name, nylon, stamped on each brush.

Yes, this Christmas you can have yours . . . you'll be glad for years that you have one. (Du Pont does not make hairbrushes; we supply the nylon bristles and "Lucite" to brush manufacturers.) E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, N. J.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

SHARE IN THE VICTORY—BUY BONDS

**Du Pont's trademark for its methyl methacrylate resin*

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

THE TASTE TELLS THE TALE OF GOOD OLD RED TOP ALE
Try it...You'll find ample proof in every bottle.
RED TOP ALE
LOOK FOR THE RED TOP ON THE LABEL
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ALE
HAUCK BREWERY
RED TOP BREWING COMPANY, CINCINNATI
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
©1945 RED TOP BREWING CO., CINTI., O.

(*Continued from page 7*)

Thropp Family, that started in your October 27 issue, is certainly a poor excuse for humor.

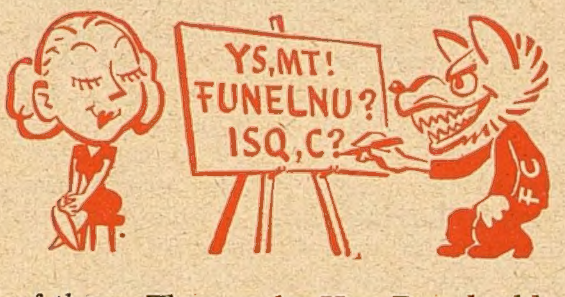
Why don't you get some excitement in it, so that we'd buy Liberty every week just to read it?

I'm a comics fan, but I can't work up any enthusiasm for any of the Thropps.—*Stasia Kant.*

TO FRED COOPER

YUMA, ARIZ.—I can't stand it any longer—never seeing any praise of "F. C." for his delightful cartoon drawings.

Golly! I chuckle over every one of them. They make Vox Pop doubly interesting.



YS,MT! FUNELNU? ISQ,C?
FC

I have written F. C. a poem:

Oh, gee,
F. C.,
Draw me!—*M. T.*

FED UP WITH STRIKES

BOSTON, MASS.—I've read all of Morris Markey's articles about union organizations so far, and I've found them quite enlightening. What I like most about them is the way Mr. Markey presents his material in a completely unbiased way—without coming out for either side.

I, for one, am fed up with hearing about the strikes that are going on in this country. Since I came back from overseas that's all I've read in the newspapers and all anybody talks about. Strikes, strikes, strikes! Why were we in this war anyway? So that we could come back home and find labor sniping at us behind our backs and jeopardizing everything we fought for?—*Anthony Stole.*

OSTRACIZE THE OSTRICHES

MIAMI, FLA.—That loud plop just heard was my head hitting the ceiling when I blew my top after reading a letter in Vox Pop (November 3) from Edna Goodwin who wants no more atrocity stories to be printed.

Frankly, I'm worried. Just how many people are there like ostrich Edna?

To my way of thinking—and I was a prisoner of the Germans for a year—there is not enough space available to print atrocity stories. Print them every day if it will help. There are just too darn many escapists in this world. Such things need cramming down their throats.—*J. D. K., 1st Lt. A.C.*

Your Heart will be wearing a Smile!

BING'S BEST! He's alone in a woman's world, father of a "Family" of 48 loveable, mischievous kids! **INCOMPARABLE INGRID!** Never so radiant . . . so beautiful . . . so inspired . . . as in this, her greatest portrayal.

Rainbow Productions, Inc., presents

Bing *Ingrid*
CROSBY · BERGMAN

in **LEO McCAREY'S**

The Bells of St. Mary's

with
HENRY TRAVERS
WILLIAM GARGAN

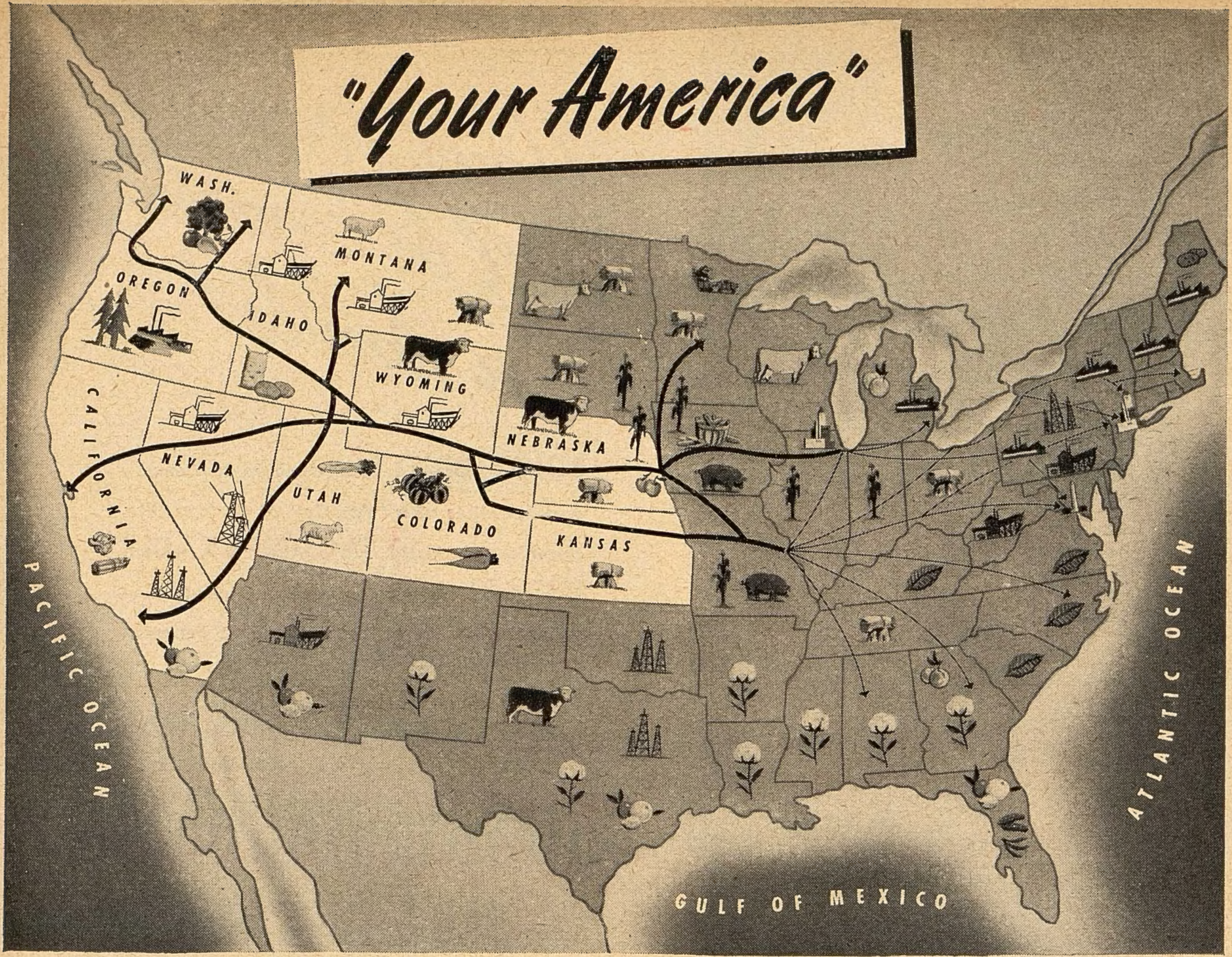
Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey
Screen Play by Dudley Nichols • Story by Leo McCarey

Released thru
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Bing Sings 5 Songs!

Directed by
the inimitable
LEO McCAREY!
. . . he gave you
"Going My Way"!

WORLD PREMIERE Early in December, RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, New York


"Your America"
WASH.
MONTANA
OREGON
IDAHO
WYOMING
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
UTAH
NEBRASKA
COLORADO
KANSAS
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO

Map of "Your America" Showing Territory Served by the Union Pacific Railroad

For more than 75 years, Union Pacific has served eleven western states . . . been a partner in their development . . . transported their people and products. This vast territory produces a great variety of agricultural products which not only feed and clothe the nation but are converted into a myriad of industrial uses.

The same eleven states also are a source of other industrial materials such as ores, minerals, lumber and petroleum. Rivers have been harnessed—providing irrigation and power. There is dependable rail transportation.

This vast western area has materials and facilities required for postwar expansion. There is plenty of space for such expansion and for homeseekers who desire a healthful contented life among friendly people in scenic surroundings.

* * *

Union Pacific . . . the Strategic Middle Route, uniting the East with the mid-West and Pacific coast . . . will, upon request, gladly furnish information regarding available industrial and mercantile sites or farm lands in the territory the railroad serves. *Address Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebraska.*

THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

The Strategic Middle Route

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

SAM H. JONES stepped into the national spotlight in 1940, when he trounced the Huey Long machine to become Governor of Louisiana. Among other liberal reforms, he did away with the poll tax and helped revise freight rates in the South's favor. Since the end of his term, last year, he has led the fight for industrialization of the South. The alternative, as he sees it, is in FIVE MILLION NEGROES MOVE NORTH. . . . Fifty-odd years ago, when he was building greenhouses in Denver, Albert Edward Wiggam, author of HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH BLUE, was platform-shy. But in 1896 he got so aroused over free silver that he took to public speaking. Since then he's become a leading interpreter of the human sciences and has lectured to over 6,000 audiences. . . . Son of a freight clerk and statistician, Freeman H. Hubbard grew up on RAILROAD AVENUE, of which he writes in Liberty's Book Condensation. After studying at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, he drifted from New England to Saskatchewan. For the past fifteen years he has been one of the editors of Railroad Magazine in New York City.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Nylons
Book:
ROOSTER CROWS FOR DAY

YOU CAN'T FOOL US SENATORS, says Homer Ferguson, for congressmen are used to witnesses who do their best to obscure what investigatory committees are trying to find out. Here's how he classifies their artful dodges. . . . If the holly on your mantelpiece lends a gayer Christmas touch than usual, it probably came from the Northwest, according to Jean Muir in THEN, HEIGH-HO, THE HOLLY! . . . Enjoy a unique blend of exotic adventure and homespun romance in Liberty's Book Condensation, ROOSTER CROWS FOR DAY, by Ben Burman.

for better soup

Try a bowl of Heinz Cream of Tomato—rich with Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, thick with cream, delicately seasoned. Now condensed, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is *better than ever!*

for better sauce

The rich cream and racy flavor of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup give zest to sauces—a tang to hashes, stews, spaghetti! Try this recipe—and be convinced.

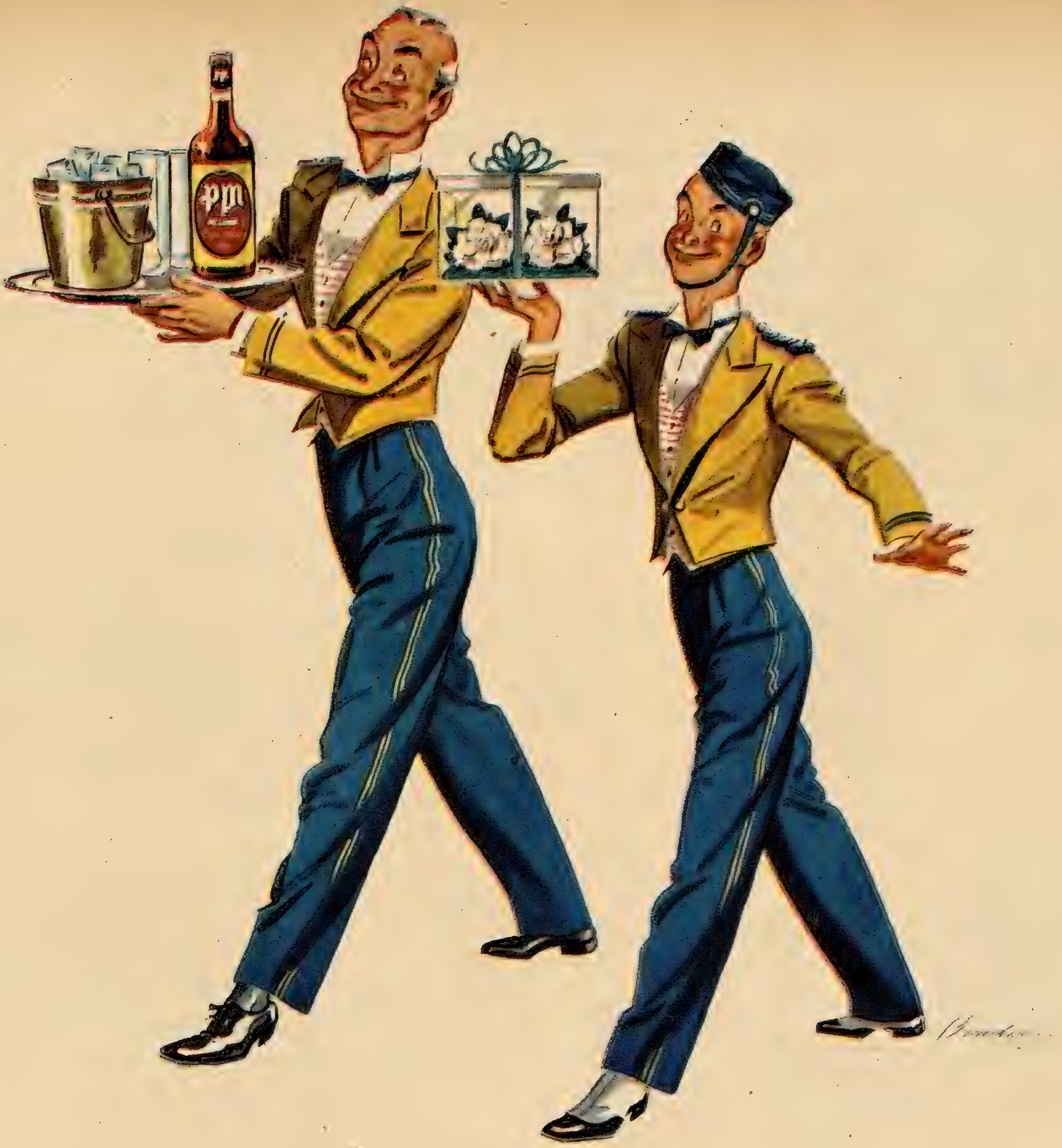
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GOOD MEAT LOAF CAN TASTE TILL YOU'VE DRESSED IT UP LIKE THIS

RECIPE—BARBECUE SAUCE FOR MEAT LOAF—Combine 1 can Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, undiluted, with ½ cup Heinz India Relish, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tbs. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, 1 tbs. flour. Heat thoroughly. You'll find this makes a smooth, enticing sauce that's simply grand over meat loaf, hamburgers, hot dogs or any kind of grilled fish!

HEINZ CONDENSED CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

HEINZ
Condensed
CREAM OF
TOMATO
SOUP
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
57

IT TASTES HOMEMADE

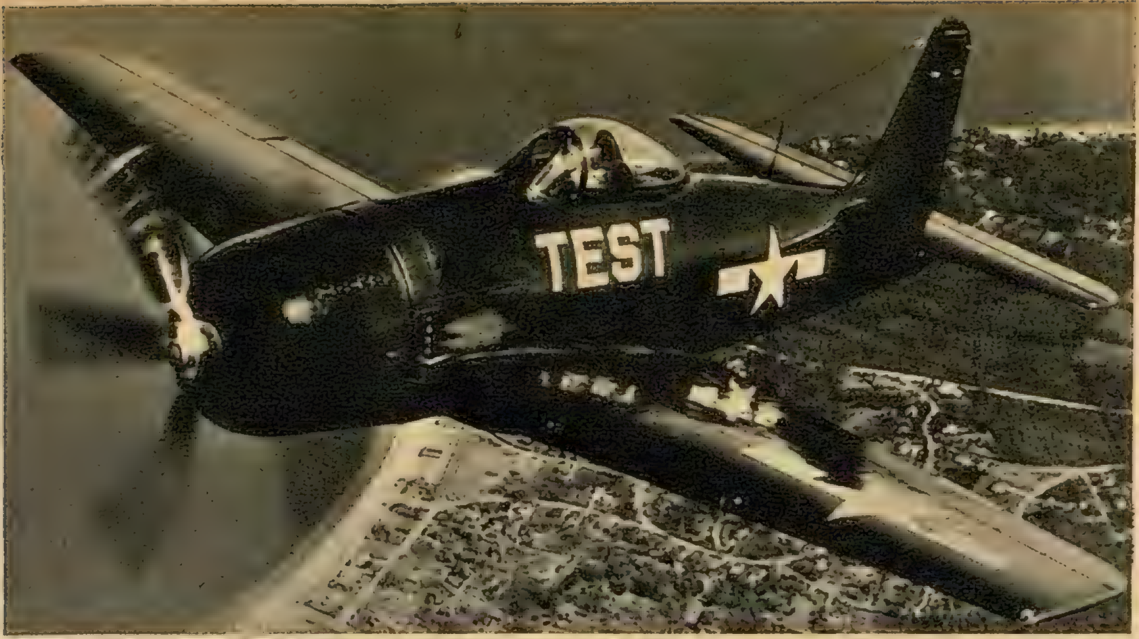


"FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS"—
As the gardenia is the symbol of perfection in flowers,
so PM de Luxe has come to be
the perfect compliment in whiskies.
PM's fine flavor, superlatively smooth and mellow,
is a toast to "Pleasant Meetings . . .
Pleasant Moments . . . Pleasant Memories !"

PM
DE LUXE
PM
DE LUXE

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



U. S. NAVY; FROM BRITISH COMBINE

Close kin to Hellcat and Wildcat is the Navy's latest fighter, the Grumman F8F Bearcat. Its single engine gives it a sea-level speed of more than 400 m.p.h.

ON THE BEAM

Coast to coast for only 3 cents a mile! It's the air lines' own idea . . . A portable rig for landing and launching light airplanes

BY WAYNE PARRISH

WHEN is plain Mr. Average American going to be able to afford air travel as a regular means of transportation, rather than as a luxury or an emergency proposition? Very shortly, say the air lines. And this is how they'll do it: simply cut fares to a level where everyone can afford to travel by plane—or, better still, can't afford not to.

The passenger-fare figure currently being mentioned is three cents a mile. That's right down at day-coach level. Many of the frills will be eliminated and you'll have to sit up in an unadjustable seat, but you'll still get all the benefits of speed.

The trend toward mass appeal by the air lines was interrupted by the war. But the war served to clear one big sales hurdle—selling the public on the safety and dependability of air transportation. While priorities kept thousands off the air lines and might have been expected to discourage them from flying, the effect was just the opposite—the building up of a backlog of potential air passengers. Since priorities were eliminated, air-line reservations have been jammed with requests for space, sometimes for months ahead.

The air lines realize that this is a honeymoon period. How the customers fare during this time of great demand will determine whether the public is to be wedded to air transportation from now on, or whether the paying customers will go back to train or bus.

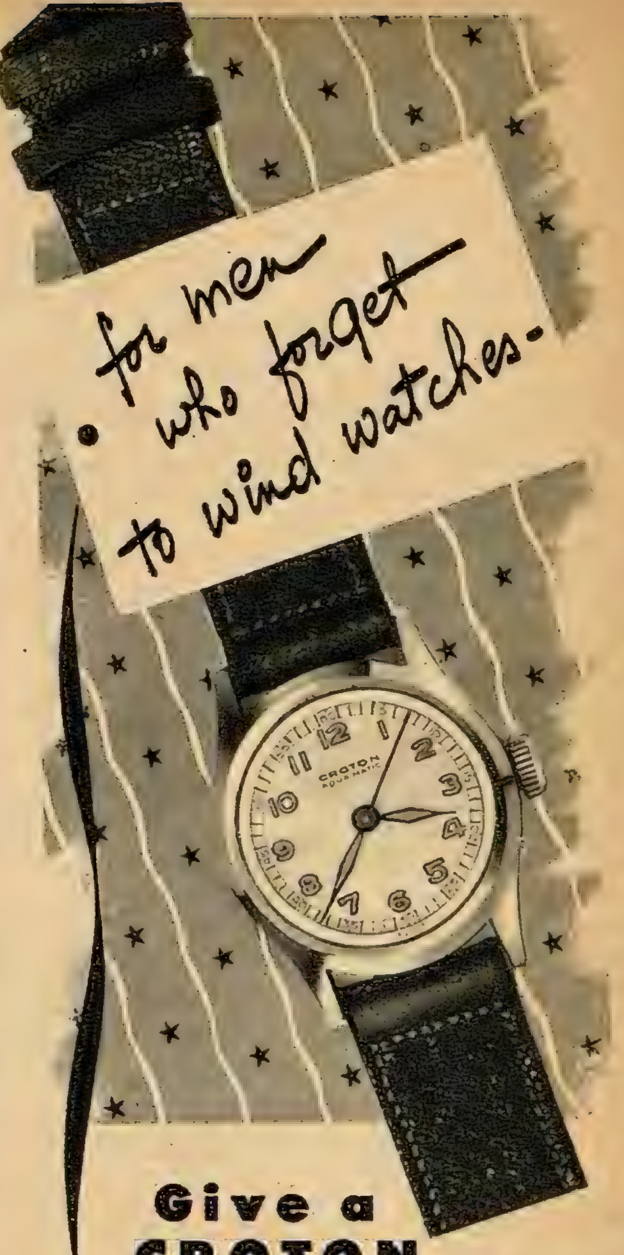
If the air lines have their say, Mr. Average American will be coming back again and again to the reservations counter, plunking down cash for a ticket. To make that process less painful, a direct appeal will be made to his pocketbook. For three cents a mile he can go from coast to coast in comparatively few hours, probably making some stops and having to worry about his own meals. But the air lines don't think that unreasonable for the price. The public still rides in day coaches, and even first-class rail transportation doesn't serve meals on the house.

This trend doesn't discount all you've read and heard about Gargantuan aircraft carrying luxurious appointments, including cocktail lounges and berths. Such equipment will be used, but it is geared for the luxury trade. It will be extra-fare for those who can afford to pay extra fare. However, the luxury trade, too, will ride less expensively than it is riding now. And these luxurious aircraft will fly nonstop from coast to coast, or with one or two stops at most, because they fly most efficiently that way.

Brodie System—but Not Steve's!

Coming in under the wire has taken on a new connotation for the private flier. A recently disclosed development by the Army's Air Technical Service Command is a portable rig for landing and launching light planes from a suspended steel cable. It is known as the Brodie System after its inventor, Captain James H. Brodie of the ATSC's engineering division.

The apparatus consists of a loop suspended from a taut horizontal cable. A light plane snags the loop with an overhead hook, and a friction brake halts it as the plane rolls down the cable. The Army used the system for its "grasshopper" fleet of light observation planes, and except for refueling, overhaul, or parking, their wheels never needed to touch the ground.



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the wonderful waterproof watch that winds itself!

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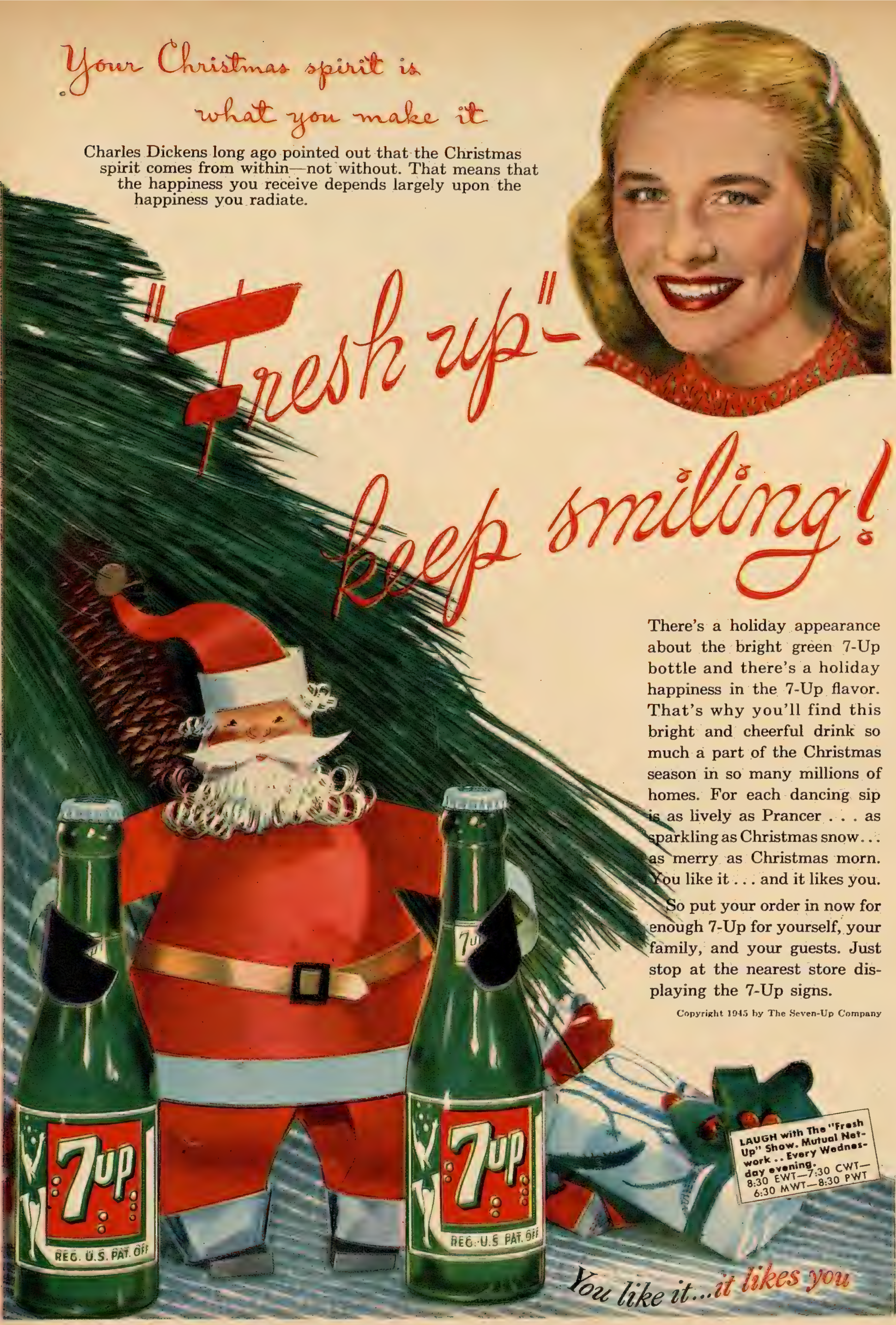

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Charles Dickens long ago pointed out that the Christmas spirit comes from within—not without. That means that the happiness you receive depends largely upon the happiness you radiate.

"Fresh up"— keep smiling!

There's a holiday appearance about the bright green 7-Up bottle and there's a holiday happiness in the 7-Up flavor. That's why you'll find this bright and cheerful drink so much a part of the Christmas season in so many millions of homes. For each dancing sip is as lively as Prancer . . . as sparkling as Christmas snow . . . as merry as Christmas morn. You like it . . . and it likes you.

So put your order in now for enough 7-Up for yourself, your family, and your guests. Just stop at the nearest store displaying the 7-Up signs.

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LAUGH with The "Fresh Up" Show. Mutual Network . . Every Wednesday evening. 8:30 EWT—7:30 CWT—6:30 MWT—8:30 PWT

You like it...it likes you

Notes from the Pacific

by

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

Manila.

FILIPINOS are clean, industrious, and basically intelligent people who will go far on their own. In a Navy plane, I sky-tramped all over the islands of Luzon and Mindoro, and, when air strips permitted, landed in typical rural areas to visit farmers and see Filipinos in their normal daily routine. It is amazing how much they do with so little and how clean they keep their bodies and the little clothes they have left. Soap being almost nonexistent, the bark of a certain tree soaked in water has been substituted with acceptable results. They claim that for hair shampooing it is superior to soap.

THE American Army in the Philippines lives largely out of tin cans, and those empty tin cans have been put to a myriad of uses by the natives. Dishes, utensils, and practically everything one can think of for the house have been made from them by numerous amateur household mechanics.

COMMANDER SULLAVAN, considered by many the greatest salvage expert in the world and whose name will always be linked with the raising of the Normandie, took me for a trip around Manila Bay, where close to 500 ships of all sizes and descriptions were sunk. In remarkably short order, enough of these ships had been raised to clear the harbor so that the Army could unload literally mountains of supplies. Working from one of the barges, divers were recovering money the Japanese had taken from the Bank of China. These divers, with no equipment other than oversized face masks, similar in design to those used by airplane pilots, were bringing up bushels of money.

NOT far from here, in the New

(*Continued on page 17*)

BACK AGAIN! the Blade that makes your Double Edge Razor perform miracles!

6NX REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PROCESS STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

ONCE AGAIN you can get Star Double Edge Blades, made by the revolutionary 6NX Process. In the war years these Star 6NX Blades have been restricted to military and government use.

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American Safety Razor Corp., B'klyn, N. Y.

4 for 10¢

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"Now, thank goodness, we can switch to a silent Servel,"

says Joan Bennett *Starring in Walter Wanger's* "SCARLET STREET"

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You can't hear a thing! That's because a tiny gas flame does the work in Servel. It circulates the refrigerant that produces cold and ice. There's not a single moving part in the freezing system to cause noise, wear or need fixing.

See the new models today—at your Gas Company. You'll be amazed how roomy they are, how they'll save you shopping time. Look, too, at the ingenious way they're arranged inside. There are just-right temperatures for meats . . . for vegetables . . . for frozen foods. And, like the more than two million Servels that fortunate families are enjoying right now, your new Servel will give you also exclusive operating advantages. Permanent silence. Longer service.

Stays silent . . . lasts longer

Servel

GAS REFRIGERATOR

Other Servel Products

SERVEL ALL-YEAR GAS AIR CONDITIONER
SERVEL AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER
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For Farm and Country Homes, there are models that run on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene. Write for complete details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana, or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King Street, W. Toronto 1, Ontario.

(*Continued from page 15*)

Bilibid Prison, General Tomoyuki Yamashita sits awaiting his doom. He is largely responsible for most of the barbarisms and cruelties perpetrated by the Japanese troops during the battle of the Philippines.

Perhaps even before this finds itself in print, the "Tiger of Malaya," this last of the butchers of Bataan, will have lost face and life at the same time. He will "lose face" if a rope is used. Hanging, the Japs say, prevents the celestial spirit from escaping from the body and thus prevents a heroic perpetual hereafter.

After seeing Yamashita, it isn't hard to believe that the soul of a Jap is in his belly.

Yamashita is the most bestial-looking person that I have ever seen.

His head is like an onion and his wrists are like hammers that taper down to claws. Two narrow slanting slits embedded in surrounding flesh serve for eyes. He has a thick bull neck and his head juts forward almost the way Mussolini's did when he was strutting on this earth.

When Yamashita cut his bloody way down through Burma into Singapore and, contrary to all international customs, stripped General Arthur E. Percival of every vestige of dignity and flung at him, for its first use in this war, the term "unconditional surrender," he did not expect to see the tables turned as they were that day at Baguio. I watched Yamashita as he first caught sight of General Percival in the room with General Wainwright to view the surrender proceedings. A horrible expression of shock and surprise came over Yamashita's face at that instant.

It was as if all the muscles of his face had suddenly relaxed and the flesh was about to fall away.

General Wainwright and General Percival had flown down from Tokyo to have the supreme satisfaction of seeing this humbling of the cruelest of all cruel Japanese war lords. The ceremony had been postponed for a few hours to await the arrival of these generals and it was worth it to those of us present and waiting. The appearance of General Wainwright, sturdy in soul and voice but weak in body, standing there opposite Yamashita carried to all of us the whole panorama of the Pacific war.

THE END

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This award is significant because it was established in war years when the number of planes available for service was at a minimum—miles flown at the maximum. It is all the more significant because dependable Champion Spark Plugs are now standard equipment for every United Air Lines Mainliner and Cargoliner.

The Champion Spark Plugs for your car are blood brothers to these aircraft Champions and will give you the same unfailing service as that experienced by United and other leading airlines. For *all* Champions are products of the same unequalled research, engineering and manufacturing facilities. Insist on dependable Champions, the spark plugs of aircraft prestige, for your car.

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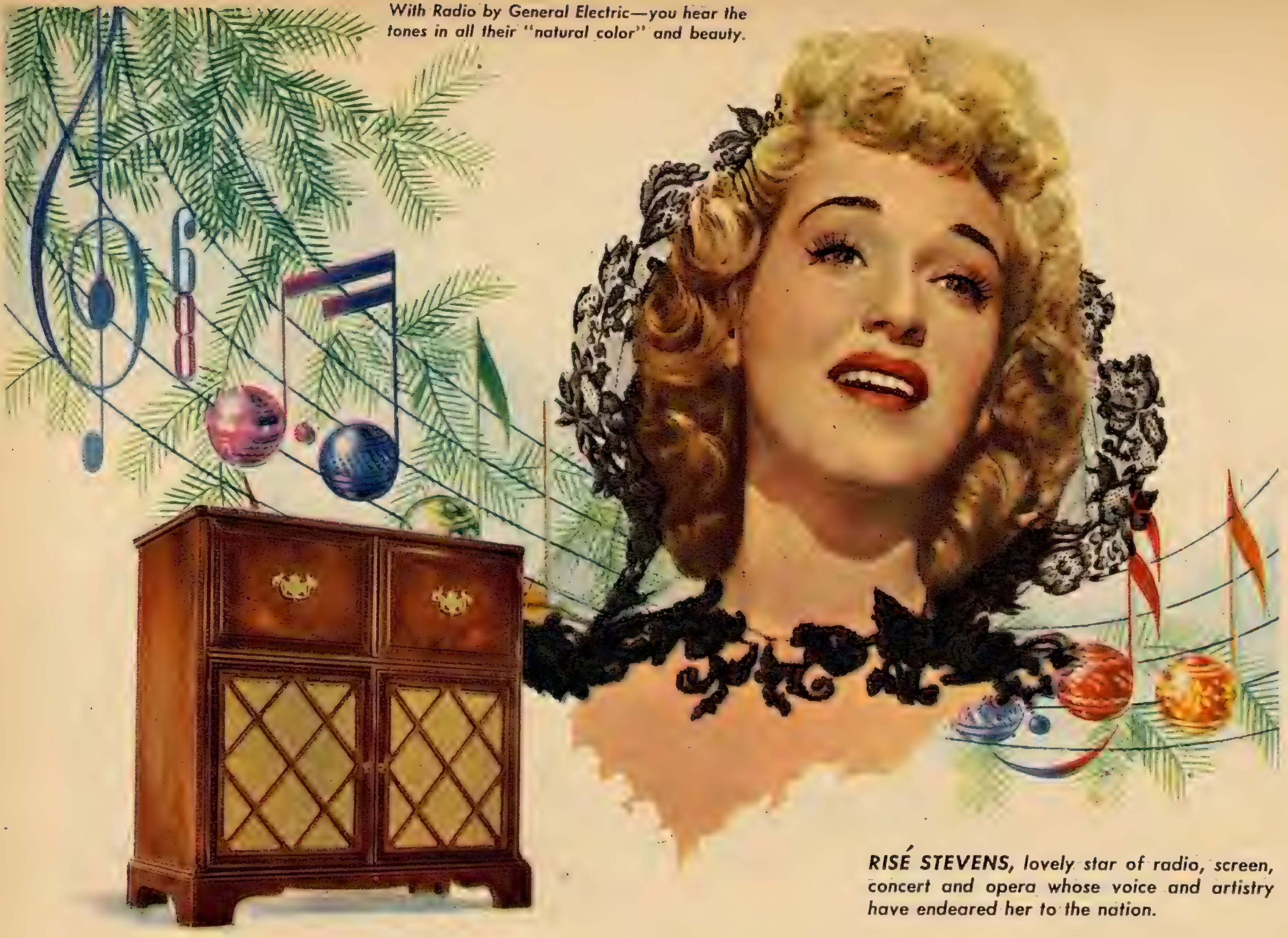

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A gift to great music—natural color tone on this great new radio-phonograph

YOU'LL never know how fine a popular priced radio-phonograph can be until you hear the "natural color" tone of this magnificent instrument—until you see the exquisite beauty of its authentic period cabinet.

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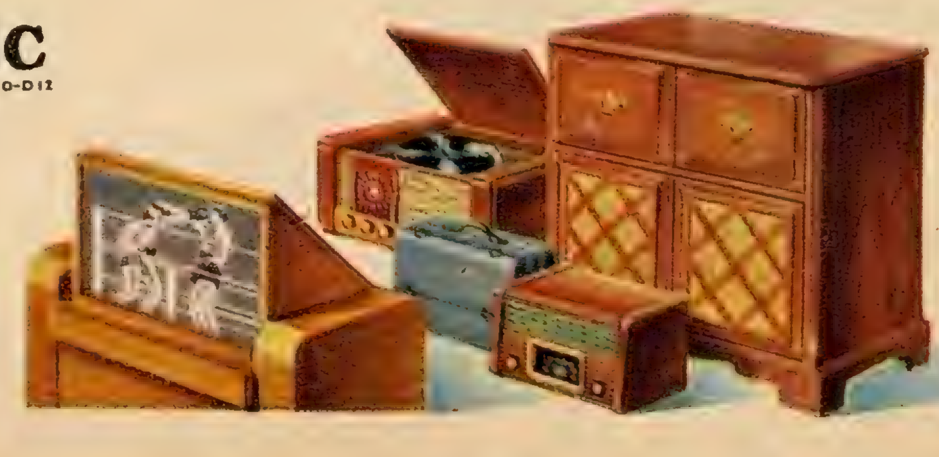


Five Million Negroes Move North

BY SAM H. JONES (former Governor of Louisiana) and JAMES ASWELL

Labor-saving contraptions are driving the Negro from the South—but liberals, like Louisiana's ex-governor, want him to stay. Here's what they offer him if he stays, and what they think will happen if he doesn't

MY friend was proprietor of a thriving general store in a rural Mississippi Delta community. He was holding forth on mercantile shortages and headaches. Suddenly he threw out an unexpected observation:

"You want to know what I have most trouble keeping in stock? It isn't even a particularly scarce item. It's the cheap cardboard suitcase—the kind Negroes buy when they're going on a long trip. I can't keep enough of them."

That revelation points up a social shuffle of immense proportions now under way in the South. The changes afoot in this region are comparable to England's industrial revolution which began in the latter half of the eighteenth century. That other industrial revolution was spark-plugged, moreover, by an identical factor: the machine.

It is true, of course, that the war rather than the machine set off the flight of Negroes from the South, but it does not take a long look at forces operating here to see that widespread adoption of agricultural machines *already perfected* will keep the Negro moving out—along with sizable numbers of white farm laborers—and will swell the exodus to a flood unless countermeasures of daring and imagination are taken. But about these, later.

Meanwhile, there is no doubt about it: the Negro has begun to go. There has been an outward trickle for years, as all the census reports show. The Fair Employment Practices Committee estimates there has been an emigration of the Negro out of Southern states amounting to 100,000 annually—net. That's since 1940. And I think it's a low estimate. According to Dean Trant of Louisiana State University, and figures compiled by Dr. T. Lynn Smith of L. S. U.'s Sociology Department, at least 150,000 Negroes have left Louisiana, alone, since 1940.

All the evidence indicates that Negroes have been shaking off the dust of other Southern states at about the same rate during the past five years, which would mean a loss of a million to a million and a half throughout the South. And within the South, Negroes are walking off the farms everywhere, attracted to industrial centers. With the war over, these Negroes must either find jobs in an expanding Southern industry or keep moving.

In 1940 there were nine million Negroes in the South; four million in the rest of the nation. Of the nine million Southern Negroes, 64 per cent were classed as rural inhabitants, two thirds of them on farms and the rest in small rural communities.

Dr. Edwin R. Embree, president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, out of which much money and labor in the Negro's behalf have come, says: "In fifteen years we may see the ratio of Negroes North and South reversed, with nine million in the North." This implies that half the Southern Negroes will move North; and Dr. Embree thinks at least a million Negroes leaving the armed

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Millions like him must find jobs in industry.

forces will not return to Southern homes.

In my opinion Dr. Embree is over-conservative, both as to numbers and as to time required. It won't take fifteen years. Not with the mechanical cotton picker, the flame cultivator—which burns out weeds with flame jets, leaving cotton plants unharmed—the improved rice combine, and many other amazing new farm machines ready to take to the fields.

In Louisiana, cotton is the number one crop dependent on hand labor—up to now. Rice is the number two crop, but is highly mechanized. And, as might be expected, cotton—not quite twice as valuable as rice—uses from 70 per cent to 75 per cent of all Louisiana Negroes engaged in agriculture. Rice uses 3 per cent.

The mechanical cotton picker is a proved and practicable instrument. It is ready to take over on hundreds of farms now that the war is over. The effects will be cyclonic. The Negro will be detached from Southern economy. Unless a huge new industrial plant springs up here, there will be nothing for the Negro—or for many farming whites—to do.

AN industrious farmer and his wife can look after twelve to fifteen acres of cotton with their own labor. Using the mechanical picker and the even newer flame cultivator, this same farmer without the field labor of his wife can take care of 150 acres.

If you think that doesn't bode revolutionary changes for the South, you haven't explored the manner in which cotton is woven into our economic life.

In rice, still more elaborate mechanization promises to pare down further the 3 per cent of Negro farm workers used in that crop. New-style combines and dehydrators handling rice in bulk instead of by the sack are ready for production. Listen to Homer L. Brinkley, manager of American Rice Growers Co-operative Association: "We believe that combines and bulk handling will reduce harvest labor requirements by about 75 per cent. Two men with twelve-foot combines do the work of twenty to twenty-five men during the harvest season."

In Florida and Louisiana, sugar cane is an important commercial crop. Under primitive methods, two Negroes and two mules are standard for twenty acres of sugar cane; today, with tractors, flame cultivators, mechanical cane cutters and loaders, one man will be able to handle the equivalent of 100 acres.

Moreover, normal plantation labor will be sufficient to handle the harvest without resort to seasonal workers. One plantation owner, who formerly imported 1,000 workers for the harvest, found that machines enabled him to reduce the number to 250. He says that when additional equipment is available he will be able to harvest his crop without any additional hands.

Charles A. Farwell, chairman of the educational committee of the American Sugar Cane League, says: "Each of these machines [mechanical harvesters] replaces about sixty men in the cutting of sugar cane. Last year, 21,480 men were displaced from sugar-cane harvesting—a Godsend to the labor-starved planters. And in less than two years sugar cane will be so largely mechanized that the great majority of farm laborers in cane will have to look elsewhere for work."

Modern tractors, mechanical planters, flame cultivators used with airplane dusting and that awesomely ingenious machine which moves along the rows like some Pleistocene insect, the mechanical cotton picker, all were employed in a recent preview of tomorrow's farming. With these machines one skilled workman can replace thirty to forty men. And that's conservative.

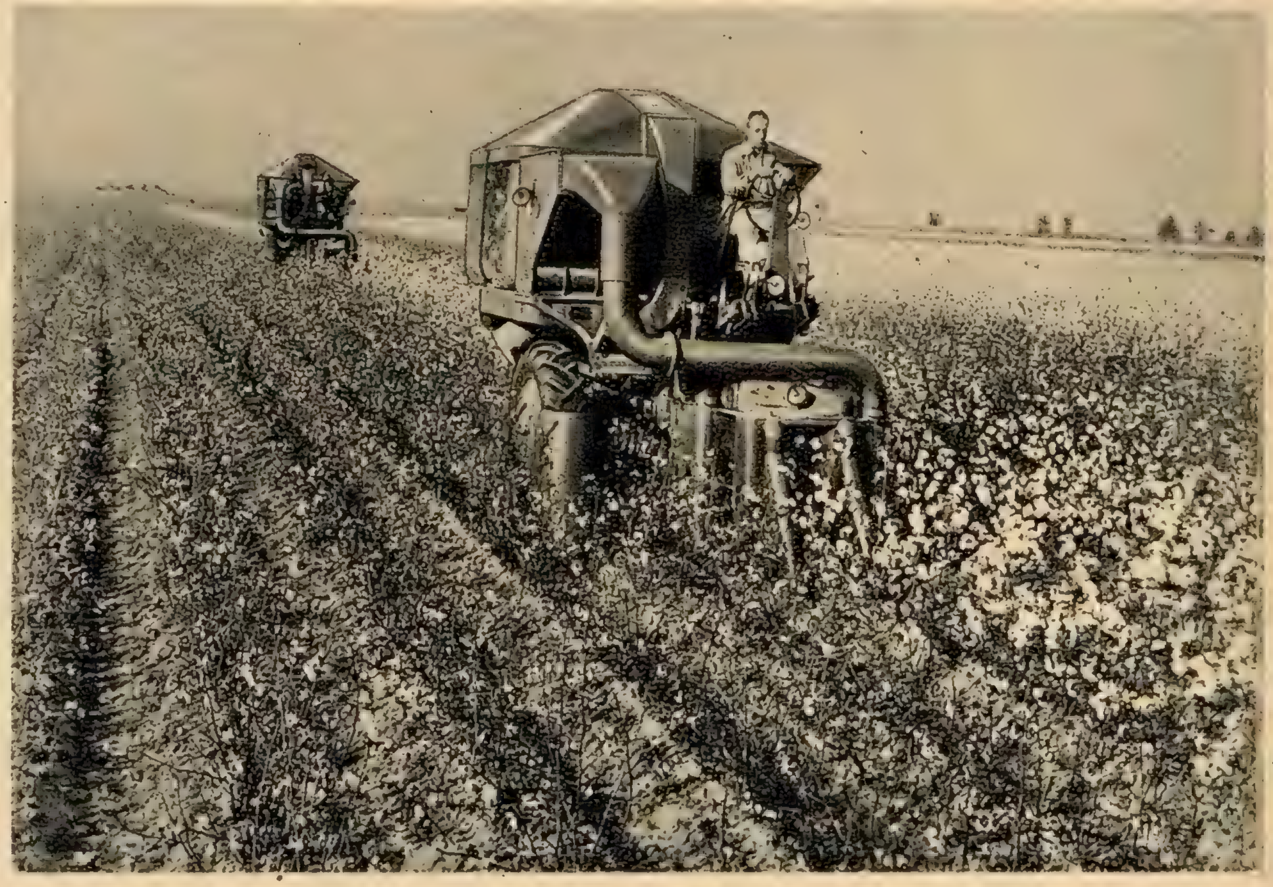
Oscar Johnston, head of the National Cotton Council, summarizes: "In the Mississippi valley a family of two workers can't possibly farm efficiently more than twelve, or at most fifteen, acres of cotton; and even then must rely on outside help to harvest the crop when a good yield is realized."

And then he says:

"If a successful program of mechanized farming can be developed for cotton, it is more than likely that the average worker will be able to take care of a minimum of 100 and a possible maximum of 150 acres of cotton. This will be handled not by the man and his wife, but by a single worker, normally the man."

This foreshadows a new farm unit for the South: the "family type" farm will probably expand to 250 or 300 acres. With, say, 150 acres planted to cotton, there will be plenty of

Scenes—and employment—like this are giving way to the machine.



Like a menacing monster, the cotton picker leads the parade in an industrial revolution that will hit the South like a cyclone.

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Northern negro sections—like Harlem—are crowded to desperation.

The Ida B. Wells project in Chicago houses these tenants well, but what if millions of plantation workers seek to join them?

land left for other crops, particularly those for home consumption.

The mechanical cotton picker is already on the market and has been tested in Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Arizona. Cotton must mechanize to survive—there is every indication that it will do so—and it is a conservative estimate that we can produce our needs in cotton under mechanized methods with nine million fewer acres in production.

By and large, the South could sit back now and view the future with complacency. The machine is going to give us faster, easier, more economic farming, and farming has always been our mainstay. Will we lose our Negroes, or most of them, in the years immediately ahead? Well, then, we might think, so be it! They have always been a headache.

Let the burden now be assumed by richer Northern and Eastern areas better able to bear it. Let *them* pay for Negro education, Negro health; let *them* wrestle with the knotty problems of a livable solution to race relations. They may even discover what we have long known, that the Negro problem is, always has been, and always will be an economic problem at bottom. Tolerable race relationships stem from good housing conditions and an adequate *earned* wage for the ordinary Negro. But now let's pass the buck. . . .

Yes, we *could* relax into that kind of thinking, but we're not going to. We know that shifting the Negro problem from South to North is no solution of it. We want to provide jobs in Southern industry for those, white and Negro, who are going to be displaced from our farms. The wiser Southern Negro leaders agree that the long-term benefit of the Negro will accrue from finding productive work for him in the South, rather than from dumping him on the congested slums of the North, East, and West.

That goal is by no means past achieving. There is a perfectly feasible counterirritant to the effect of machines on the economy of the South. Industrialization—the perfect complement to machine agriculture.

Recently I saw what was once a cotton farm. Upon it were seven tenant houses. Six were vacant. The farm had been transformed from a one-crop cotton producer to a balanced enterprise, with emphasis on livestock and pasture land. After the change, the owner required only a single tenant. He made more money and the tenant was better off than before. Meanwhile six families were looking for jobs. Southern factories could supply them.

THERE are many other portents. For instance, the South has found that it can grow more food to the acre in the form of storable sweet potatoes for dehydration than the midwest can grow in the form of corn. Also, it has been discovered that the potato vines, when dehydrated, can be preserved indefinitely and make a more nutritious hay than alfalfa.

The end of the old ruinous one-crop system is in sight.

Astounding as this seems to Americans unfamiliar with the story, the South has been prevented, as a matter of national policy, from industrializing itself and winning a balanced economy. Unequal freight rates were only one glaring example of the maze of discriminations which have shackled both the white man and the Negro in the South—external and internal tariffs, subsidies, controls, financial levers dooming us since the War Between the States to the status of "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

I'll give you one tiny example of the sort of thing that was for years almost routine. The other day I got home from a trip to Washington, where I bearded the lawmakers and the bureaucrats, begging that our ammonia plants, built during the war, be allowed to produce fertilizer. Allowed! You see, some of our spat-and-promise boys of the State Department had been talking around a sort of gentleman's agreement with a foreign country which would keep our plants idle to make way for imported fertilizer.

That's the way it has been. But the picture is changing. Out of war industries the South has drawn little permanent industry, but I believe a definite feeling exists, all the way to Washington, that the South should now be encouraged to process its own vast natural resources with its own labor in its own plants.

The hope of the South, the hope of the nation, and incidentally the hope of the Negro race is rapid in-

(*Continued on page 73*)

HE SHOULD WORRY!

BY TED SHANE

If worries were horses, Spencer Tracy would have the biggest stable in Hollywood—yet nobody, including Tracy, knows exactly what he has to worry about. A rare close-up of the fretful genius of Hollywood acting

ALTHOUGH Spencer Tracy has won nine best-pictures-of-the-year awards, and has been up with the first box office ten for the past seven years, he's still Hollywood's No. 1 worrywart.

As this is written, he has the distinction of being Broadway's No. 1 worrywart to boot. After fifteen years in Hollywood, Tracy decided to return to the legitimate stage this winter in Robert Sherwood's play, The Rugged Path.

Rehearsals were barely under way when he came to Sherwood with a problem: "Suppose on opening night there's a polite round of applause as I make my entrance and I wait till it stops, and then I open my mouth to say something and I can't? What happens?"

"Suppose," he said to Captain Garson Kanin, the play's director, "people who can see me in the movies for sixty cents decide that I'm not worth trying at four eighty on the stage?"

Kanin retorted that Tracy was exaggerating; that he had seen both Tracy and Don Ameche for fifteen cents. Tracy persisted, "But what about the people who hate the movies, will *they* think I'm worth four eighty?"

Kanin grew assuring. "They'll remember how wonderful you were on the stage, Spence, before you got lousy in the movies!"

Tracy kept right on worrying. He worried whether to stay in the play or get out. He worried whether he could hold an audience as he had in The Last Mile, his final Broadway appearance before Hollywood claimed him, fifteen years ago. He worried lest the play let him down, or vice versa; whether the play notices would be good; whether they would hurt his movies if they were bad. He worried about his health, his insomnia, about being interviewed, about being annoyed by fans.

He's always fretted about every role he has undertaken. His wife used to worry if he didn't worry. He was so worried about playing Father Tim Mullins in the movie, San Francisco, he wanted to refuse the part. Who was he, a humble Catholic, to play a priest?

San Francisco, however, proved to be the turning point of his movie career.

Later, doubt clouded his rugged face when he was tapped for Father Flannagan in Boys Town. Wouldn't the public weary of him as a man of good works? The answer was an Academy Award, which he promptly dispatched to Father Flannagan, with a note: "This belongs to you. It's your story and picture, not mine. You won it."

HIS movie contracts always provide for a sabbatical year in case he desires to test his stageworthiness. For a long time he wanted Noel Coward to write him a play. And once Guthrie McClintic almost broke Tracy's heart by offering him a part in a forthcoming show, then never followed through.

Last spring Tracy came to New York and phoned Playwright Sherwood, who discussed a part for him in The Rugged Path. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put pressure on him to abandon his return to the stage, but Tracy refused to back down.

He went East, broke theater traditions by starting rehearsals at 9 A.M. instead of 11, and unsuperstitiously opened in Providence, Rhode Island, a town that booed him off the stage twenty years ago, allegedly for lack of sex appeal.

He came up the hard way, and the memory of the frugal years haunts him. When he and his wife, ex-actress Louise Treadwell, and their two youngsters first invaded Hollywood, the Tracys lived in modest quarters, even though he had a comfortable contract with the usual options. Later, when his salary soared, he bought an unpretentious little place in the San Fernando Valley, near Tarzana. While Tracy is generous about luxuries, he hates to spend on necessities. He won't hire

(*Continued on page 97*)

Tracy, inveterate trouble borrower, enlisted Miss Hepburn to help him worry about the next day's shooting during the filming of Without Love.

The All-American worrier virtually wallowed in apprehension as soon as he signed for the lead role in the stage production of The Rugged Path.

In this atomic age, what we don't know can destroy us, and only a first-class intelligence service can tell us what goes on in the world. Having disbanded OSS, our wartime set-up —

Who's Going to Spy for Us Now?

BY STACY V. JONES

THANKS to Major General William J. Donovan and his Office of Strategic Services, our I.Q. was much higher at the war's end than when we entered it. How we shall rate from now on remains to be seen.

Before 1945, our twin defense needs were an army and a navy, but now the twins will be scientific research and knowledge of what the other fellow is doing. Powerful armed forces can lull us into a sense of security while an unwatched enemy prepares to level our cities with a few atomic bombs.

In scrapping O.S.S., President Truman gave its operational parts to the Army, to form a strategic services unit under Brigadier General John Magruder, who had been assistant director of O.S.S. These branches included communications, photography, intelligence, special demolitions, and the sections that penetrated enemy lines, supported resistance groups, and upset enemy morale.

The State Department got only the research and analysis branch and the presentation branch. The research-analysis staff—the planners—consisted, during the war, of more than 1,000 scholars drawn from the colleges and services, who made elaborate reports and maps for the War, Navy, and State Departments. The presentation branch prepared graphic analyses in chart and picture form. Secretary James F. Byrnes got full authority to merge these sections into the State Department.

Out the window went General Donovan's idea of a postwar intelligence unit that would be responsible to the President, to compile from its own and all other government sources information on what's cooking abroad and to place it in proper Washington hands. Anything bordering on espionage would be incongruous and embarrassing to the State Department. The War Department, as only one of a dozen government departments gathering information, was in no position to synthesize all the available material.

The President told Secretary Byrnes to develop a foreign intelligence program with the aid of an interdepartmental group. If he didn't work out a central agency, said observers, not only O.S.S. and its central idea were gone, but perhaps the country was, too. They warned that a future Pearl Harbor may be close to home—in New York's Wall Street or Washington's Constitution Avenue—and that our great need from now on will be intelligence from all nations of the world, including espionage.

In peacetime, spies are secret agents sent abroad to get military or political secrets clandestinely. Their operations are not wrong morally, politically, or legally, but under international law it's always

O.S.S. rescued these U. S. airmen downed in Rumania—and 5,000 others.

Behind enemy lines in Burma, the O.S.S. flies out a Japanese prisoner.

open season on them, and their own country can't stand up for them.

In following President Truman's instructions to "take the lead in developing a comprehensive and coordinated foreign intelligence program for all federal agencies concerned," Secretary Byrnes can hardly center it in the State Department, which has its own formal representation abroad. The Army, chief legatee of O.S.S., has attachés in foreign countries and might likewise be embarrassed. Furthermore, military training is not slanted at overall political and economic aspects.

During the war, O.S.S. was neither Navy fish, Army flesh, nor civilian fowl, but a little of all three. It was an agency of the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, comprising soldiers, sailors, and civilians assigned to take action other than military against the enemy.

Shortly before O.S.S. was abolished a few weeks after victory, General Donovan let the public in on some of its secrets, which had been closely guarded while the war was going on.

At its peak, O.S.S. had a staff of about 12,000 Americans, not to count whole villages of Burmese Kachins, French *maquis*, and Italian partisans.

In plain clothes and uniform, it gathered information about the enemy, sabotaged his war efforts, organized and supported the resistance movements within his borders, snatched his prisoners, and kept him continually off balance. When General George S. Patton, Jr., was tearing across France, all he had on his right flank was O.S.S. and the *maquis*. Once a Jap general sent a division to take care of one O.S.S. man and twenty-four Kachins.

The regular services and O.S.S. refused information on who broke the Jap code and who kept tabs on the German atomic-bomb experiments, but obviously none of them was idle. Major General L. R. Groves, in charge of the American atomic-bomb project, revealed recently that he had never feared the Japs in this respect, and knew pretty well what the Germans were doing. When a bomb intelligence party (presumably Army) hurried into a German city as the Nazi defense collapsed, one agent remarked, "This looks like the place all right, but the yellow house on the corner should be white." Another agent examined it closely, General Groves added, and found it had recently been repainted.

THE idea of an O.S.S. was conceived by General Donovan. He went to the wars in Ethiopia and Spain on his own, looked over the explosive Balkans, and watched the Nazis march in Munich. In 1940, at the request of President Roosevelt, he was an observer in Greece and Libya, and studied the British home front. The British had developed resistance group aids and psychological warfare, and set up a Ministry of Information.

General Donovan reported his findings to the President and a Cabinet committee. In July, 1941, President Roosevelt made him Co-ordinator of Information and assigned him clandestine and other activities patterned on the British.

A year later the President transferred the foreign information functions to OWI, renamed Donovan's office O.S.S., and put it under the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

At sixty-two, Donovan is a man of vast energy, imagination, and persuasiveness who wears out assistants far younger. Now a major general, he is the "Wild Bill" who commanded New York's Fighting

(*Continued on page 76*)

This Norwegian-born operative rode a parachute into his native hills.

O.S.S. agents ranged from socialite to sports figure. Samples: pitcher Tommy Bridges, Col. Jock Whitney, and wrestler Joe Savoldi.

A Bunny's Life Is Not Funny

BY BILL WOLF

If you think you have troubles, consider the poor rabbit who must be the Henry Kaiser of the animal world as a matter of self-preservation. An expert on bunny-hunting tells how you can add to the rabbit's woes—and forget your own

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING, PHOTO

Farm boys and their fellow Nimrods knock off 30,000,000 rabbits yearly.

EVERYTHING hunts rabbits. The weasel slips through the forest, sometimes fastening its iron jaws on a young rabbit. The fox stalks them. The great horned owl breaks up their nocturnal antics with a silent murderous rush. Hawks swoop down upon them in the daytime. Wildcats and lynxes wait overhead on some limb or rock to pounce on them. Timber wolves and coyotes hunt them. House cats gone native are their deadly enemies, and all dogs instinctively chase them. Snakes and crows eat young rabbits.

And that's not all. Each fall and winter an army of ten million gunners (more hunters than there were men in all the armed forces of the nation) takes to the field and shoots between thirty and forty million rabbits. That's about half as many as the wild animals and birds kill. Even automobiles hunt rabbits, running down five million in a normal traffic year.

This is an annual toll, from all causes, of approximately one hundred million rabbits. Included in this figure are various kinds of rabbits and hares, but the most important is the common cottontail. As the major game animal of the country, it feeds so many things—animal and human—that it has been called "bread of the woods."

Nearly half of the small game killed by shotgun consists of rabbits. They approximately equal all the pheasants, quail, grouse, squirrels, and other upland game that are killed.

However, no one need bother protecting the rabbit, for it has the one perfect defense—an aversion to birth control. Rabbits know their multiplication table so well that they are holding their own through most of continental North America, and in some sections are pests, as most Victory gardeners discovered. Without predators to check them, rabbits would be a plague in many areas.

Of all the fall sports outdoors, rabbit hunting is the most democratic and the most fun. There usually is a night before, when you sit in a farmhouse and discuss shotguns, hounds, and past experiences. Next morning, an hour before dawn, your breakfast is a man's meal of ham and eggs, fried potatoes, hot cakes, and plenty of coffee. I associate rabbit hunting with frosty fall mornings when the chill of approaching winter is in the air.

The first rabbit kicked up as the hunting day is begun doesn't look like the nation's number one game animal. Out of a grass clump, where its brown-and-white fur blended with the frost-covered tan blades, a furry lump bounds. It zigzags, it bounces over low obstacles, it hops madly around higher obstructions, and all the while its white tail flashes like a signal.

An uproar of shouts and shots greets the scurrying quarry. When hit, its hind legs fly high in the air and it turns a half somersault as though some hidden spring had been released. If the next one is missed—because a rabbit isn't always an easy target—the shot that plows into the ground near it lends new strength to its legs and it just skims out of sight. The beagles get busy then, picking up the scent, and you hear their melodious chorus as they give tongue. The rabbit is circling, and you watch the edge of the woods from which it probably will emerge.

If sharp-eared, you can hear the rabbit in the dead leaves before you can see it. There will be the sound of steady progress, then a pause, then a few hesitant hops, another pause, and finally a brown form coming out of the brush to the edge of the field. It pauses a moment, then makes a break across the field with the beagles on its heels. They are running it by sight now and this requires the fastest sort of shooting. You fire first and think afterward.

There are no great regrets if the rabbit is missed, because there isn't a hunter who does not have a genuine affection for the animal he hunts—and, besides, there's always another one. The misses will outnumber the hits as the party moves through thick grass and briers.

IN the brier patches, shooting must be done swiftly. You may see the rabbit for a split second, and you learn to shoot where you think it will be at a given moment, rather than follow it with your gun as in most bird shooting. Wing shots who prefer gunning for birds look with condescension upon rabbit hunting, but in heavy growth it is an art in itself.

By the time you climb to give the higher woods and fields a going-over, the sun is melting the frost. This dampness makes for better trailing by the dogs because it holds the rabbits' scent to the earth. When you finally stop for lunch, you have had a full morning and the afternoon is ahead of you.

That's rabbit hunting. The methods may vary slightly and you may gun over springers or cocker spaniels instead of beagles. I have even hunted with toy smooth-haired fox terriers. You may hunt entirely in woods where you kick each brush pile, alert for the rush of a rabbit from it. You may tramp frozen cornfields. You may hunt the Southern swamps. Generally, however, rabbit hunting is much the same all over the nation.

Long before we could carry guns, my brother and I acted as hounds for our elders, following tracks in the snow and occasionally imitating a dog's tonguing. We developed nice bell-like beagle notes.

As a rule, the first game a boy hunts is the rabbit. He buys or, more likely is given, a shotgun. It may be an inexpensive single-barreled affair, an old double-barrel or a pump gun, but it shoots, and that's enough for him.

(*Continued on page 110*)

In frosty, fall air the beagles' excited yelps add zest to the sport.

KEYSTONE PHOTOS

Rabbits ruin gardens, but they're dumb bunnies when it comes to traps.

Not even the high spots will dislodge some men's "lows."

Cartoons by Bill O'Brian

How to Be Happy Though Blue

Happiness doesn't just happen. It's a systematized series of ups and downs which can be charted in advance. Dope out the happiness cycle, say the psychologists, and you'll be playing winners at the track, the altar, and in business deals

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

MOST people believe happiness depends simply upon circumstances. If things go well, you're happy; if they go badly, you're unhappy. But now comes a twenty-year study of more than 1,000 persons by Psychologist Rex B. Hersey of the University of Pennsylvania, which sets forth the theory that, regardless of circumstances, each person has his own personal happiness moods or cycles, with short periods of unhappiness in between them.

You can make the most of this, according to Dr. Hersey, by planning important events in your life—your honeymoon, an important conference, or social engagement—when you know you will be on the up side of your happiness curve. Some argument might be made, of course, against men marrying women whose happiness cycles more or less coincide with theirs—as the low spells, which presumably, would also coincide, might produce disagreements of atomic proportions.

It's easier, Dr. Hersey says, to predict your low points than your highs, because unhappiness hits you harder than happiness. The cycle does not mean you are doomed periodically to a spell of the blues. But it does mean, according to Dr. Hersey, that at certain definite predictable periods there will come a lowering of your emotional resistance to the realities of life, and also of your physical energy and self-control. For short periods it will not only be harder to meet life's disappointments, but even good news will not perk you up much. The same news a few days earlier or later would have sent you into ecstasies, and bad news would have depressed you much less—often not at all.

We all know persons who never seem hilariously happy nor extremely unhappy, but Dr. Hersey finds even they have their ups and downs. In one workshop, everyone said, "No use testing Bill. He's always on an even keel." But Dr. Hersey found Bill had his "lows," but was better able than others to keep them to himself.

Dr. Hersey is no armchair psychologist. He has had a wide experience with both labor and management. As a battery commander, U. S. Field Artillery, in World War I; as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, where he studied British labor relations; and later as a student at the University of Berlin, where he was in charge of student relief in Germany, he has had ample opportunity to study human conduct.

He first began to note evidence of happiness cycles more than twenty years ago when the Pennsylvania Railroad asked him to make a special study of the following problems: (1) the "normal," as contrasted with the "problem" worker; (2) to analyze each man and his total environment; (3) to search for the factors that make men happy and unhappy; and (4) to determine, if possible, what conditions make men most efficient

He began with seventeen manual workers in the Pennsylvania shops, and twelve persons outside—mostly students and college professors. He tried to select men as different as possible in temperament and habits. They ranged in age from eighteen to sixty-three.

For nearly two years Dr. Hersey interviewed each man in the group at least twice, and most of them four times, daily.

Each tried to answer as accurately as possible such questions as: Had he slept well or ill? Had he been out late the previous evening? If so, had he been bored or interested? Had his dinner or breakfast set well? Had he quarreled with his wife, children, neighbors, or boss? Was he worried about money? Had he met with any financial loss? Did he feel his sense of humor had been keen or been dull?

Had he felt like joking? Had jokes he had read or heard made him laugh, or had they seemed silly and dull? (All jokes seem silly when you are in "low.") How much coffee, alcohol, or tobacco had he consumed? Every circumstance that might affect the man's emotions, temporarily or permanently, was frankly discussed.

After the first six months of his study, Dr. Hersey noticed on his charts that the "ups" for each man were pretty well bunched together for weeks at a time, and the "downs" were equally bunched, but for much shorter periods. Circumstances had had little to do with determining the down swings. If a man's love affairs had gone badly, or he had lost money or prestige when on the up side, it had bowled him over only temporarily. Rarely had it knocked him down much below "neutral." By the next one or two interviews he had swung back up to at least "neutral" or "neutral plus"—even to "cheerful" or "elated."

In every case, however, there came short periods when, even if the same good things happened that had occurred during the happiness zone, they did not cause much, if any, boost in happiness.

WHAT amazed Dr. Hersey was that each man had his own personal cycle. Thus, he says, a new law of human nature was discovered—and one that he believes has already begun to have important effects in every field of human relations.

In mapping your own cycle, do not expect it to keep rising steadily to a hilarious "peak," and then to run down gradually through neutral to the bottom of the trough, Dr. Hersey warns. Each person swings up out of his "low" into a rather characteristic zone, in which he remains for several weeks, with short minor ups and downs. The troughs on the low side, however, are more clearly and sharply cut, he says. They usually begin and end rather suddenly, and last from about two to five days, occasionally six—always practically the same with each individual. In the first group of adults tested, the shortest complete cycle from trough to trough was two and a half weeks, and the longest, seven.

Dr. Hersey has kept daily tab on himself for twenty years, and finds his cycle averages about five and a half weeks, with a "low" ranging from three and a half to five days. When you are coming out of the trough, you sometimes shoot up from the bottom into "neutral" or above in half a day. Things that depressed you at 10 A.M. have begun to seem trivial by evening—and the Martinis have nothing to do with it.

This law explains many hitherto mysterious facts of human behavior. Dr. Hersey says parents especially should understand that the emotional cycle is much shorter in young people than in themselves. Up to about age twenty, the cycle runs only about fourteen to sixteen days, with but a day and a half or two days in the trough—which will help explain the ever-changing adolescent moods of that son or daughter.

When young people are in a "low," they are usually very low, as any worried parent of a fifteen-year-old need hardly be told. They have not, as yet, learned the technique of mature self-control. They sink suddenly into a state of desperation without obvious cause, pace their rooms tragically, refuse to eat, play-act Camille.

For this reason, Dr. Hersey believes young people should be taught to chart their own emotional cycles. High-school and college students often become depressed over something that happened a week or two before.

They fail to observe that it did not make them unhappy at the time. It is in these periods of unhappiness that young people now and then commit suicide, Dr. Hersey believes, and he emphasizes the importance of having public-school psychiatrists.

In men there tends to be a distinct relationship between the cycle and the sex urge and activities, according to Dr. Hersey. Also, he has found a difference between married and unmarried men. Among married men, the sex urge is keenest both at the highest and the lowest points of the cycle; but with unmarried men, during the low period the sex urge is mild or absent.

As to women, it was learned that there is apparently no relationship between the emotional and the menstrual cycle. Dr. Hersey found some husbands puzzled by the fact that their wives were quite cheerful during the menstrual period, and yet a week or two later they became depressed. They were probably then on the "low" of their emotional cycle, and this, he believes, may explain some of the mysterious contradictions in the psychology of women. Indeed, Dr. Hersey says, fully aware of the momentous implications of his statement, it may finally explain why "mere man can never understand women." These facts have been confirmed by the work of Dr. M. J. Bennett of Philadelphia in his studies of the menstrual cycles and metabolism of woman.

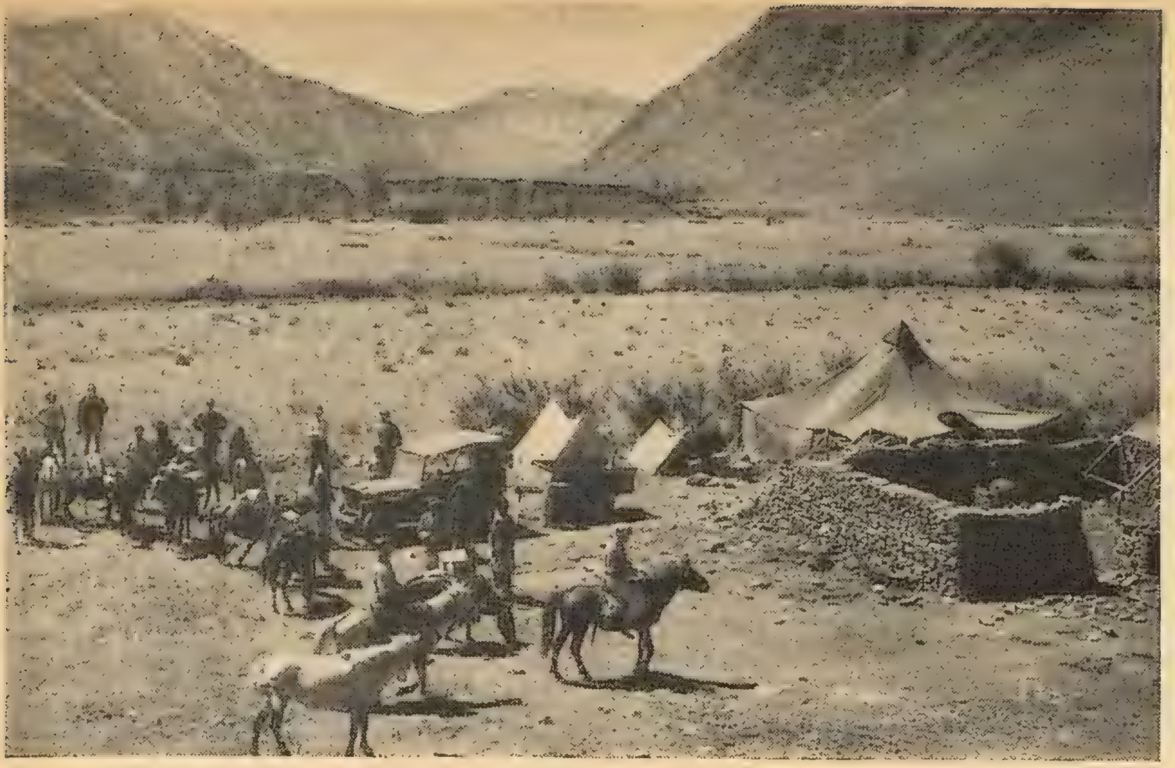
IT is not surprising to Dr. Hersey to find it is chiefly during their "low" periods that people, especially women, flock to doctors' offices. Doctors long ago discovered that patients came in periodically with distressing symptoms, and that almost any harmless prescription would relieve them until the next "attack." Heretofore, these attacks have been ascribed by both physicians and psychologists to "imagination," but the cycle throws

(*Continued on page 112*)

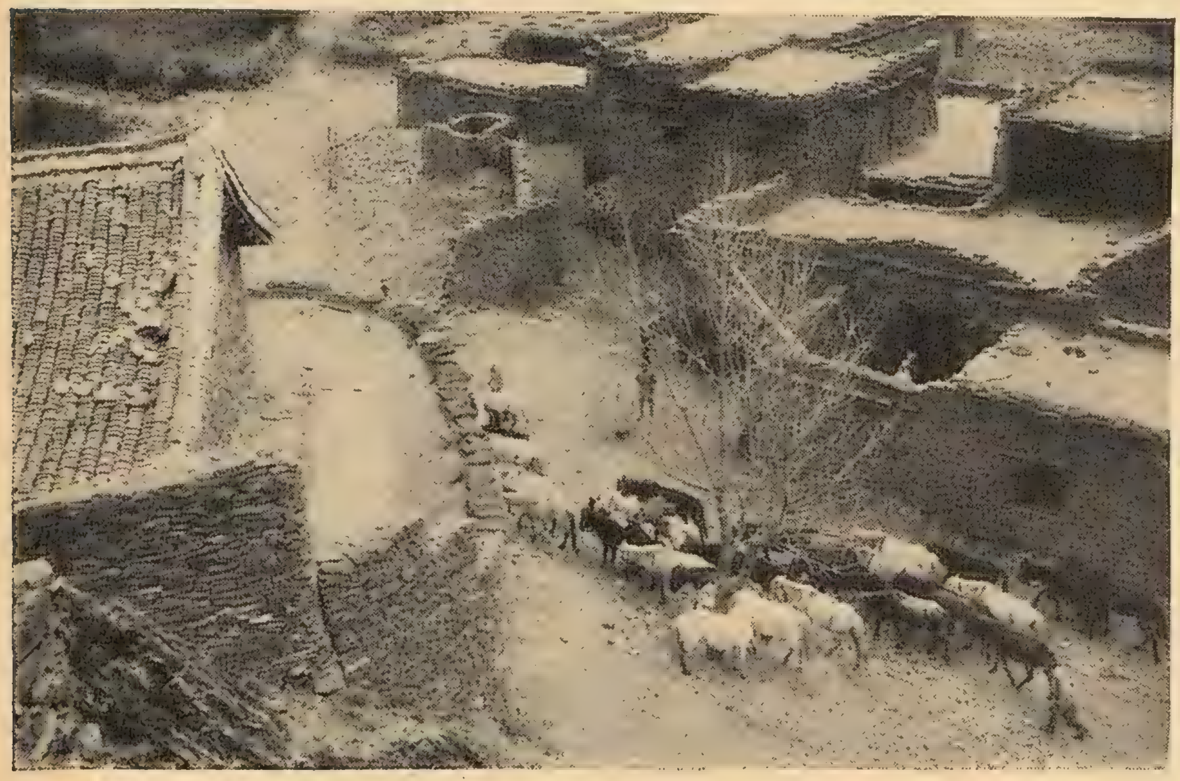
But when he's "in high," the same guy can laugh off the dreariest of woes.

Horse Trading

G.I. horse buyers in the Lost Horizon country had one of the war's oddest odd jobs. They flew in by plane like flies through a door crack. How the clockwise Tibetans cottoned to them is a tribute to Yankee ingenuity



The S. A. B. pitched its base camp 11,500 feet above sea level, and flew the jeep and trailer into the world's highest field.



Hopeful Tibetans herd their wares into the base village. Tibetan houses are flat-roofed. The house at left is a Chinese garrison.

Lt. Robert Gygert, of Rochester, New York, examines a rugged pony, while a native, at left, clutches his indispensable prayer wheel.

THE China National Aviation Corporation's Douglas cargo plane roared off the Kunming airfield on one of the world's most perilous supply missions. Two of the air line's crack American pilots were at the controls as we headed for Tibet.

In two hours we'd crossed the upper reaches of the Yangtze and were over the jagged ranges of the eastern Tibetan plateau. These mountains made the 14,000-foot peaks on the famed Himalayan "Hump" route seem almost small by comparison. The altimeter showed 18,500 feet and we were still climbing. Breathing became difficult, for the plane had oxygen only for the pilots and radio operator. At 19,000 feet the Chinese radio operator thrust his rubber oxygen tube at me. I drew several deep breaths and felt better.

Suddenly Captain W. D. Smith, the co-pilot, pointed to the north and shouted:

"There she is—Minya Konka!"

Rising from a sea of clouds was the 24,900-foot Asian giant. Around it were several only slightly lesser snow peaks, all more than 20,000 feet. Captain Dick Stratford gripped his controls more tensely. The altimeter now read 20,000 feet. At that altitude a cigarette lighter worked only when you flicked it under the oxygen tube.

Stratford headed into a narrow pass between Minya Konka and the next peak. We sailed in like a fly through a door crack, Minya Konka towering nearly 5,000 feet above us. We circled down to a landing on a mile-long grassy runway.

"Whew!" Stratford said as we taxied to a stop. "She comes in here handling like a fighter plane." Which literally was true, because the valley floor was 11,500 feet above sea level and the big Douglas had hit the runway in the rarefied atmosphere at nearly 100 miles an hour, a good twenty miles faster than a normal sea-level landing speed for that type ship. This was probably the highest

in Shangri-La

BY JAMES BURKE

regularly maintained airfield in the world. In the crowd that watched us land were three Americans and a dozen or so Chinese soldiers. The rest were Tibetans—tall and wearing high boots of red and other bright colors and big felt hats—and a sprinkling of red-robed lamas.

This was the main base for the Tibetan unit of the Sino-American Horse Purchasing Bureau known as the S.A.B. It was set up by American and Chinese military authorities, nearly a year before Japan surrendered, to procure mounts for the Chinese armies. Colonel Daniel H. Mallon, veterinary officer of the U. S.-Chinese Combat Command, headed the U. S. Army organization charged with equipping and training Chinese armies in the field. The horse-buying bureau's two principal units were in the Lolo areas of southern Sikang Province and in the Tibetan country of central Sikang, where our plane had landed.

Horses from both these areas are hardy animals. They weigh 600 to 700 pounds as against our 1,000- and 1,100-pounders. They can live off a few pounds of beans and rice straw a day, a diet which would soon kill our big animals. Therefore they are better than American horses where mountain terrain and lack of roads make motorized warfare impossible.

The little American remount and veterinary teams in China's almost inaccessible frontier were working on a goal of thousands of horses when the war ended, and Colonel Mallon went fortnightly on supply and supervisory visits to the main unit base.

The Tibetan unit's commander was Captain Richard A. Shea, a veterinary in Oklahoma City before the war. There were two other officers, five enlisted men, and a missionary interpreter in the unit. With these few Americans and a handful of Chinese, Captain Shea not only made long horse-buying trips into the Tibetan mountains, but had to deliver the purchased animals across snow ranges and hostile country.

Captain Shea and his aides, Captain J. H. Crouch of Garden City, Texas, and Lieutenant Robert H. Dygert of Rochester, New York, were in the crowd that met the plane.

"Well, you're still up in the sky here," Shea said as we climbed into a jeep for the trip to his headquarters.

"Yeah, up in skyland," Crouch put in.

Captain Shea had headquarters in

Capt. Richard A. Shea, of Oklahoma City, wearing helmet, commanded the bureau's Tibetan unit. Here he's making some roadside friends.

Despite the sales talk, the customer looks dubious. He's Sgt. Mike Brutscher, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., veterinary technician of the outfit.

Pfc. Alfred Brewer, left, of Oglesby, Texas, and Sgt. John Foil, of Tylertown, Miss., learn about tsamba: barley flour, yak-butter tea.

Buddhist Tibetans greeted the Yanks warmly; Konka, living Buddha, even posed for them.

The author survived an eight-day jaunt through eastern Tibet aboard a diminutive mount, thanks, in part, to this able guide.

a tent on the outskirts of a Tibetan village. As we drove out, we passed two mounds of slate rock, each containing several hundred flat pieces. Tibetan Sanskrit was cut across the face of each piece.

"Those are prayer rocks," Captain Crouch explained. The inscriptions were endless repetitions of *"O Mani Padme Hum,"* the common Lamaist prayer which usually is translated, "O Jewel of the Lotus."

The village was deserted because everyone had gone to the airfield. Planes were still a novelty. One of the lamas, upon seeing his first plane, said it was held aloft by wires attached to a god's hand—something like a marionette.

On the other side of the village was the American camp, but the new visitor would rarely notice it because the valley would catch his eye first. It was a perfect setting for Lost Horizon.

Sergeant Irl Leet of Crestwood, Kentucky, and Private First Class Alfred Brewer of Oglesby, Texas, were starting an outdoor supper fire, no easy job at 11,500 feet, but they had solved it by detaching the blower from their branding-iron firebox to create a little extra oxygen.

THE altitude had another effect on meal preparations. Cooking time was much longer because of the low boiling point of water, approximately 189 degrees Fahrenheit. All recipes had to be revised. Steaming hot coffee became annoyingly lukewarm much quicker because it was never as hot to begin with as steaming sea-level coffee.

After eating, we sat around the fire watching the sunset, with Minya Konka providing the real spectacle as the dying sun floodlighted its brilliant whiteness.

By that time the mountain air was uncomfortably chilly and everyone went in the big tent. Captain Shea and Sergeant Leet began answering letters they'd received by the plane, and Captain Crouch read a book he'd gotten in the same mail. Sergeant John Foil of Tylertown, Mississippi, the unit's radio operator, played the portable victrola.

Next morning Captain Shea and his men received twenty-one horses they'd bought the previous week at North Village, two days' pack from the base. The animals were brought in by five mounted Tibetans. These horsemen, all big fellows, up to six feet, were armed each with a long rifle, one or two pistols, a short sword in a silver-studded case, and a hunting knife. They all carried gold-and-silver-encrusted charm boxes. These boxes, six to eight inches square, contained various Lamaist prayers and charms for the owner's protection.

Tibetans rarely go without their guns and charm boxes. The rifles range from ancient flintlocks to fairly modern Japanese and Russian models, which they take frequent pains to display. They gathered almost every day on one of the flat rooftops in the village to fire at targets on the cliff behind. When someone hit the target, there were loud cheers.

On these occasions the Chinese garrison of twenty or thirty men, quartered near the American camp, would fire a few bursts from their one Bren gun. This probably was to remind the Tibetans that they'd better keep their civility. On a heavy day of this sort of face-saving and counter-face-saving, the valley exchanged its peaceful Lost Horizon aspect for something more akin to the old American West in cattle-rustling season.

Tibetan admiration for American rifles and marksmanship has been high ever since one of Shea's men with one quick shot from his Garand shattered a piece of rock the Tibetans had been shooting at for ten minutes. The captain was besieged with offers for the Garand. The highest bidder wanted to swap five horses and ten women for it.

Some forms of barter were tried, including wide-brimmed felt hats from India and salvaged American steel helmets, but most of the horse buying was done with C.N. (Chinese national currency) near Chinese market towns and with silver bullion in the remote Tibetan country. The Chinese government supplied currency and bullion, while Colonel Mallon's American teams found and selected the horses.

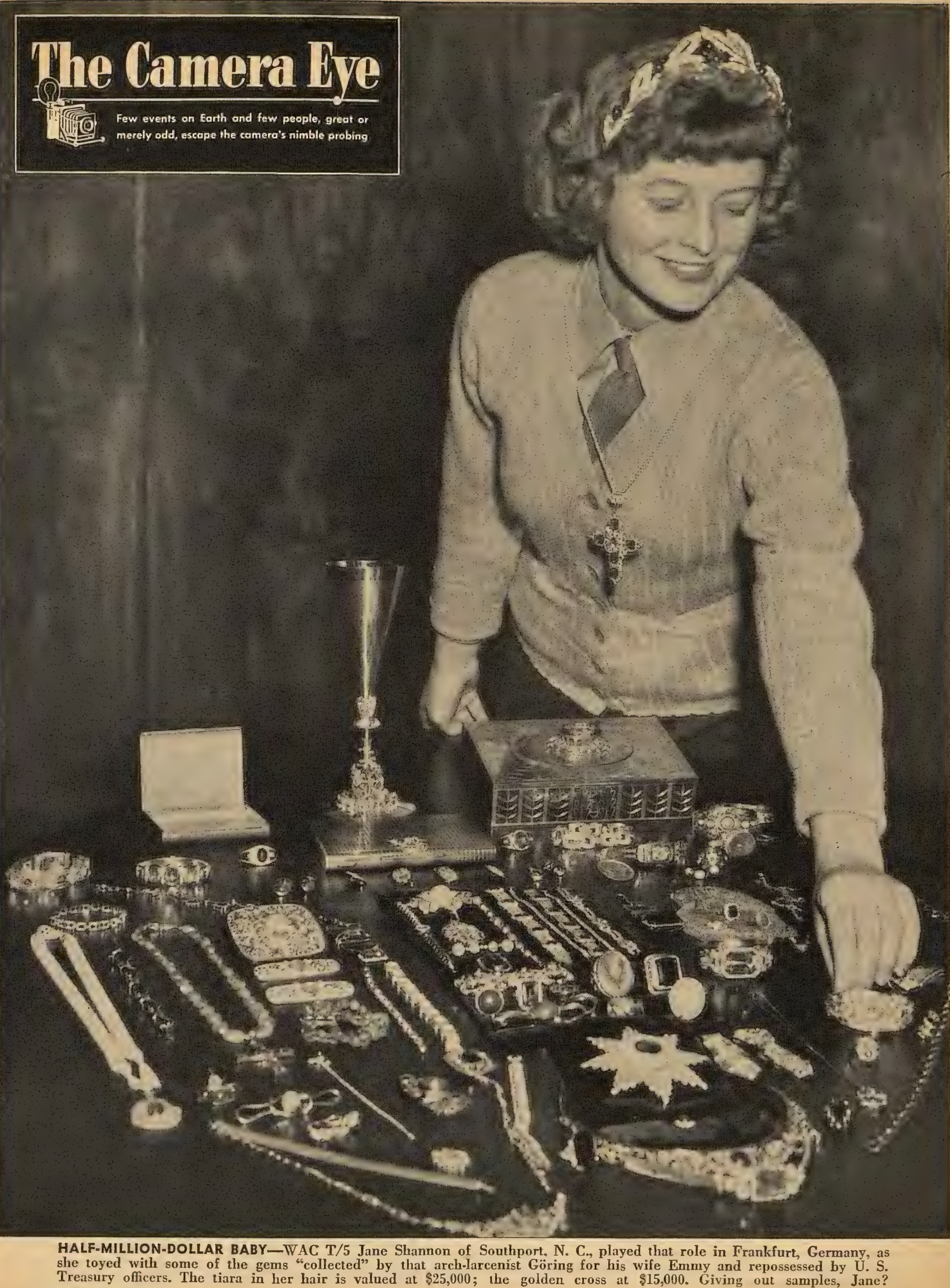
CAPTAIN SHEA'S Tibetan unit got its horses by contracting locally with some influential Tibetan—or by sending men to places like North Village. The first time Shea's men went to North Village they were advised by the Chinese to take along armed troops. This brought a fusillade of shots from the village rooftops when the horse-buying party appeared. Nobody was hurt; but after that, Captain Shea sent only his Americans, including Floyd Larson, the unit's missionary interpreter. Larson's home is Racine, Wisconsin, but he's been in China seven or eight years.

The Americans found the Tibetans extremely hospitable. I went on an eight-day horse trip with Captain Crouch and a Tibetan guide, and whenever we drew up at a house for the night, the people prepared yak-butter tea, which is mixed in a wooden churn with a slab of yak butter and some salt and served hot. *Tsamba,* a mixture of barley flour and yak-butter tea kneaded into

(Continued on page 74)

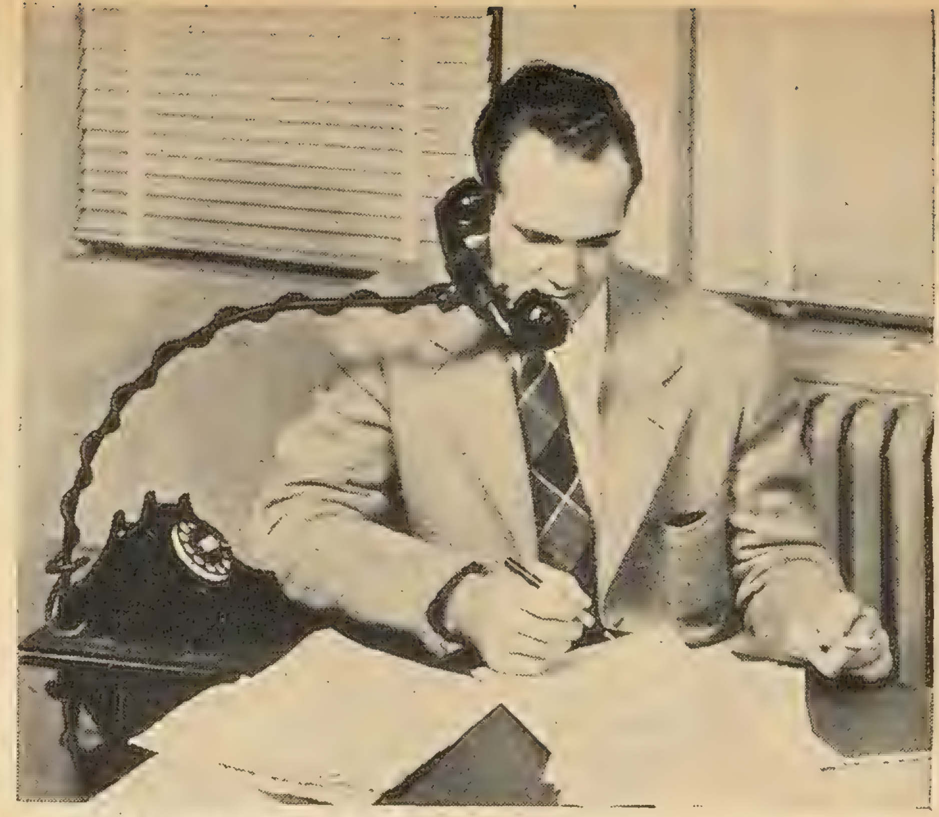
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR BABY—WAC T/5 Jane Shannon of Southport, N. C., played that role in Frankfurt, Germany, as she toyed with some of the gems "collected" by that arch-larcenist Göring for his wife Emmy and repossessed by U. S. Treasury officers. The tiara in her hair is valued at $25,000; the golden cross at $15,000. Giving out samples, Jane?

HE'S IN AGAIN—and we don't mean President Truman. It's New York's gnomish "Butch" LaGuardia, the droll guy for whom the camera was invented. Mayor or no, you can't keep him out.

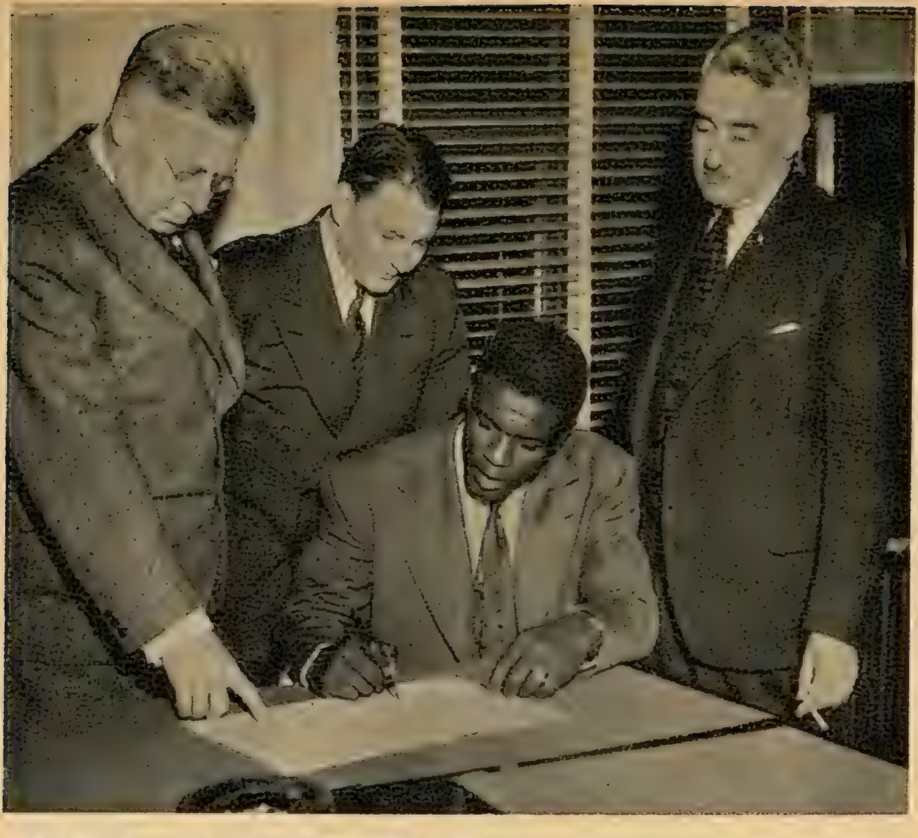


FOR FREEHAND TALKERS—Newest product of man's inventive genius, this dingus was designed for those super-executives who talk with gestures while writing themselves memos. No city editor (in the movies) will hereafter be caught without one.

MISS SUBM
MISS U.S.S. AL
MISS U.S.S. SOUTH
MISS U.S.S.

ARMY LOSES BEACHHEAD—Back in April, 1944, the Army carried out orders and Sewell Avery. When he regained Montgomery Ward management, joking workers gave a G.I. the heave-ho.

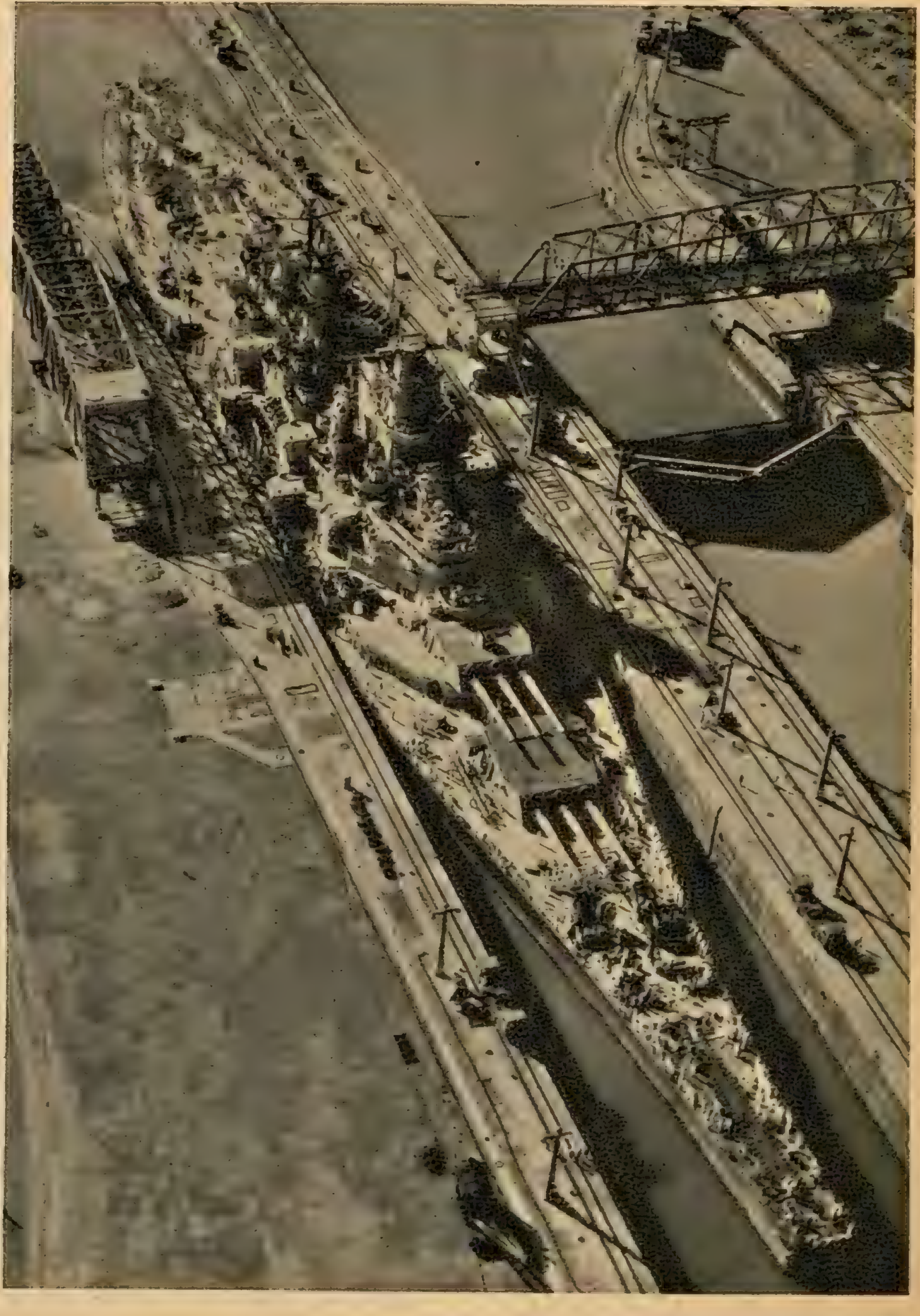
ABANDON SHIP, SON—You're sunk without a trace. He of the blissful kisser is Joe Blamick, who comes from McKeesport, Pa. His captors are the San Francisco contestants for Miss Navy Day.



ERASING THE COLOR LINE—That's the assignment given to Shortstop Jack Robinson, shown signing up with the Montreal Royals as the first Negro in organized baseball. The one-time football star and Army lieutenant may yet play with Brooklyn.

SYNTHETIC BREATH OF LIFE—Pretty Sandra Evans of Los Angeles has a hitherto incurable disease which would have let her live but six years. Now, however, she's inhaling vaporized penicillin under plexiglas, and doctors say it will cure her.

HERE'S FERDINAND!—Maybe all those flowers he smelled made him a little pansyish. Still, the kitten seems to like 'em big and masterful. Notice that Mr. Bull is keeping a purr-puss-ful eye on the cameraman?



BO'S'N, FETCH THE SHOEHORN—When the hulking Missouri inches her way through the Miraflores locks of the Panama Canal, it's no time to dangle your feet over the side. Helmsman can't have much to do, though.

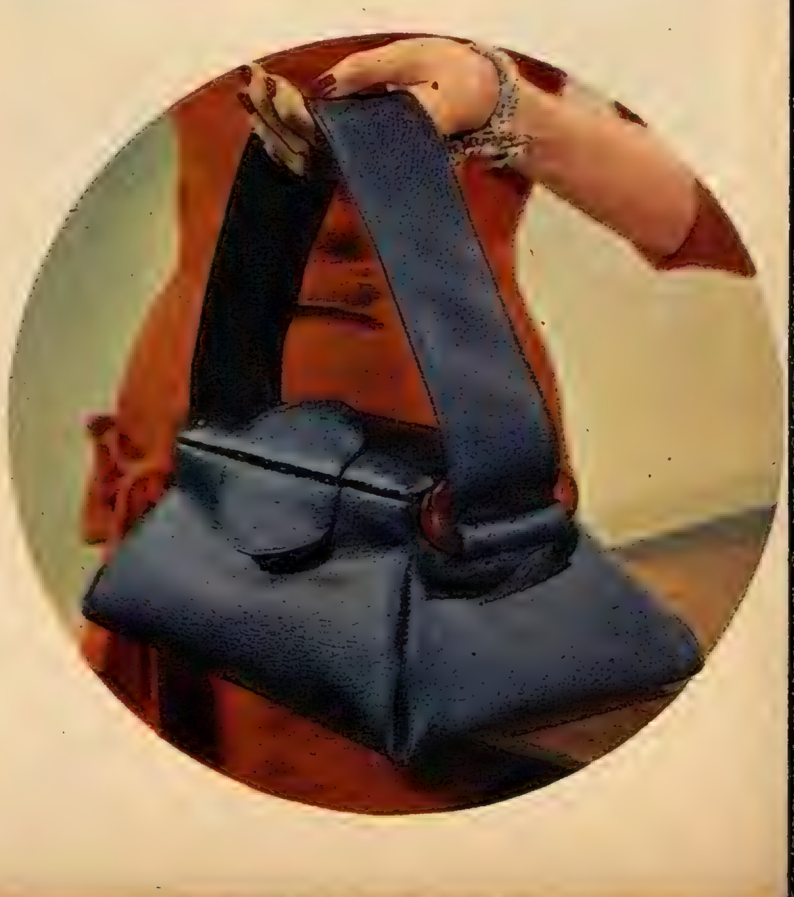
JEWELED WALLET made just like a man's, so a girl's escort won't mind parking her bag in his back pocket. It's also made without jewels for everyday use.

BAGS Full of New Tricks

COMPACT BAG combination. The bottom opens separately into a roomy make-up box. This style should prove a winner! Made of dress fabric with gold beads.

A FUR BAG and matching hat sparks any cloth outfit with an air of luxury. Such sets will be popular because the tax on furs will force many women into cloth. Sally Victor designed the fur bowler. The drawstring bag has a dramatic fur cuff handle.

THE BOXY BAG, a result of the war! Shortage of metal frames forced designers away from the regular two-dimensional bag into frameless shapes like this. Now the boxy look is tops.



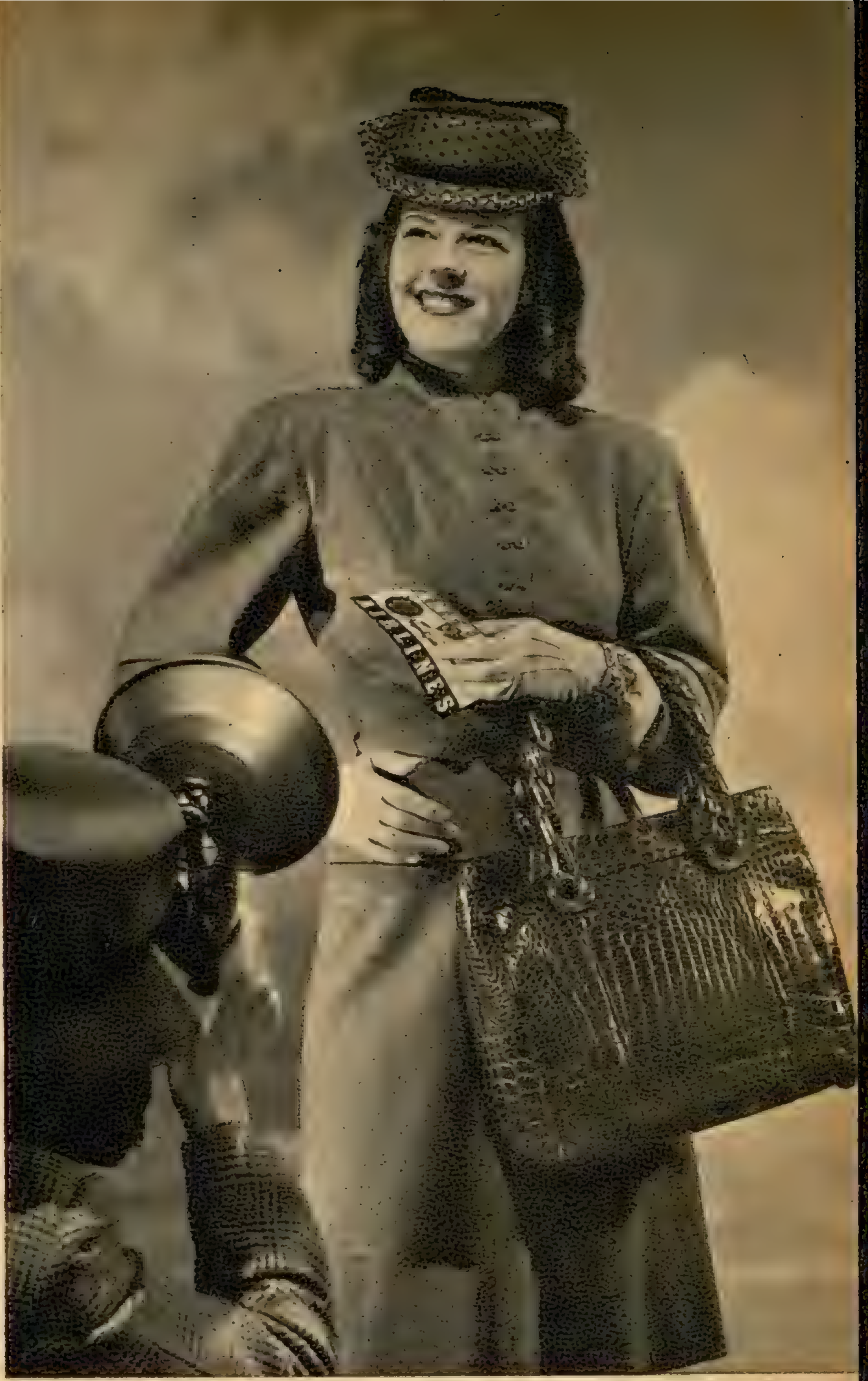
NOT in many years have bags been so temptingly styled to vie with perfumes as Christmas gifts. Many new shapes and fabrics have been developed as a result of wartime scarcities of leather and metal—and many sensible utility features have been created to meet special needs in a woman's life.

No longer is bag styling anonymous. These days, handbags, like hats and shoes, carry the prestige of a designer's label . . . none of which outshines Koret. Although Mr. Koret's bags are in the mink-coat class, most women seek out his original designs as a guide to what's new.

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

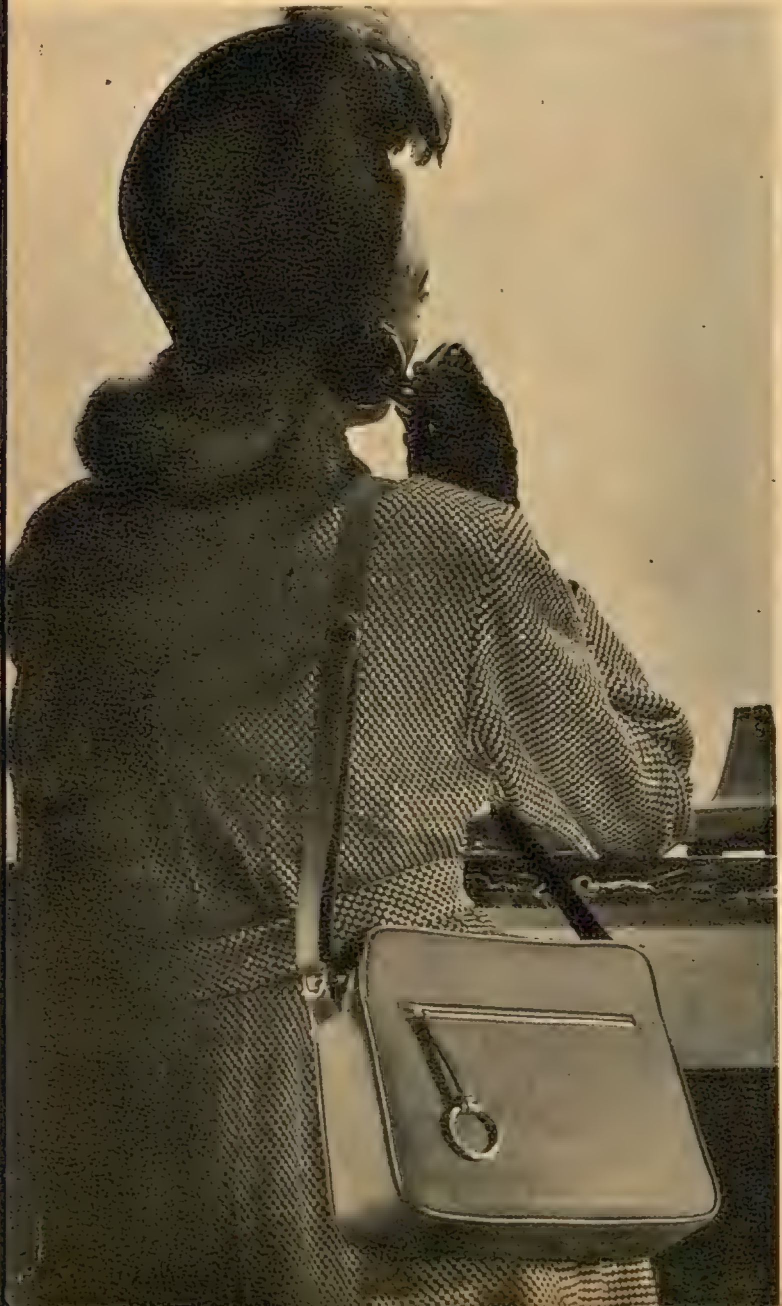
Photos by Edelmann—Muray Studios

Clothes by Adele Simpson
Jewels by Miriam Haskell
Bags by Koret from Saks Fifth Avenue

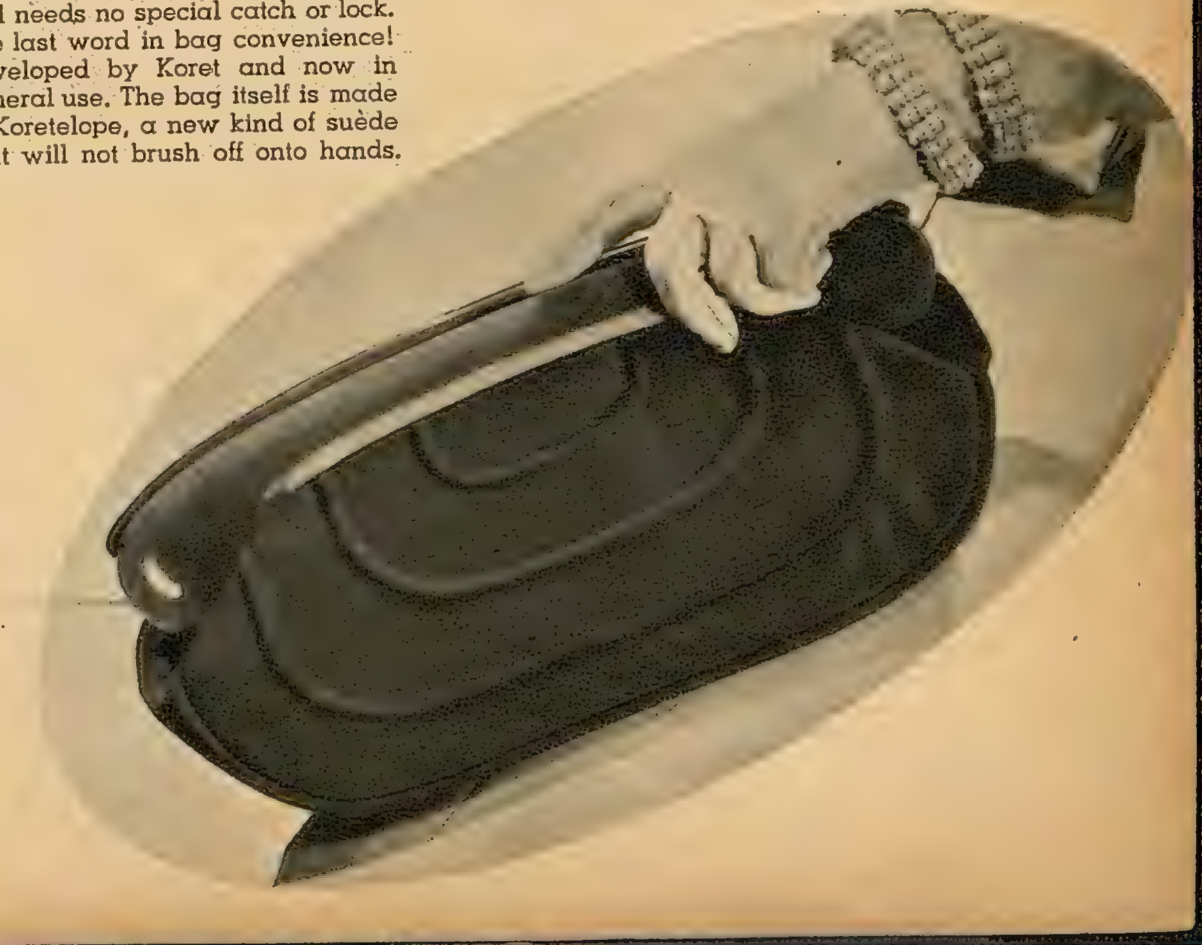


"ROUND-THE-WORLD," designed with special compartments to carry an overnight outfit as well as everyday handbag paraphernalia. Bags will grow giant size like this as everyone takes to frequent travel. Years ago, alligator bags were made of corny hides, with heads, tails, and feet used as trimming. Nowadays the smooth body skins are used.

OVER-THE-SHOULDER, the bag so popular with girls who have been in the service and grown to appreciate this free-hand comfort. The right place to park over-the-shoulder bags is not in front or on the side, but on the back hip. Piping of leather ensures longer life for them.

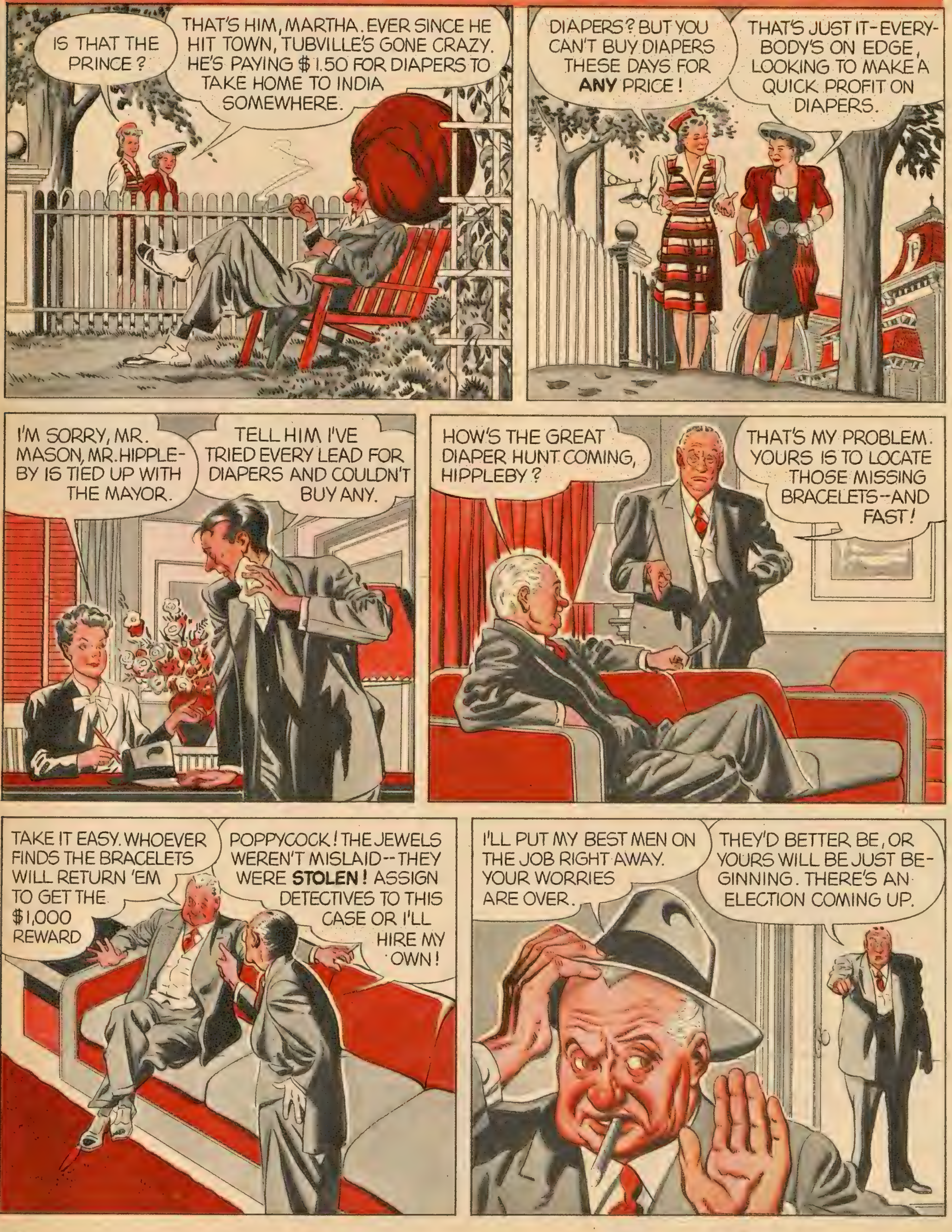


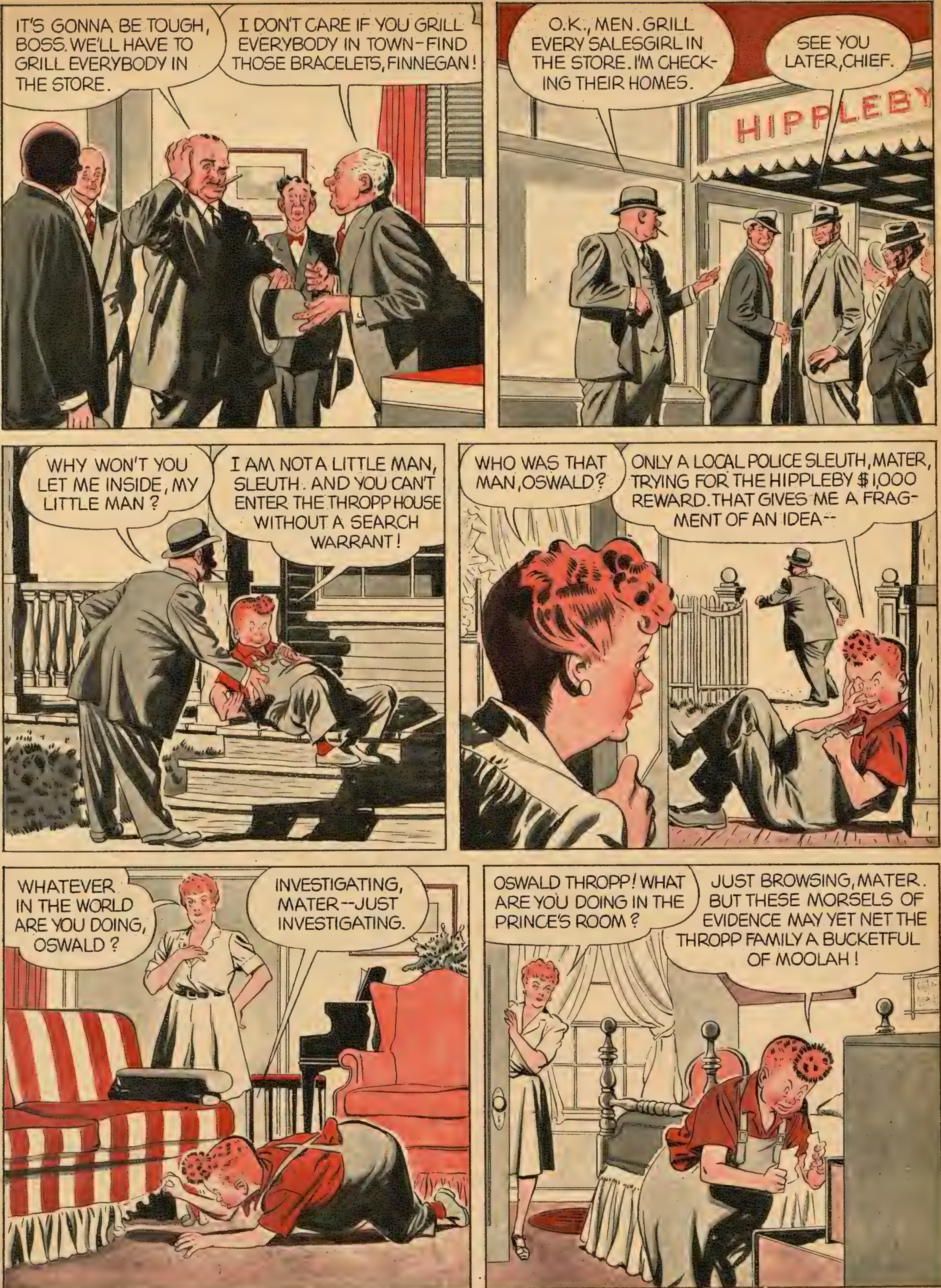
FACILE FRAME . . . it snaps closed and needs no special catch or lock. The last word in bag convenience! Developed by Koret and now in general use. The bag itself is made of Koretelope, a new kind of suède that will not brush off onto hands.



THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


IS THAT THE PRINCE?
THAT'S HIM, MARTHA. EVER SINCE HE HIT TOWN, TUBVILLE'S GONE CRAZY. HE'S PAYING $1.50 FOR DIAPERS TO TAKE HOME TO INDIA SOMEWHERE.
DIAPERS? BUT YOU CAN'T BUY DIAPERS THESE DAYS FOR **ANY** PRICE!
THAT'S JUST IT-EVERYBODY'S ON EDGE, LOOKING TO MAKE A QUICK PROFIT ON DIAPERS.
I'M SORRY, MR. MASON, MR. HIPPLEBY IS TIED UP WITH THE MAYOR.
TELL HIM I'VE TRIED EVERY LEAD FOR DIAPERS AND COULDN'T BUY ANY.
HOW'S THE GREAT DIAPER HUNT COMING, HIPPLEBY?
THAT'S MY PROBLEM. YOURS IS TO LOCATE THOSE MISSING BRACELETS--AND FAST!
TAKE IT EASY. WHOEVER FINDS THE BRACELETS WILL RETURN 'EM TO GET THE $1,000 REWARD
POPPYCOCK! THE JEWELS WEREN'T MISLAID--THEY WERE **STOLEN**! ASSIGN DETECTIVES TO THIS CASE OR I'LL HIRE MY OWN!
I'LL PUT MY BEST MEN ON THE JOB RIGHT AWAY. YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER.
THEY'D BETTER BE, OR YOURS WILL BE JUST BEGINNING. THERE'S AN ELECTION COMING UP.


IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH, BOSS. WE'LL HAVE TO GRILL EVERYBODY IN THE STORE.
I DON'T CARE IF YOU GRILL EVERYBODY IN TOWN-FIND THOSE BRACELETS, FINNEGAN!
O.K., MEN. GRILL EVERY SALESGIRL IN THE STORE. I'M CHECKING THEIR HOMES.
SEE YOU LATER, CHIEF.
HIPPLEBY
WHY WON'T YOU LET ME INSIDE, MY LITTLE MAN?
I AM NOT A LITTLE MAN, SLEUTH. AND YOU CAN'T ENTER THE THROPP HOUSE WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT!
WHO WAS THAT MAN, OSWALD?
ONLY A LOCAL POLICE SLEUTH, MATER, TRYING FOR THE HIPPLEBY $1,000 REWARD. THAT GIVES ME A FRAGMENT OF AN IDEA--
WHATEVER IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING, OSWALD?
INVESTIGATING, MATER--JUST INVESTIGATING.
OSWALD THROPP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE PRINCE'S ROOM?
JUST BROWSING, MATER. BUT THESE MORSELS OF EVIDENCE MAY YET NET THE THROPP FAMILY A BUCKETFUL OF MOOLAH!

Continued next week

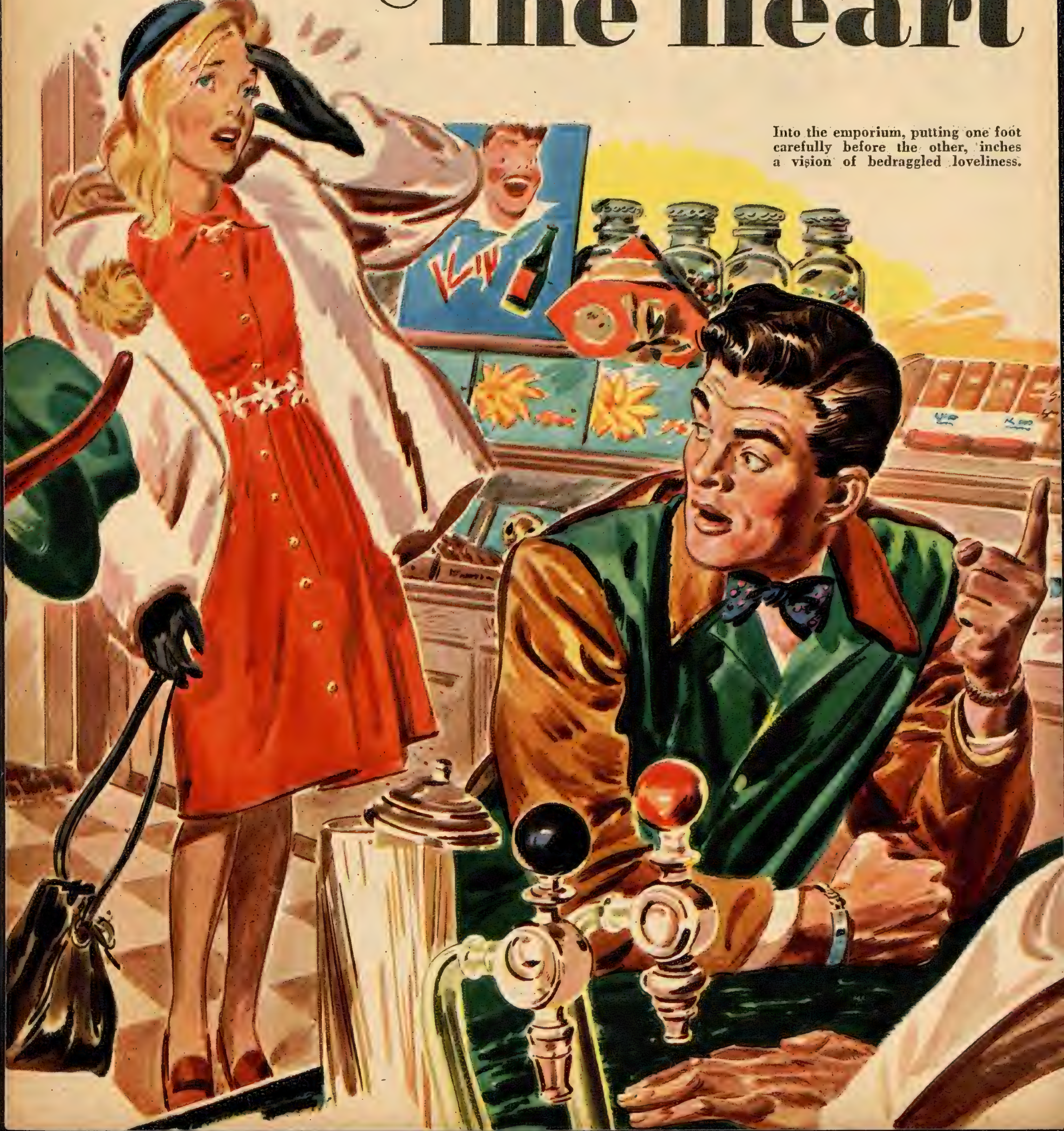
WITH the coming of autumn, I, Frederick Sandford, awake of a morning, inspired. I am going, I nobly resolve, to go to work.

For some months after settling the hash of Hitler in sunny Italy I comport myself as a lily of the field around my native habitat, Shadow Orchard, N. Y. Such an indolent interlude is due the wounded honorably discharged warrior. But now it must end. I am determined to eschew idleness.

That night I call upon my girl, Connie Parker, to inform her that our future family will never droop on street corners, wailing for bread.

For such as failed to attend previous sessions—Miss Parker renders the rest of the ash-blonde division as so many scarecrows, and her eyes make a monkey out of the Blue Ghetto from Capri. Moreover, said eyes rest fondly upon the under-

The Heart



Into the emporium, putting one foot carefully before the other, inches a vision of bedraggled loveliness.

# of a Viper

Freddy didn't come home from the war to lose his girl to a weasel like Culberson Sims — but it took fast headwork by Al, Freddy's brain trust of the fountain, to outwit the enemy

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

signed since we mutually withhold pennies from Sunday school and come home festooned with licorice. In brief, Kismet marks this tidbit, "Special for Sandford." And well doth the tidbit know it.

At the sight of me this night, the loved one sets up a slipper-tapping. "Freddy," she says, "we didn't have a date."

"Correct, cabbage," I says nonchalantly. "I merely dropped in to spread glad tidings. I am about to seek a business career."

She sighs. "Well, thank heaven! You've all but whittled sticks since you got out of the Army. But you'll have to run along now, because—" She checks it. "Maybe, though, you'd better stay a while. There's a business man coming. He might be able to tell you something about business."

Suspicion slides insidiously into my soul. "Who—"

I am answered by the doorbell, and one Culberson Sims pollutes the Parker drawing room.

As boys in the Shadow Orchard High School, Culberson Sims enjoys my perennial vote for All-American Drip. He's a thick-set bit of work, yellow-haired, loud-voiced — indubitably Nature's outstanding mistake. Nor does Culberson go forth to war. Instead, he stays home, raking hay while the sun shines.

"Huh!" he says, espying me. "You, Freddy?"

"In person," I says, à la J. Durante.

"Freddy is going into business, Culberson," Connie says brightly, "and he wants to know something about it."

"Well," Culberson says, "I'm just the guy can tell him."

"Culberson is with Schofield and Sons, the real-estate agents," Connie informs me, and fades to see what the Parker icebox can yield in the beverage line.

"So you're going to work, eh?" says Culberson. "What you going to do, shell peas?"

"The years don't change you, Simsy Boy," I says. "But, for your information, I haven't decided."

Culberson scowls. From subkindergarten, Simsy Boy is a cert to send him hair-tearing. Now, though, he merely squints thoughtfully.

"Well," he says in a Henry Kaiser tone, "we can always use good men in our organization."

"What?" I says. In classic halls, I am unquestionably Culberson's worst headache. "You mean you'd get me a job at Schofield's?"

Culberson folds hands across stomach. "We might be able to fit you in."

Remorse stabs me. "Gee, Culberson," I says, "this is sure white of you."

"Don't mention it," says Culberson. "After all, Freddy, you and I are old friends."

So touched am I that presently I depart, leaving Culberson to bask in my girl's golden smile. Connie sees me off.

"Don't forget, Freddy," she says, "that you're taking me to the West Point game two weeks from Saturday."

She refers to an important football contest, and T-bone steaks languish by the wayside compared to tickets for same. But, moving mountains, I have wangled two.

"Make your mind easy, my pet," I says. And I wander down to Al's Soda Bar, with mingled joy and remorse. To think that, after all the raspberries I hand him, Culberson Sims gives me a break! For shame, Frederick, I says to myself.

NOW, Al, who operates Shadow Orchard's most refined coke-and-juke joint, is a man who might titter at the footling brain of A. Einstein. As a fast and comprehensive thinker, Al bows to none. Furthermore, he could write a tomb about Shadow Orchard and/or citizenry. In our incorporated village, he who takes an important step without consulting Al is but a feckless fool.

I find the savant blowing himself to coffee and plain cake.

"Good morrow, my man!" I says. "Cease making a beast of yourself and promote a Pineapple Plum Panorama. Must us tycoons starve?"

"Tycoons, Freddy?" queries Al, ice-cream scoop at present arms.

"Al," I says, "push up the Panorama and you shall hear."

None but the strong should essay the Pineapple Plum Panorama, my own brain child. Selecting copious dish, juxtapose four scoops pineapple ice cream. Smother generously in marshmallow. Float in plum syrup. Cover with whipped cream laced with nuts. Maraschinos may be added, if desired.

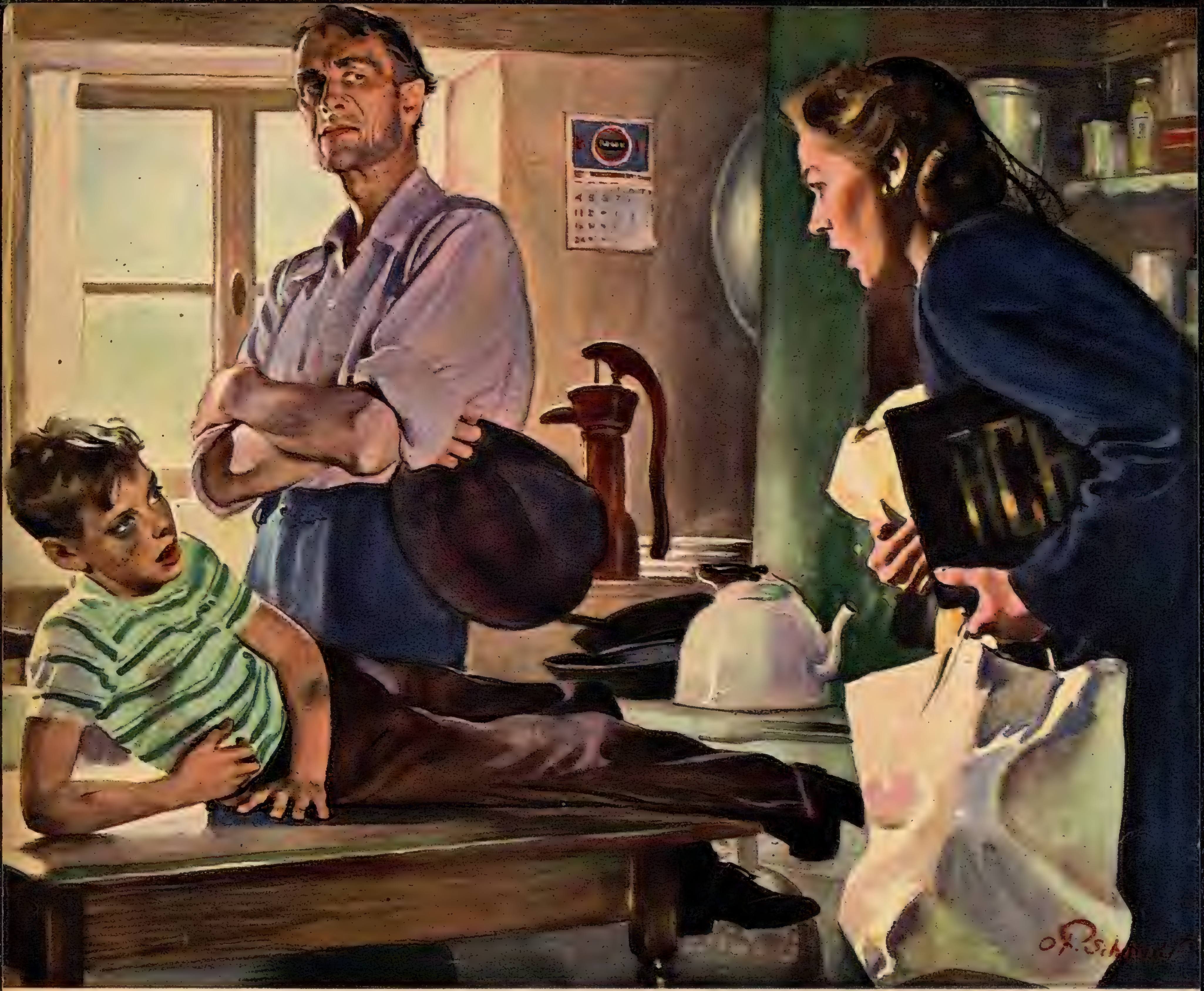
Al gazes, fascinated, as I lead lightly into this ambrosia.

"A few more clients of your stomach, Freddy," he says, "and your obedient servant would linger along Miami Beach this winter."

"Ho!" I says. "It's 'clients' nowadays, is it?"

"At this fountain," Al says with

(*Continued on page 104*)



Ma really got the coal oil on her fire when she saw my eye. "I knew something like this would happen!" she told Jake.

A DEAL'S *a Deal*

BY W. O. MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

All's fair in love and horse trading, and this was both – the love of a small boy for a horse – a love his mother misunderstood and feared

I COULD hear our house cracking its knuckles once in a while, the way it does at night, and Jake snoring gentle and the wind in my window screen and the frogs in our slough sort of stitching the quiet. Prairie gets real still at night.

I didn't feel so good lying there in bed. I kept thinking about Auction Fever and the way he bunts you with his nose, the way he runs when you turn him loose, slick as the wind through the smooth-on barley field. Just looking at him with his taffy-colored hide and his silver mane and tail will make your throat plug up. He is next door to a Palomino. No wonder Mr. Ricky bid against us at the sale.

Mr. Ricky is one of the long, skinny kind that has an Adam's apple. Jake, our hired man, is skinny too. I figure Jake was born skinny; Mr. Ricky he's so mean he got skinny; Jake and me aren't so fussy about Mr. Ricky. You will see why.

A rooster in our hen house let half a crow out of him, then shut up. I kept right on thinking about Fever. I thought how upset Ma was when we brought him home from the auction sale in town. She wanted me to have a horse all right, but not a colt that wasn't even broke. She had in mind a nice gentle school pony, she said. "I want him to get to school and back in one piece, Jake." Ma comes from down East; she's scared of horses. She used to be a schoolteacher.

And there was another thing I got to thinking about—being scared. I lay there with the moonlight real pale through my window, and I commenced to think about the day me and Jake halter-broke Fever. Just thinking about it, I got sort of grasshoppery to my insides. I still got that lump on the right side of my eye. I never told Ma about my elbow.

It happened the summer after Jake got me Fever, June summer, with the prairie greener than anything. Walking home from Rabbit Hill school, I could feel the sun warm on the back of my neck. Sometimes a gopher would squeak, and once I saw a weasel with his long neck straight up and his ears round, like you get on toy critters.

When I climbed under the barbed wire at our place, Fever was there to meet me; he walked right alongside of me to the house.

The back screen on our house slapped; I saw Jake crossing the yard with that limpy way he has. Jake is a two-war veteran—the Boer War and the World War. He wears a rainbow thing on his coat. Looking at Jake's face, you would think he was real old; it is all creasy and the stubble is gray.

"Bring him into the c'rral," Jake said to me. "Gotta git goin'."

"Sure, Jake," I said. He'd promised me at breakfast we were going to halter-break Fever after school. "What do you want me to—"

"Jist shut that there gate whilst I git the halter an' a rope. Yer maw's took the eggs into town—got the rest o' the afternoon to work on him—have him halter-broke by the time she gits back. Gotta take her real slow an' patient, kid."

While Jake was tying the rope to the end of the halter shank, I commenced to think about what Stevie Kiziw said. "Stevie says he'll be mean, Jake. He says all buckskins are mean because they got Indian—"

"Some is," said Jake, handing me the end of the rope. "So's a lotta blacks an' magpies. Take a dally round that there set post with the rope. Color ain't got a hell of a lot to do with it. Idea is to git him closter an' closter to that post till we kin tie the halter rope. Lotta humans is mean too—color ain't got nothin' to do with that."

"Stevie's just jealous," I said.

"You watch him, kid—keep an eye onto him so's he don't run over you."

As Jake slid the halter gentle over Fever's nose, Fever tossed his head once. He stood still while Jake snapped it. "Call him to you," said Jake as he took the end of the rope from me.

I called and Fever took a couple of steps. Jake pulled in the slack on the rope, and that was when Fever felt the halter. He reared up, came down, and took a run at the fence. Jake tightened the rope; made it fast and yelled for me to get out of the way. Fever hit the fence.

"Git!" Jake yelled.

I tripped on a rock and went flat. Fever had the rope tight and was fighting his head to beat anything. Just as I got up, he jumped again, batted his head hard against the set post. I could see his nostrils wide, his eyes wild and bloodshot. "He's going to hurt—!" I started to yell.

Like you turn a pancake on a frying pan, Fever flipped himself over. Jake said later it was his head hit my face.

Next thing I heard was the sound of our kitchen pump, then I felt the dipper of water Jake had thrown in my face. I was on top of the kitchen table. The side of my face was all numb.

"You all right, kid?" Jake looked real anxious.

"Sure, Jake," I said. "Just kind of shaky. I—the side of my face sort of tingles. We don't have to tell Ma, do we?"

"Don't make no diff'rence. You got a shiner comin' up the color of a crocus. By the time yer maw gits home should be the size of a thrasher's appetite."

MA really got the coal oil on her fire when she saw my eye. "I knew something like this would happen!" she told Jake.

"Jist a accident," Jake said. "He'll be all right."

"He might have broken his neck! He's the only son I've got and I'm not taking any chances—"

"I tell you he'll be all right."

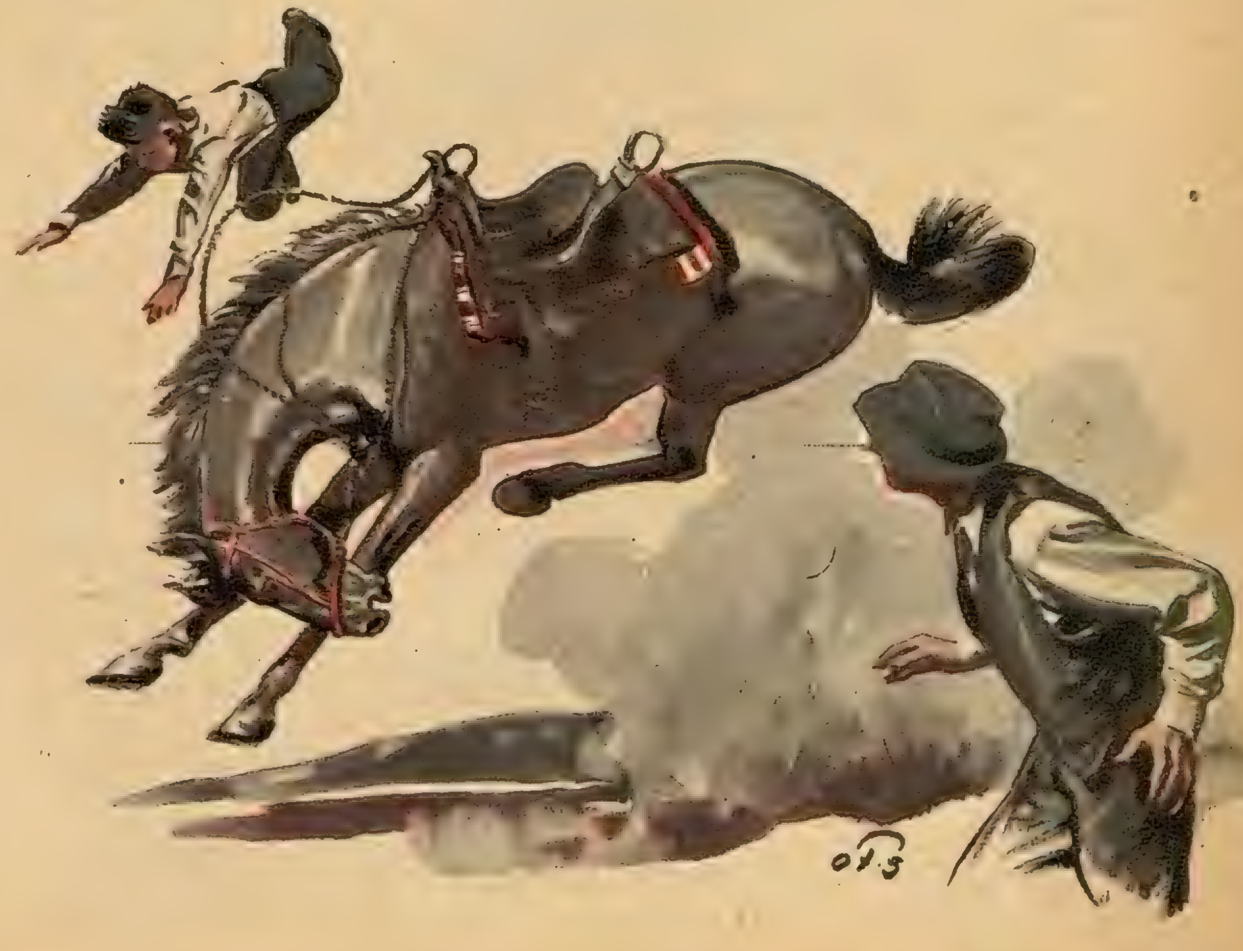
"That horse is dangerous! Why, just today in MacTaggart's store, Mr. Ricky was saying—"

"Ricky! He'd give his right arm to git that—"

"Mr. Ricky told me he had just the sort of horse we needed—gentle—quiet. I—Jake—I'm afraid of the—of that colt—"

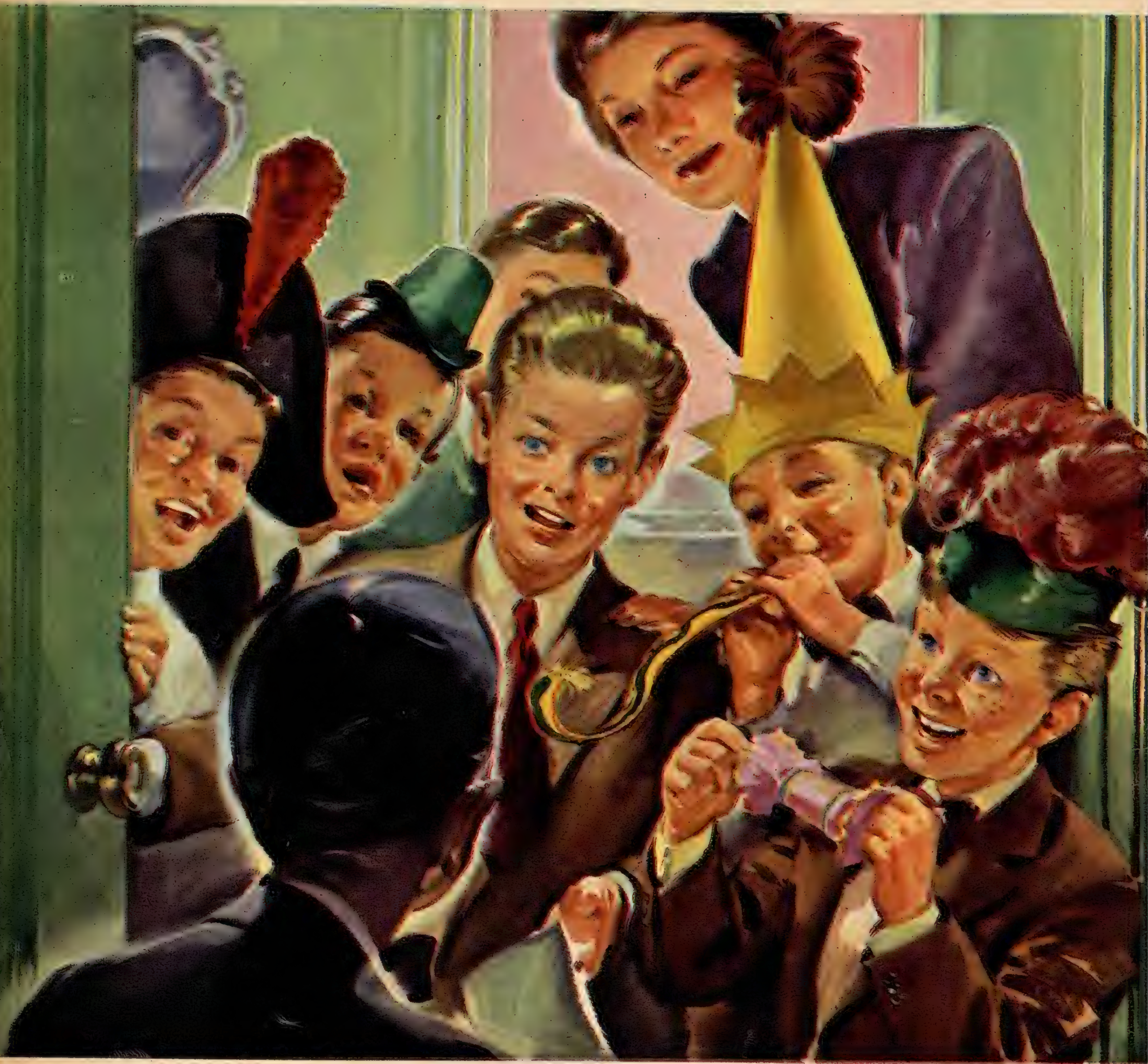
"Look," Jake said. "You don't have to worry about that horse. You worry about the kid—all this here talkin' around about horses bein' dangerous—gotta go ahead with it now—unless you want him to be

(*Continued on page 68*)



I lifted with Fever's hindquarters, and when he came down, I slipped.

Things Greater Than He



Startled, he raised his eyes to a sea of milling faces—familiar faces. He looked from one to the other. Kids from school.

HE shivered as he heard her voice entering the room, afraid that the mysterious ways of a grown-up's thinking might spoil everything. "Please, please, let her say yes!" he muttered. He turned quickly, conscious of the Sunday suit that he was daring to wear—on Friday. . . .

"Jonathan, whatever are you doing in there?"

"I can't find my tie clip," he said. "I—I thought you were leading choir practice." He swallowed words in his guilt.

She nodded. "I just ran over to see you for a minute. Want to tell me about *your* plans, Jonathan?"

He could feel his heart grow big.

Jonny's parents feared to see him depart on his great adventure. They knew what lay at the end of it. But it was something that couldn't be explained—something to be learned only the hard way

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY BERNADINE KREIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

"Tomorrow's Bob Bascom's birthday. I won't be able to see him because it's Saturday. I want to go down to his house today. I want to give him my Tannu Tuva stamps. He wants those stamps more than *anything!*" Jonathan gulped. "I'm big enough to go by myself. Please, mother! I'm almost nine years old."

"You've never traveled that far alone—" There was a sadness in the way she said it.

"Bob is my best friend." Jonathan wanted to put into words just how it was—how he and Bob felt about each other: the way they traded stamps, huddled alone in the locker room; the way they sat close together in classes, nudging and giggling. And the way the rest of the kids at school always yelled, "Jonny and Bob!" when it was time to pick sides for a team or something, as though he and Bob were one. He opened his mouth, anxious to tell her. "Bob is my best friend," he repeated. He could say no more.

They stood facing each other. And then into the quiet room his father's voice reached out to him. Softly it came from the study. Father going over his sermon for Sunday.

HIS mother heard it too. The murmur of his father's voice rose, until the tones, deep and ringing, shook excitement through Jonathan's body, although, as always, the meaning of the words slipped past him:

"For the pillars of the Temple
  stand apart,
And the oak tree and the cypress
  grow not in each other's shadow—"

His father's voice blurred, receding. And his mother sighed.

"If only we lived near the school, like Bob and the rest of my gang—"

"Jonathan, don't start that again!" It was a subject that never failed to capture her full attention. "Your grandfather was the first minister of this church—then came your father—" She smiled proudly. "Maybe some day you will carry on—right here—" She shook her head, her eyes searching into his. "Though trying to make this trip to Bob's without my knowledge was dishonest."

"I was afraid you'd say that I couldn't go," he explained.

"I think I understand," she said. And all at once she had a tired look. "Are you sure that Bob will be home?"

"Yup," he spoke quickly. "He once told me that after school he stays home or plays in front of the house. May I go?"

"Yes, dear. Run along." She smiled a small tight smile.

"Oh, gee, thanks!" he shouted. He grabbed the package for Bob and ran into the hall and down the stairs. "Oh, broth-errr!" he yelled, slamming the front door behind him.

THE bus was almost empty. Jonathan sat at a window and counted streets. It seemed strange not to have his mother by his side. Twenty more blocks—nineteen—eighteen—Hurry, hurry, hurry! he thought in rhythm to the wheels. When there were only two left, he jumped up, hand poised to pull the cord. "Now—" he whispered.

He yanked hard, to make sure. Finally the bus wheezed to a stop and the huge gray apartment house stood waiting in front of him.

No sign of Bob in the street. Quickly now, Jonathan moved his legs past the entrance door and toward the elevator. Inside, it was like a king's palace. And one wall had a mirror that started at the floor and went all the way to the ceiling. Jonathan stopped for a moment to smile at himself with satisfaction.

"Yes?" asked an old man in uniform.

"I—I want Bascoms' apartment, please, sir."

The old man took him up many floors and then pointed to a door. Jonathan inhaled deeply and rang the bell.

Impatiently he waited, his glance traveling in a wide circle. And then he heard a door swing open, and Bob was standing in the doorway. Jonathan's body quivered in delight.

"Jonathan! Gee whiz, Jonny! H'ya—" Bob looked so different with his pale blond hair sleeked back off his forehead and his face shiny clean and rosy.

"H'ya, Bob," Jonathan murmured, shyness creeping through him and holding his tongue. Then he thought of the stamps. "I brought you a present for your birthday. My Tannu Tuvas—"

But Jonathan's words were lost in the sudden noisy clamor of running footsteps and laughing voices. Startled, he raised his eyes to a sea of milling faces—familiar faces. He looked from one to the other. Kids from school. The whole gang, spruced and scrubbed, and each one with a fancy paper hat perched on his head.

They crowded behind Bob, shouting greetings to Jonathan as though he were miles away. Jonathan didn't move, but deep inside of him something began to hurt, like a heavy rock stuck in his chest.

"Gee, mummy," Bob said to the grown-up moving toward them, "it's Jonathan."

"Come back to the table, children. It's time for the cake."

Maybe they did ask me, he thought. Maybe my invitation got lost. Maybe— Jonathan lifted his eyes and looked directly at Mrs. Bascom, but she turned away, herding the children deeper into the house, as though from a great danger.

And suddenly he knew . . .

BLINDLY he shoved the package at Bob. "Here, I came to give you this—"

"Thanks, Jonny," Bob said, his feet shuffling—unsure.

"Come along, Bob!" Jonathan stared in the direction of the voice, but he couldn't see anything. Swimming before him, all their faces had merged and were just one big white blur.

"I gotta go." He wheeled, awkward in his panic. And then Bob called "Good-by," and a door closed and there was silence. Unseeing, he moved past the elevator to the stairway. He began to run down the stairs, one flight after the other, until he'd reached the bottom. Too exhausted to move farther, he leaned against the wall, fighting for breath. And he saw that he was in the entrance hall and that it was empty. He caught sight of himself in the mirror. Only, this time he didn't smile, but stared in surprise at his face, wet with tears and sort of twisted out of shape. All at once he remembered the words his father had spoken from the study—and the sadness in his mother's eyes. A shudder ran along his spine. *They knew—they knew all along—*

Slowly he wiped the sweat from his face, thinking of the children upstairs — the white blur of their faces. Clearly, too, he saw himself in the mirror—the deep black of his own skin. And suddenly, in a new urgency, he jerked around, running toward home. There was so much he needed to ask his father.

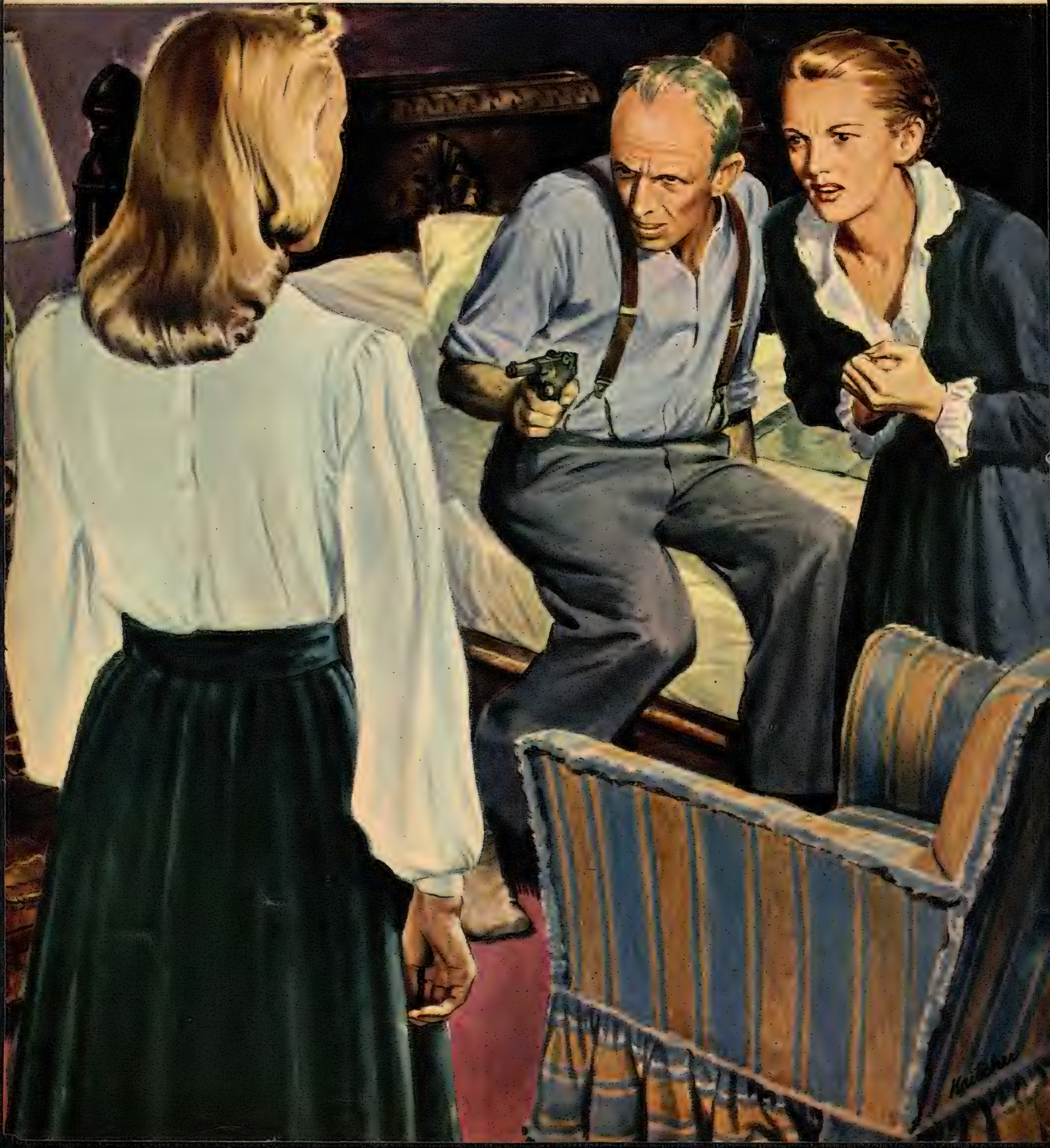
THE END

Only a woman who really loves could do what Tamara did—a bitter-sweet finale to a tale of love and terror among the ruins of occupied Germany

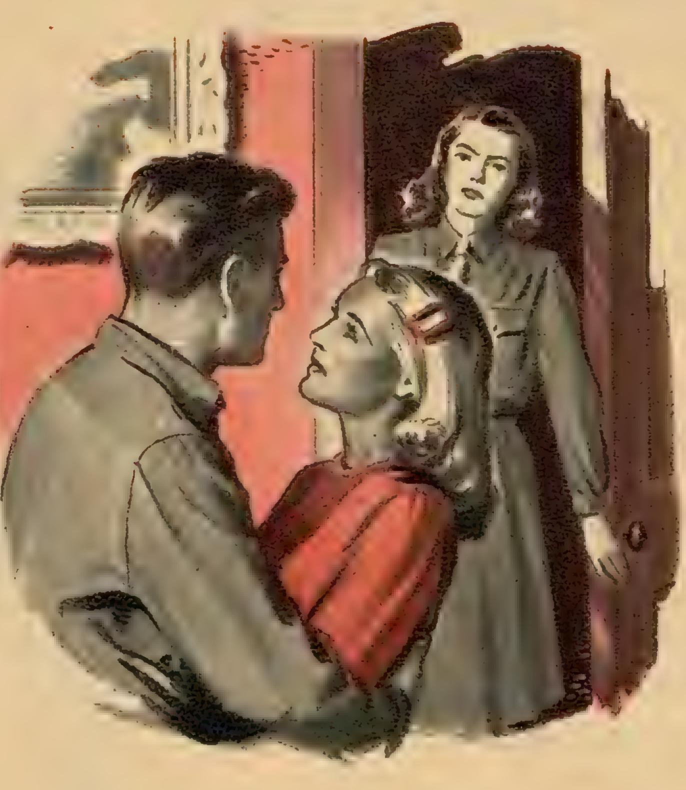
BY ARTHUR GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

"Be quiet," the man said. He gestured toward a chair. "Sit down," he said to Tamara. "Who are you; what are you doing here?"



Dangerous TWILIGHT



The door opened a crack. "Am I intruding?" said Vicki's mocking voice.

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

THREE days after Germany's surrender, a caravan of press correspondents, in charge of Major Tex Palmer, moved into Königshof. Palmer, secretly combining intelligence work with his duties as press officer, was trying to locate a German experimental laboratory believed to be in that area. He commandeered the house of a former Nazi official for the use of the press group. Tamara, a blonde Czech girl, who had been liberated from Nazi domination and had joined the Americans, acted as interpreter. The owner of the house moved out, but begged that his daughter, Hilda, might be allowed to stay and retain one room. Tex agreed.

The following day, Vicki Lathrop, crack woman photographer, and her assistant, Janet McDonald, arrived with Major Mike Concannon and Douglas McCoy of the Amalgamated Press. Once Tex had asked Vicki to marry him, but her career was of more importance then than marriage. Now Vicki was eager to get things back on the old footing. When Tex proved unresponsive, Vicki blamed Tamara. Definite information regarding an underground factory reached Tex when liberated slave laborers attacked a former German guard and chased him to the house. The man was captured. That night Tamara saw Hilda furtively carrying food into her own room. Suspicious, Tamara followed. A voice —a man's voice—halted her. Tamara whirled. The man on the bed was pointing a Luger straight at her.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

HILDA crossed the room like a frightened ghost and closed the door. Tamara stood motionless, watching the round unwinking eye of the Luger. The man threw back the covers and sat up on the edge of the bed. He was a hunchback, with a sallow face, pale eyes, and a broad forehead sloping back into thinning hair. His long and effeminate hands held the pistol steadily. He was fully dressed except for shoes.

"Well," he said, *"gnädige fräulein,* to what do we owe this unwelcome visit?"

Before Tamara could reply, Hilda rushed forward and clutched at the man's arm. "Paul," she babbled, "I begged you. Now see what has happened! Never mind my father. Never mind the blueprints. Give yourself up to the Americans. They will not hurt you; they—"

"Be quiet," the man said. He gestured with the Luger toward a chair. "Sit down," he said to Tamara. "As you can see, my wife is a bit emotional. Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

If Tamara were frightened, she did not show it. She told him the truth.

"So," said the man, "the Americans have befriended you. I suppose you will lose no time in telling them I am here."

Tamara shrugged. "If you let me go, I will tell them. If you do not let me go, they will search for me. Either way, they will find you."

Hilda plucked at his sleeve. "Let them find you, Paul. I beg of you—"

He shook her hand away with an angry gesture. "Be quiet, woman."

He fixed a baleful glance on Tamara. "See that you do not move or cry out, *gnädige fräulein."*

DOWNSTAIRS, Vicki faced Tex across a table. "Why," she said cynically, "didn't you tell me about your displaced girl friend?"

Tex said, "Tamara is not my girl friend."

Vicki laughed scornfully. "If she's not, why did you get so furious when I made that remark about her a while ago?"

"Because that remark was so grossly unfair," Tex said. "Because, frankly, the contrast between you and her suddenly seemed a little painful. She's been through hell, but she doesn't complain. You've always had things your own way. I'm telling you this because—"

"Because that blonde tramp is making a fool of you, Tex Palmer."

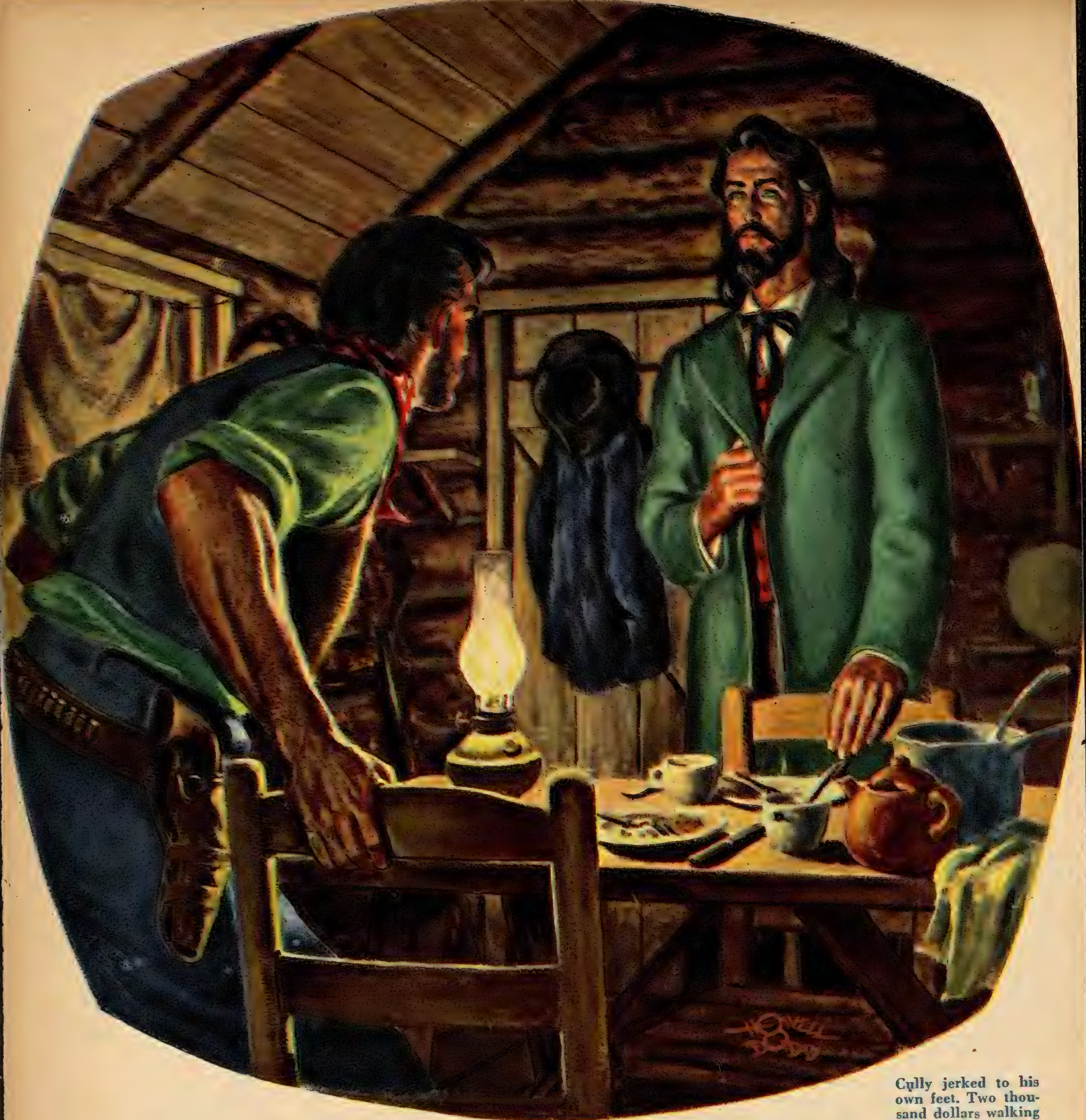
A voice from the living room called loudly, "Major Palmer! Sergeant Cameron would like to see you, sir."

Tex said, "Well, Vicki, we can finish this conversation later, if you like."

He went out and closed the door.

IN Hilda's room upstairs the hunchback was speaking gravely to Tamara. *"Fräulein,"* he was saying, "I find it necessary to be honest with you. I am a scientist. For five years I have been conducting certain experiments. You will never know, *gnädige Fräulein,* how close my colleagues and I came to winning this war for Germany. If we had had six months more, the power of the universe would have been ours." His voice rose sharply. "One of our factories was built underground not far from here. For a week, now, ever since the Americans came so sud-

(Continued on page 80)



Cully jerked to his own feet. Two thousand dollars walking out the door! Not if he could help it.

THE *Bushed* PARSON

BY MICHAEL OBLINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

When a rich man hides out in the wild bush country, the reason may be simpler than anyone suspects. The haunting tale of a man hunt that wound up as a partnership

CULLY DAWSON met himself in the looking glass with a scrub beard so fierce and a temper so bad on the morning he made his decision, that he decided not to shave. He needed to look rough and tough when he bowled into Macky's presence down at the ranch and put the stinger on him for three months' back pay, better rations, and two extra ponies.

Cully slammed through the shack's doorway into the green bursting world outside that rolled off to the towering Hackapo Range in a broken, hit-and-miss fashion. The sun was high, early as it was, just four, and smacking down hot. And the hard-clanked jaws of the Hackapo Mountains were sunk grimly upon the horizon. They reminded Cully of a huge bulldog tearing the pants off the sky.

He was in a killing mood himself. He had had three months of this in the company of a spiritless gray gelding fit only to feed the flies. There had been no one to talk to, and nothing to keep your mind on, except your own troubles, with now and then a sneaking thought or two about the crazy galoot who, Macky, his boss, insisted was up here somewhere with a two-thousand-dollar reward on him. Folks called him the bushed parson, though he wasn't a preacher at all. His looks gave him that name, he was dignified and stately, and walked through the bush with a strange preoccupied expression in his eyes.

"If you can catch him, we'll split the money," Macky had told Cully. "I'm staking you, so it's only fair I should get half. He's batty as they come, but meek as Moses. You won't have no trouble at all."

"What's the reward for?" Cully had wanted to know, studying Macky's face closely. "I'll bet he murdered someone. They don't put a reward out for harmless geezers who've turned nutty in the bush."

The explanation was simple, Macky had said. A half brother, the only relative of the bushed parson, had put up that dough. Wanted him taken care of in a nice friendly institution for feeble-minded folks. The parson had a fortune back home he hadn't even touched. It would keep him all his days. The brother was worried that the bushed parson might be eaten up by wolves or fall off a cliff or come to some other horrible end.

"And you can't blame him," Macky had concluded. "Sure as sin, it's what'll happen to him one o' these days. The parson's real name is John Archibald McCliver. 'Fore he went off base, he was a wealthy business man in Montreal. Girl mixed up in his life somehow. He came here to forget."

"It's sure a good place to forget," Cully had nodded, staring at the little shack, then running an appraising eye over the muddled view of hills, holes, depressing rock-heaped plateaus, splitting gorges, and aching benchlands.

Standing just outside the old trapper's shack which Macky had appropriated and fixed up for Cully's use, Cully now shagged his gaze down to the barn. He had stall-tied the gelding last night because of the mosquitoes. He'd set a smudge pot just inside the door. Then he had bolted the door.

SUDDENLY Cully scratched his chin. "By grumpus," he said, staring, "how the dickens that bolt work loose?"

The door was wide open. He ran down, gawking and swearing at the empty stall. The danged gelding had broken out. It might be grazing anywhere within thirty miles.

Cully bit his tongue and said wrathfully, "It would happen today. Of all days, by Judas, it would happen today."

Cully raised his eyes. He got hold of the doorframe and held on fiercely. This was madness. It was nuts. Three long months of living alone did things to a man. You didn't really see what you saw—you imagined it.

Cully tried to be calm. He sat down on the doorsill, resolving not to look at the bare peg, sticking out behind the stall, until he was completely relaxed. Might be a good idea to roll a cigarette and take a long leisurely drag.

He spilled the tobacco. He had to begin again. He'd try to concentrate on this one job and see it through. Sweat trickled off his chin.

Then Cully jumped to his feet.

No, by God, he wasn't crazy. The saddle *was* gone. No question there. He staggered over, gulped, and raised an arm until he could grasp the peg. It was a bare peg all right. His sense of touch had confirmed what his eyes beheld. That was pretty conclusive, he thought, and the panic left him.

Back in the shack, he built up a fire in the little tin stove, cooked and ate his breakfast. It was all very clear to him now. Someone had stolen the gray gelding last night, and the saddle. Either he'd have to walk down to the ranch in order to lay down the law to Macky, or else track and overtake the thief.

I'll track the danged thief, Cully decided. It's that blamed bushed parson, that's who it is. It's him. Macky was lying when he told me this guy, McCliver, was meek as Moses and harmless as a kitten. More likely he's a stark-eyed raving murderer and that reward's a price on his head.

Cully took off his high-heeled boots and put on a sturdy pair of mucker's shoes over a thick pair of socks. He buckled on his cartridge belt with its holstered .45. He filled a small shoulder pack with food, matches, and a coil of rope. He might need to use the rope on McCliver.

As an extra precaution, Cully picked up his shotgun, then headed west into the Hackapo Range. He spent the forenoon diligently looking for tracks or the sight of a horse and rider. He wasted the afternoon struggling over slippery rocks, wading through sloughs, and breaking through thickets. His legs were skinned and thorn-bitten. His feet were blistered. He was mad, discouraged, and hungry.

"It would have been a damn sight more sensible to walk to the ranch," he said. "I don't know what I was thinking about."

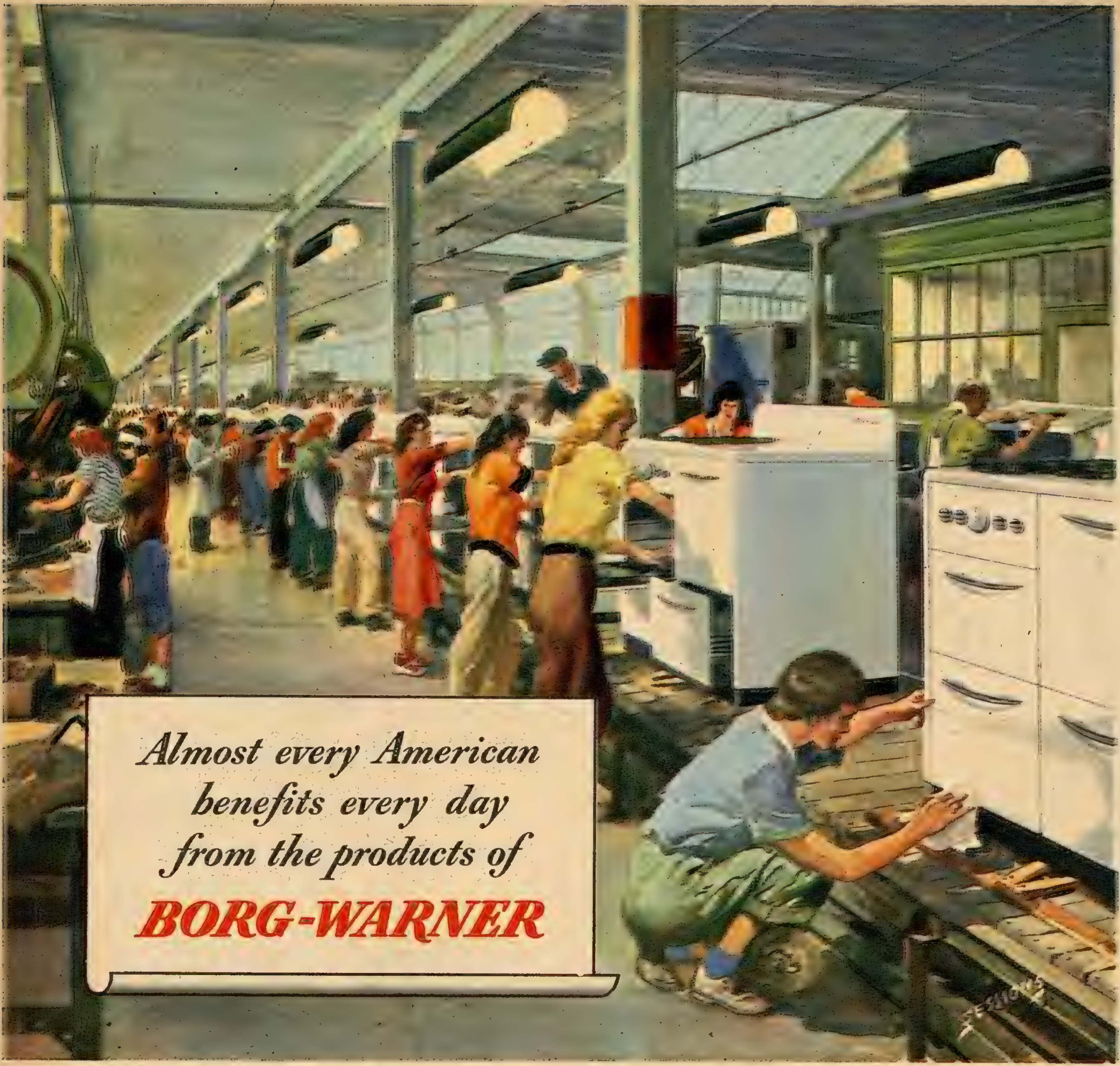
He built a small fire to dry his wet socks. From where he sat, the tall Hackapo Mountains looked down on him now, grim and dour.

To hell with it, Cully decided. I'm going back to the shack.

THE northern British Columbia twilight had spread out its blue wash thinly by the time Cully sighted the shack and limped into the yard. He was dog-tired. Home—what a relief! A nice clean bunk to sleep in, a hot cup of tea. Making his way toward the door, Cully paused, and felt his scalp tighten on his head. The same panic he'd felt this morning froze into his brain.

He thought he had heard the gray gelding sneeze and stamp its hoofs down at the barn. It was a familiar sound. That fly-bitten, knock-kneed old wreck had a touch of heaves from eating dusty slough hay last winter. He couldn't be hearing it now. The stall was empty and the saddle was gone.

(*Continued on page 90*)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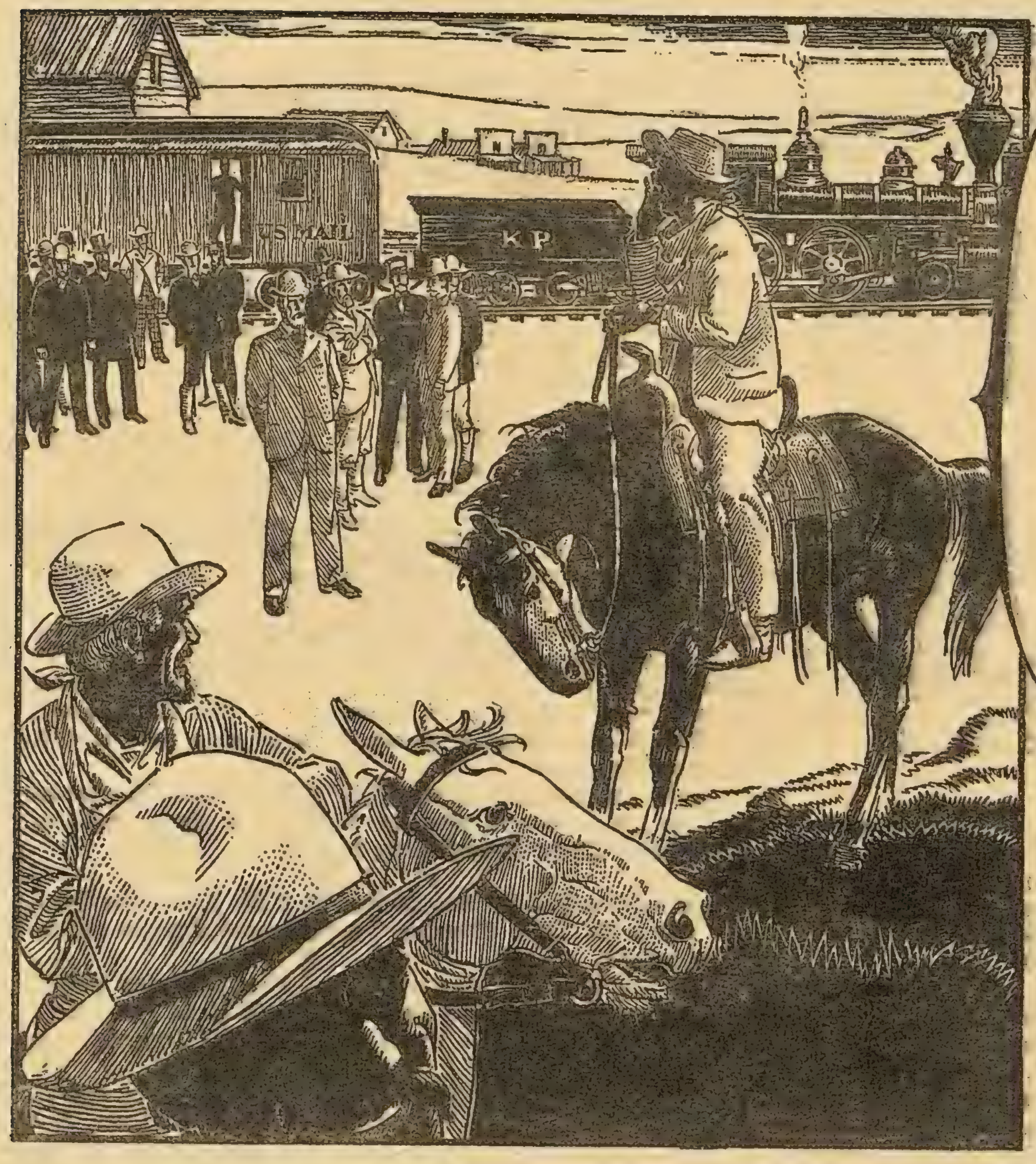
RAILROAD AVENUE

By Freeman H. Hubbard



Mr. Hubbard's lively anecdotes of American railroading range from intense melodrama to uniquely touching dog stories. Here are the facts behind the legends of Casey Jones, Jesse James, the heroic Kate Shelley, the fabulous "Jawn Henry"; and the lusty realities out of which the never-never land of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" was created.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

RAILROAD AVENUE is as much a part of our civilization as Main Street. It is a place, but more than a place. It is a way of life. It symbolizes the human side of a great industry, the men who punch tickets and handle the throttle and throw switches; their families, their everyday existence, and their lore. Railroad Avenue is Casey Jones. It is the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. It is the humorous never-never land of "Big Rock Candy Mountains."

The people of Railroad Avenue have their own heroes, their own legends, their own code, their own lingo. To them "Johnson bar" is neither a cocktail lounge nor a cake of chocolate, but a locomotive reverse lever. "Highball" is the go-ahead or come-on signal, and "redball" is fast freight. A veteran who retires "gets the rocking chair," while a leaky old steam engine is, disgustedly, a "teakettle" or "coffeepot."

There are relatively few cities or villages in the United States or Canada that did not at one time have a Railroad Avenue or its equivalent. The phrase "the other side of the railroad track" is too well known to require comment here. But old pensioners can tell you of years when Railroad Avenue held its head erect, when its residents included such pillars of local society as the station agent, the conductor, the engineer, the dispatcher, the roadmaster, the master mechanic, and, occasionally, the division superintendent himself.

In the nineteenth century many communities were linked only by the iron rail. At night, the gleam of an engine headlight through the cut on Saddle Mountain or across the bleak prairie was a star of hope, a lighthouse beacon. It told the settlers they were not alone. No wonder the depot was a social center. Folks assembled there to bid Godspeed to a departing guest, or merely to watch the train herself as she rounded a curve and made a well-timed stop at the water tower.

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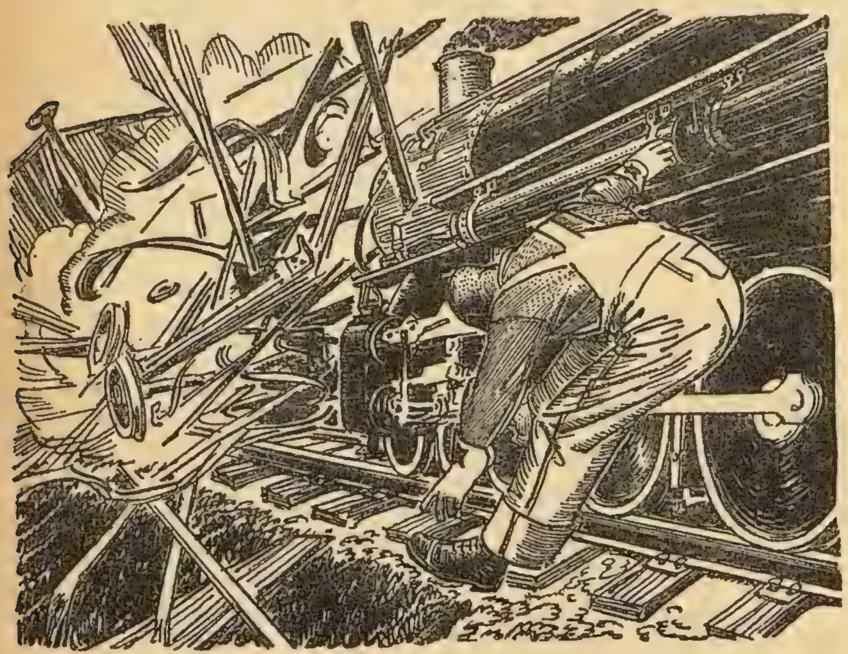
That was the golden era, the boomer period, when a career on the roaring road was the pathway to adventure and independence. Farm lads plowing corn or trudging the white dusty road to district school would wave at the trains and dream of the day when they could go firin' or brakin', or maybe learn how to sling Morse from the kindly, bespectacled old operator down at the depot, in exchange for doing odd chores about the place, and thus be on the way to hirin' out for a job as brass pounder. City boys, too, were bitten by the railroad bug. They yearned to discover what lay on the other side of the hill. Railroad Avenue stands for the things they dreamed of.

CASEY JONES'S TRIP TO THE PROMISED LAND

Of all the ditties that Railroad Avenue has contributed to barbershop harmonizers, none stands higher in public favor than "Casey Jones." You might gather from the song, with its fantastic disregard for geography and other known facts, that Mr. Jones belongs to the never-never land of Paul Bunyan, Little Red Riding Hood, and Rip Van Winkle. Such is not the case. Casey was a real man.



Born in 1864, he was christened John Luther Jones; he played, worked, and loved like the rest of us, and was catapulted into glory by a train wreck that occurred at Vaughan, Mississippi, on April 30, 1900.

But not even Mrs. Jones, his widow, can say with certainty where her husband first saw the light of day. At the age of thirteen, it is believed, he moved with his family to the village of Cayce in Kentucky.

Luther was about sixteen, working as a farm hand at Cayce, when the railroad bug bit him. Hoeing corn, he decided, was much too tedious. So he journeyed fourteen miles to Columbus, Kentucky, and arranged to do odd chores around the depot there without pay, in order to learn telegraphy. In due time the lad qualified as a ham operator, but instead of following up this branch of service he hired out as messenger or caretaker for livestock shippers. From this job he graduated into brakeman with a freight run between Jackson and Columbus; and later he went firing.

At Jackson, two important events happened to him: he met Miss Jane Brady, his future wife, and he acquired the nickname that is now known to millions of people. I asked Mrs. Jones how the monicker originated.

"When J. L. came to Jackson to work," she says, "he ate breakfast at a boardinghouse which my mother kept for railroad men. There he introduced himself to a young engineer named Bose Lashley. 'Your name won't do,' said Mr. Lashley. 'There are too many Joneses on this division. Where did you hail from?' J. L. mentioned the town of Cayce (pronounced "Casey") and his new friend said: 'That's fine! We'll call you Cayce.' So that is how my husband got his name."

Many folks, among them newspaper reporters, preferred the Irish spelling; so the headlines in local papers that told of his death spelled the name "Casey" and that form was adopted when the song was written.

In the 1890s engineers had locomotives assigned to them more or less permanently. Every man considered that he owned his iron horse, took a personal pride and interest in her condition, and had many of her fittings adjusted to his individual liking. There was no standard whistle on the Illinois Central then as there is now; each engineman put on a whistle of his own with a tone that suited him and then practiced a technique of blowing it that would be distinctive. This was called "quilling" and was a highly developed art. Many people who lived along the railroad could tell the engineer's name the moment his whistle was heard.

When he became an engineer on the I. C. in 1890, Casey "went on the air" with a long, plaintive wail that advertised to the world that the man at the throttle was Casey Jones. Even during his lifetime Casey built up a sort of legendary reputation for himself. Dispatchers regarded him as a "fast roller," a runner who could be depended upon to get his train over the road "on card."

During his ten years at the throttle Casey was never involved in a serious accident or in the death of a passenger or fellow worker, although he was disciplined nine times for various infractions of rules. He was never the type known as a "rule-book engineer." He was impetuous and daring, not deliberately reckless. He wanted to get there and would take a reasonable chance if he thought circumstances called for it.

CASEY remained in freight service until, on the first day of 1900, he fell heir to the Chicago-New Orleans express popularly called the *Cannonball.*

The *Cannonball* had what was then the speediest schedule in the Illinois Central's history, and Casey was the boy to keep it "on the advertised," He moved to Memphis, Tennessee, to take over the passenger job. He highballed No. 1 southbound to Canton, Mississippi, 188 miles. The last engine to which Casey Jones was regularly assigned was a McQueen eightwheeler, No. 382, to which the famous song refers vaguely as a "six-eight wheeler" and in some versions a "right high wheeler." His last fireman was Sim Webb, a quiet-spoken colored man who is still living in Memphis.

I had a journalist interview Sim for *Railroad Magazine.* Here is his own eye-witness account of the wreck on which the "Casey Jones" song is based:

"We were called in Memphis at 10 P.M. That was Sunday, April 29, 1900. Number 1 was reported to be thirty minutes late.

"The regular time for us to leave Poplar Street depot, the main station in those days, was 11:35 P. M. But it finally happened that No. 1 was an hour and thirty minutes late.

"We'd been having rainy, foggy weather for two weeks. That night the clouds were mighty dark and low. But Mr. Casey seemed to be in an extra good mood. As we pulled out of Central Station he opened her up and said: 'We're going to have a pretty tough time getting into Canton on the dot, but I believe we can do it, barring accidents.' And I replied: 'You can depend on me, Mr. Casey. I'll sure keep her hot.'

"On south we roared, with everything working just fine. At some places we got to clipping a mile off every fifty seconds. Old 382 was steaming mighty well that night—and using very little fuel.

"We made Grenada, fifty miles from Sardis, in what seemed like no time at all. Then came Winona, twenty-three miles further on, and the next stop, Durant, thirty-three miles from Winona. Everything was still going fine. We were whittling that lost time away to nothing, and Mr. Casey was still in high spirits. As we left Durant, he stood up and hollered to me over the boiler head: 'Oh, Sim! The old girl's got her high-heeled slippers on tonight! We ought to pass Way on time.'

"Way was just six miles north of Canton, and he had it figured out that we'd be back on time when we hit there, and we would coast on it. We hadn't received any more orders. Down the track we went, approaching Vaughan, which is twelve miles above Canton. Vaughan was at the lower end of a double S curve. The north switch was just about the middle of the first S, and as we roared down on it we saw two big red lights. They appeared to me as big as houses. I knew it was a train not in the clear. I could see the lights, but Mr. Casey couldn't, because there was a deep curve to the fireman's side. I yelled to Mr. Casey: 'Look out! We're gonna hit something!'

" 'Jump, Sim!' he shouted, and these were his last words. He was sitting down at the time. I heard him kick the seat out from under him and apply the brakes. About that time I swung down as low off the engine as I could, and hit the dirt. When I came to, half an hour later, Mr. Casey was dead. Our engine had plowed through the caboose of the freight and two other cars.

"Our engine didn't leave the track. She was just stripped. They found Mr. Casey's body down by the back driving wheel, out in the clear. Mr. Casey was the only one killed. Nobody else was even hurt.

"What had happened was this: The freight had sawed by No. 25 a short time before. Number 25 was also a New Orleans-bound train, running from Jackson to the Louisiana city by way of Water Valley. The freight had pulled out some drawheads in sawing by No. 25 and they hadn't got in the clear for our train. The caboose and two cars were out on the main line. The crew was chaining up the drawheads and apparently had forgotten to put out a flagman.

"It was all too bad! Mr. Casey was a fine man, a good man to fire for."

On the following day, May 1, 1900, Conductor Ed Hoke of the southbound freight and his flagman, John Newberry, and everyone else who'd had anything to do with the accident told their stories. Newberry claimed that he had followed all the rules with regard to safe flagging: he had walked back the prescribed three thousand feet, had set a torpedo on the rail, and had moved back even further to wait for the *Cannonball* with a red lantern plainly displayed. Sim seemed to recall that he'd heard a warning torpedo explode some time before the collision. The baggageman and mail clerks on No. 1 were even more emphatic about the torpedo, as were the freight trainmen. But, of course, the one man who could have given the best explanation didn't testify. He was dead.

CASEY'S loss was mourned by the whole countryside. Among his friends was a simple-minded Negro named Wallace Saunders, who worked in the Canton roundhouse. Wallace had a gift for improvising ballads as he labored at wiping engines or shoveling coal. One of his creations, as innumerable witnesses agreed, was the original version of "Casey Jones," which begins:

> Come all you rounders, I want you to hear
> The story told of a brave engineer.
> Old Casey Jones was the rounder's name;
> On a six-eight wheeler he won his fame.
> Caller called Casey at half-past four;
> He kissed his wife at the station door,
> Climbed into the cab with his orders in his hand,
> Says, "This is my trip to the Promised Land."
>
> Through the South Memphis yards on the fly,
> He heard his fireboy say, "You got a white eye . . ."

("White eye" meant a clear signal in the days when green indicated caution.)

There is some doubt as to the exact process by which this folklore was transmuted into a national song hit. We do know that there were several adaptations of the original lament. One was sung on the vaudeville stage by Bert and Frank Leighton. In 1902 it was finally published, and in 1903 it was listed among the ten best sellers in sheet music. In that year, three years after the collision, the Southern Music Company of Los Angeles put out a song sheet entitled "Casey Jones, the Brave Engineer. Words by T. Lawrence Siebert. Music by Eddie Newton."

Siebert's version of the song is much like Saunders' ditty, but is dished up professionally. It makes no pretense of authenticity. Besides running wild in geography, it treats the deceased engineer as a rollicking figment of the imagination. For this reason, Mrs. Jones objects to the Siebert version, especially the last verse:

> Mrs. Casey sat on her bed a-sighing;
> She just received word that Casey was dying.
> She said: "Go to bed, children, and hush your cryin',
> For you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

The truth is that Jane Brady had only one romance in her life; she married her man and never remarried after his death.

THE MIGHTY JAWN HENRY

Like Casey Jones, Kate Shelley, Jesse James, and other colorful figures in Railroad Avenue lore, the brawny black known as "Jawn Henry" lived as a real person but has since become a legendary character, enshrined in stories of super-heroic deeds.

The actual Jawn (John) Henry was a "steel-drivin' man." He worked at building railroad cuts and tunnels throughout the South. He used a ten-pound hammer to drive a steel drill into rock in order to make holes into which he inserted "black powder," or nitroglycerin, thus literally blasting his way through.

A rollicking giant he was, towering six feet four inches in his socks—when he wore socks—and having the strength of an ox and more than his share of personal magnetism. He strummed the banjo, sang in a rich bass voice, played cards, and was not above a drink of redeye now and then. At the time he died he left a trail of broken hearts in the West Virginia hill country.

Jawn was a mixture of boomer, laborer, and minstrel. When he felt in a mood for work—which was not very often—no man alive could outdo him at his particular job.

A collection of fantastic stories is associated with the name of John Henry, but we are reasonably certain that he pounded his way to fame as a young Hercules during the resurgence of railroad construction that followed the Civil War, and that all of his life was spent either in the South or the border state of West Virginia, or both. The most reliable evidence points to the Big Bend tunnel near Hillsdale as the place where he pitted his brawn and skill against the newfangled steam contraption.

This tunnel was built between 1870 and 1873. One of the earliest steam drills ever used in tunneling was brought to the Big Bend as an experiment and was operated by one of the five crews working in the tunnel, the other four continuing to use muscular power. Jawn Henry, as top man in the ranks of steel drivers, refused to admit the possibility that the mechanical device could beat his record.

So a contest was arranged, the stakes being $100 and the time limit thirty-five minutes. Jawn Henry is said to have wielded two twenty-pound hammers, one in each hand, driving home blows that bored two holes, each seven feet deep, into hard rock; during the same thirty-five minutes the new steam drill got hung in the seam of the rock and thus lost time, drilling only one hole nine feet deep.

There is some difference of opinion as to what happened afterward. George Johnston of Lindside, W. Va., is authority for the statement that, immediately after the contest, the champion returned home, complained of a queer feeling in his head, and some time in the night died of a burst blood vessel.

Another story has it that Jawn Henry survived the contest, stayed with the C. & O. until 1873, when the tunnel was completed, and then, hearing of jobs available further south, packed his few personal belongings and hopped a freight.

More than half a dozen states claim the Jawn Henry tradition, and there are as many versions of the ballad as there are of "Mam'selle from Armentières." The following stanza is among the verses that were assembled by Peter A. Brannon of the Alabama Anthropological Society:

> Jawn Henry said to de Captin:
> "A man ain't nothin' but a man;
> If I let yore steam drill beat me down
> I'll die with th' hammer in m' han'."

THE ANDREWS RAID

Less than a score of historically important old locomotives are preserved as museum pieces throughout the United States and Canada. Of these few, none has played a more dramatic role than the *General*, the locomotive of the Andrews raid, which stands on exhibition today in the Chattanooga Union Depot.

In many respects the Andrews raid was a stroke of genius. It was brilliantly planned and boldly carried out by twenty-two Federal spies on April 12, 1862. The purpose was to seize a train on the Western & Atlantic Railroad at some point in Georgia and steam northward, destroying track and setting fire to the wooden bridges so as to sever rail connections between Chattanooga and Atlanta.

The saboteurs were led by thirty-three-year-old James J. Andrews, a native of Hancock County, Virginia (now West Virginia.) Andrews was endowed with courage and finesse. But with all his leadership qualities, he had neither railroad nor military experience. He had tried a similar foray once before, penetrating as far south as Atlanta, but he had failed because nobody in his band was familiar with locomotives. This time he took no such chance. The following order was issued at dress parades of the Second, Twenty-first, and Thirty-third Ohio Infantry: "If there is any man here who knows how to handle a locomotive, let him step one pace to the front." Two engineers, Pvt. William Knight and Corp. Wilson W. Brown, were among those who volunteered. Telling the story of the raid in his own words, Knight said:

"I was introduced to Andrews, who at once unfolded to me his daring plan to capture a train at Big Shanty, Georgia, and run for the Union lines, leaving a trail of blazing bridges behind him. There were fifteen railroad bridges between Big Shanty and Chattanooga. As we stood studying the map, the scheme looked plausible enough.

"That night we set out in small groups for Chattanooga. We got through the Confederate lines easily enough by telling the pickets we were from Kentucky on our way to join the Southern army. Arriving at Chattanooga three days later, we boarded a train for Marietta, Georgia, journeying southward over the road we were planning to cripple. We traveled singly or in twos and threes, pretending not to know one another, as the cars were full of Confederate soldiers whose suspicions might have been aroused had we appeared to be too well acquainted."

On the night of April 11, Andrews and his followers stayed at hotels in Marietta; and at about five-thirty the next morning they took a train for Big Shanty, twenty-nine miles north of Atlanta.

It was shortly after six o'clock of a misty rainy morning when the train reached Big Shanty. There was no station at that point—only the Lacy Hotel, a little freight shed, and, on the other side of the track, a Confederate army camp. As the men unloaded with the rest of the passengers, Andrews spoke in an undertone:

"If anybody interferes, shoot him! But don't fire unless it is necessary."

The disguised Yanks looked around with anxious curiosity. Mostly their gaze wandered across the track to Camp McDonald, where a sentry paced directly in front of the inn but on the camp side of the rails. Andrews and Engineer Knight glanced at him and leisurely made their way to the engine. She was a sturdy eight-wheeler known as the *General*.

"You run back and uncouple these forward boxcars from the rest of the train," Andrews said to Knight, "and we'll pull out immediately."

Meanwhile, the other raiders were awaiting orders. "Let's go now, boys!" Andrews directed. He leaped into the cab, followed by his two engineers and Pvt. John (Alf) Wilson, a nonrailroader who was to act as fireman. Knight released the brakes and opened the throttle, and the twenty heroes were off on a wild adventure. One of their number, Sgt. William Pittenger, who later became a minister and wrote two books about the raid, reveals how he felt at that time:

"It was a moment of triumphant joy that will never return again. All had told us that the greatest difficulty was to reach and take possession of the engine, and after that success was certain."

But the regular conductor of the train, William A. Fuller, was still to be reckoned with. After washing his hands in a tin pan on the front porch of the hotel, the conductor stepped inside and sat down at a table to have breakfast with his engineer, Jeff Cain, and Anthony Murphy, foreman of machine and motive power on the Western & Atlantic.

The sudden chug-chug of a locomotive interrupted the meal. Fuller hurried over to the nearest window and looked out. Cain and Murphy were right beside him.

"Somebody's running off with our train!" he exclaimed.

All three men dashed outside just as the abbreviated train was vanishing around a curve.

"This is a devil of a note!" the engineer growled. "And no telegraph here!"

The conductor did not suspect that Union spies had stolen part of his train, but thought it had been "borrowed" by deserters from Camp McDonald, who would use it merely to evade military service. Fuller, Cain, and Murphy held a quick consultation. Then they set off in pursuit, believing they would find the engine and cars abandoned a few miles up the line.

After the Northern raiders had traveled about two miles in the stolen train they came to a halt in the vicinity of Moons and Sgt. John W. Scott climbed a telegraph pole, knocked off the glass insulators at the top, and jerked down the single wire.

"When the engine stopped," wrote Sergeant Pittenger, "Andrews jumped off and clasped our hands in ecstasy, congratulating us that our difficulties were now all over. "Only two trains to pass, and then we will put our engine at full speed, burn the bridges after us, dash through Chattanooga, and on to General Mitchel!"

General Ormsby M. Mitchel, a Federal division commander, was then waiting with his troops at the newly captured town of Huntsville, Alabama. He and Andrews had set the raid for April 11. On that date Mitchel was to take Huntsville, and before night Andrews and his party were to arrive with the Confederate locomotive, after having ravaged the W. & A. and successfully passed Chattanooga. However, rain delayed Andrews, who took it upon himself to postpone the foray until the twelfth, assuming that the division commander's operation would be also hampered by the weather. There was plenty of rain and mud on Mitchel's march southward from Shelbyville to Huntsville, but the boys in blue got there on schedule and seized the town at 4 A. M.

As they crossed the Etowah River, the Andrews group saw an old freight locomotive, the *Yonah*, under steam, at the turntable. At this point Andrews made two fatal blunders: he failed to burn the bridge, and he rejected the advice of Engineer Knight that they disable the *Yonah* to prevent pursuit.

MEANWHILE, Fuller, Cain, and Murphy had run to Moons. There they questioned the foreman of a section gang and learned that the men who had seized their train also had cut the telegraph wire.

"Only damn Yankees would do a trick like that!" Fuller said. "Do you know where I could borrow a horse right away?"

The foreman shook his head. "No, but you could use this push car." He indicated the vehicle (not to be confused with a lever-operated handcar) that stood on the siding.

So the chase began on wheels, with seven men aboard the push car. To follow a locomotive with leg power may seem ridiculous, until you take into consideration the fact that the track was on a downgrade part of the way.

Soon the pursuing group came to the *Yonah*, commandeered her, and ran the eleven miles to Kingston over a track that was clear except for a few piles of crossties.

Unaware that General Mitchel's forces were already in Huntsville, Andrews figured that he'd have only two trains to pass, which might have been true if he had made the same trip twenty-four hours earlier. However, on account of the demands of war the Union spies had to pass more trains than they had expected, on a single-track strategic road, and this caused serious delay.

Their run proved to be a queer mixture of speeding and loafing. This was because Andrews' northbound train usually kept ahead of the timecard and was obliged to stop occasionally to meet the southbound trains on sidings exactly on schedule. At Cass station, the leader ordered a halt to replenish the engine's water supply. As he climbed down from the cab, he was met by the station agent.

"I don't reckon I ever saw you fellows before," the agent said suspiciously. "What have you got there?"

He pointed with his corncob pipe to the closed boxcars, in which the disguised Northern troops were concealed.

"There's enough powder in those cars to blow you and your depot into the middle of next week," Andrews replied coolly. "We're hustling it through for Beauregard to shoot holes in the Yanks."

"Hope you get through with it all right. The Federals ain't far off."

Engineer Knight spoke up: "We're taking our chances, but I'd a damn sight rather have the Yankees get me than run into a head-on collision with a southbound train. We've lost our schedule, and if we don't get one pretty quick we're going to have trouble. Haven't you got one we can use?"

"Sure," answered the station agent, fishing a soiled sheet of paper out of his pocket and handing it over. "I'd give my shirt to Beauregard if he wanted it."

WHEN Fuller's pursuit party reached Kingston they found the yards blocked by southbound freight and the *General* gone. Unable to run the *Yonah* through this congestion, they continued the pursuit in another locomotive, the *William R. Smith*. They were slowed up by ties strewed along the track and finally brought to a dead stop on a curve from which two rails had been removed, four miles from Adairsville.

Fuller leaped off the engine and ran for two miles, outdistancing all his companions except Murphy. Fuller and Murphy flagged a southbound freight, the *Texas*. After that the *Texas*, running light and in reverse, took up the chase.

They made a nonstop dash to Calhoun at top speed. At Dalton Fuller sent the following message to the general in command at Chattanooga:

"My train was captured this A. M. at Big Shanty evidently by Federal soldiers in disguise. They are making rapidly for Chattanooga, possibly with an idea of burning the railroad bridges in their rear. If I do not capture them in the meantime, see that they do not pass Chattanooga."

A few miles ahead of the *Texas* the Andrews party was racing along with the *General's* throttle wide open, on a straight track from Adairsville to Calhoun, where they expected to find the regular passenger train to Atlanta.

Andrews ordered a stop north of Calhoun for the purpose of cutting wire and ripping up a rail to guard against being followed. Scott shinnied to the top of a telegraph pole and sent the wire down to the ground, while his comrades set about pulling up spikes. But the rail was only partly loosened—not enough to interfere with the chase—when the shrill whistle of the *Texas* warned them to get going.

"Every man back to the train—they're after us!" Andrews yelled to his followers.

There was a quick scramble for the boxcars, and as soon as all were aboard Knight opened her up and they sped on.

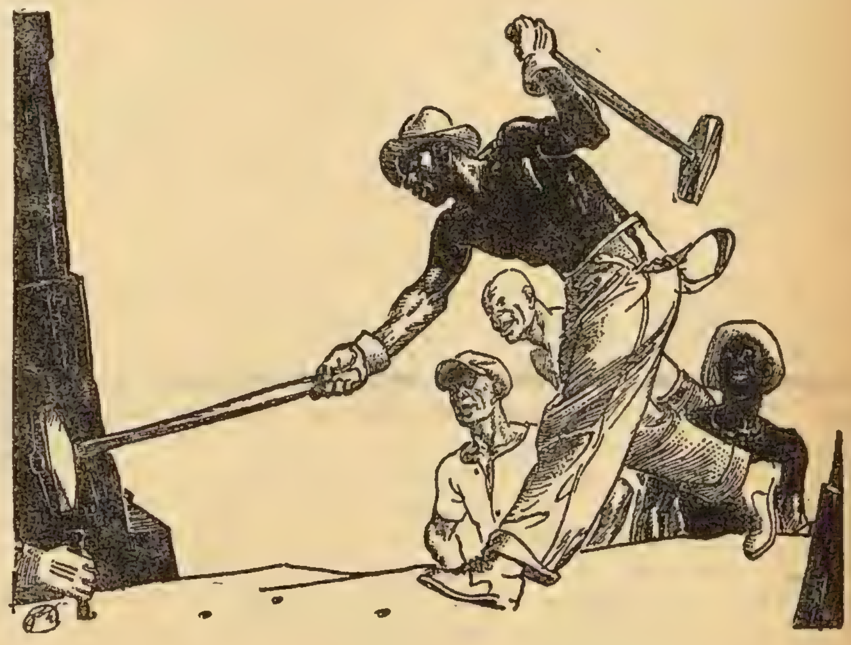
"Keep her hot, boys!" the leader shouted to Brown and Wilson, who were hard at work heaving cordwood into the firebox. "Death in a wreck is better than hanging."

Andrews believed that if only they could get to the bridge at Resaca in time to burn it, the race would still be won—more wire could be cut and other bridges destroyed without fear of pursuit. However, when he reached Resaca the Confederates were dogging him so closely that he did not stop. No chance to destroy anything! But the chief saboteur was resourceful. He ordered his men to vacate the last car, uncouple it and leave it on the trestle, hoping that the *Texas* would be wrecked by running into it. However, the engineer on the *Texas* reversed, caught the car without its doing any damage, shoved it onto a siding, and pressed on in pursuit. The Yankees dropped ties on the track from a hole in the back of the second car, but the *General* was traveling so fast that most of them bounded off when striking the ground.

Again, above Resaca, they tried to wreck the *Texas* by cutting a car loose in front of her; again the *Texas* accepted the empty car and shoved it onto the next siding. But the Confederates' delay gave the Northerners a little more leeway. A few more miles farther on they halted long enough to cut more wire, fearing that if the pursuers could manage to send a message ahead, some station agent would sidetrack the *General*. Here is Engineer Knight's account of how Andrews played his last cards:

"Not having time enough to tear up the track when we stopped for wood near Tilton, six miles north of Resaca, the men placed a rail which we had carried with us diagonally across the track, wedging it tightly. The engineer of the *Texas* sighted it in time and stopped.

"As often as we dared to stop, the men got off, cut wires and blocked the track; but not once did they more than get started to remove a rail before the roar of the *Texas* speeding toward us would reach our ears, and we would have to dart on at full speed."



At Ringgold the alarm was given to the local Confederate militia, who mounted horses for the close of the chase. Engineer Knight added:

"Wilson had thrown the last stick of wood into the fire, and the water was not showing the gauge. Soon we were running only twenty-five miles an hour, then twenty, then fifteen, and then came Andrews' last command: 'Stop her, Knight! Scatter, boys! It's every man for himself now!' "

The *Texas*, bearing Fuller, Murphy, and other Confederates, was less than four hundred yards away when the *General* stopped at the summit of a grade and the raiders fled to the woods. The Southerners followed, assisted by a squad of mounted militia. Within a few days all the Unionists were rounded up, including the two men who had been left behind at Marietta.

Andrews was hanged in Atlanta on June 7, 1862. Eleven days later the same fate was meted out to seven of his followers, including the only other civilian, William Hunter Campbell, and Sergeant Scott, the wire cutter. The fourteen surviving raiders were thrown into Southern dungeons. On October 16 that year eight escaped to the Federal lines, including Alf Wilson and the two engineers, Knight and Brown; and on St. Patrick's Day of 1863 the doors of Castle Thunder at Richmond creaked open on rusty hinges to let out the remaining six, gaunt and emaciated, in exchange for prisoners held by the Yankees.

In 1862, a few days after eight of the raiders had successfully broken jail, Governor Joseph E. Brown sent his annual message to the Georgia State Legislature, recommending that a committee of the two houses inquire into the services of William A. Fuller and those associated with him in frustrating the railroad raid, and that medals or some other public acknowledgment be awarded. But, as the conductor remarked years later, "Gold was so scarce in the South at the time that it was hard to find enough for a medal, so all we got was a vote of thanks."

Later William Fuller worked for the Georgia Pacific Railroad, and died in 1905 at the age of sixty-nine.

THEIR NAMES SHALL BE REMEMBERED

A sturdy breed of heroes was nurtured by the Virginia & Truckee in the days when it hauled the fabulous gold ore from the Comstock lode, and among them no name stands higher than Johnny Bartholomew's. Johnny was the engineer of an excursion train that left Virginia City on October 17, 1872 for the return trip to Reno, Nevada. Close at his heels followed No. 6, a regular train. As Johnny rounded a curve he saw trouble ahead. Flames were leaping from the mouth of American Flat tunnel. To keep going would be taking a chance on a head-on collision with fallen timbers, in which he and his firemen might be killed. To stop on the curve, with not enough time to flag the following train, would invite a rear-end collision and almost certain death to women and children. The hogger clenched his teeth and chose the personal danger. G. H. Jennings, a local versemaker, memorialized the episode in a ballad entitled "Rolling Through." Here is one of the six stanzas:

"Whistle down brakes," I first thought;
Then, thinks I, "Old boy, 'twon't do";
And with hand on throttle an' lever
I knew I must roll 'em through—
Through the grim mouth of the tunnel,
Through smoke an' flame as well,
Right into the gateway of death, boys,
Right smack through the jaws of hell!

There were no casualties, thanks to Lady Luck and Johnny Bartholomew.

SUCH incidents form the tradition of the roaring road. A classic example centers around the silver-plated throttle, framed and inscribed, that hangs on permanent exhibition in the lodge room of Division 46, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Albany, New York. The story behind this relic dates back to 1887. An engineer named Edward Kennar was wheeling a night freight over the New York Central. As he approached St. Johnsville, New York, where clay banks towered near the rails, the oil headlights picked out a landslide directly ahead. His fireman jumped to safety. Ed could have done likewise, but chose to stay in the cab. Slapping on his brakes, he jerked the whistle cord in a peremptory call for "down brakes!"—the signal for trainmen to walk the freight-car tops, or decks, and set hand brakes.

Too late! The engine nosed into the slide, rolled down an embankment and turned over, Ed Kennar, still clutching the throttle, was pinned under the wreckage. Before he died he mustered his ebbing strength and shouted, "Flag No. 5!"

Five was the westbound passenger train that usually met Ed's freight near St. Johnsville. His warning jolted the dazed crew to a sense of reality. A flagman rushed back with a red lantern, barely made it in time. No. 5 halted with her engine pilot just a few feet from the wrecked freight.

Members of Ed's lodge removed the throttle, had it silver-plated, and have kept it ever since as a trophy of one man's sacrifice.

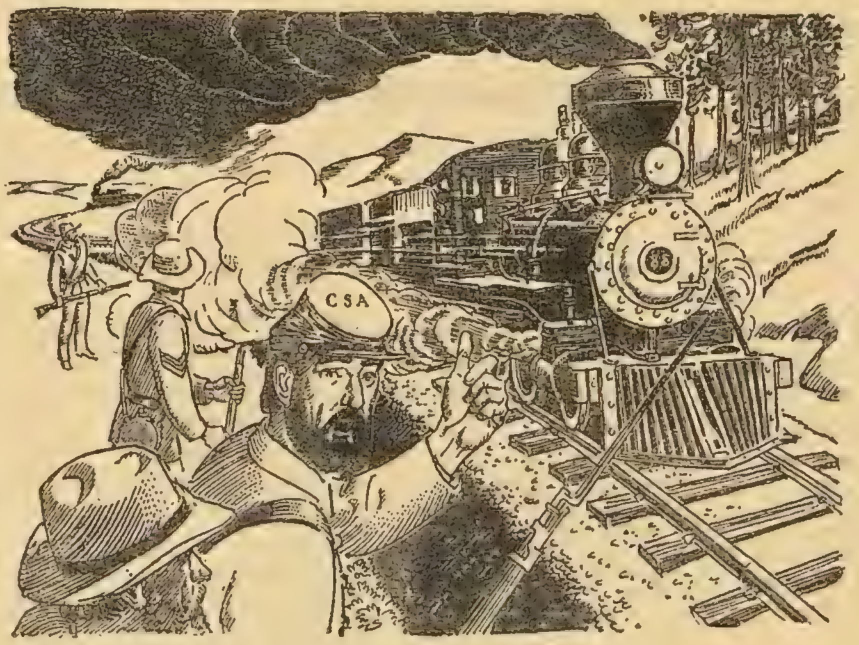
BACK in 1887 the C. & S. had a terminal at Hill Top, Colorado. From there to the plains there was about fifty miles of descending trackage, the route curving and doubling back on itself as if it had been mapped out for the benefit of passengers who were in no hurry and wished to enjoy the scenery. At one place a section house stood with a wooden platform just outside and here the rural folk would occasionally congregate for dances. Because of the railroad's hairpin curves, passengers could see this platform from three different vantage points on the journey. On one occasion an Eastern tourist remarked to a friend, "Look at those people dancing." In about half an hour he passed over the same spot, but higher up, and remarked, "There are some more people dancing." Half an hour later, seeing the identical sight again, he exclaimed, "This whole darned countryside seems to be dancing!"

The principal industry of that section, then as now, was coal mining; and in the winter of 1887 Long John Simpkins was conductor on a coal run. The fateful day of December 28 was ushered in with a snowstorm. When Long John and his crew went to work they found that their engine had blown out a flue and was dead. The only other available locomotive was a high-wheeled passenger type, built for speed but not for tonnage. John looked her over with disapproval and said to Jerry, one of his brakemen:

"Couple the old teakettle to those thirty-five empties and we'll see what we can do."

They tried to take fifteen empty cars up to Mine 1, but were stalled by the drifting snow, so they cut off five cars, backed away, and finally bumped them above the mine tipple. At Mine 3 they had to repeat this performance. By the time they arrived at Crest, Colorado, with fifty loads, night had set in. The snow was still swirling and piling up. They pulled the fifty loaded cars into Track 8, the only unoccupied rails in the yard, ran around them, and began to let out the air and switch them, ten cars at a time.

Going back for the fourth cut, Jerry went down, signaled ahead for the slack, pulled out the coupling pin, and climbed aboard, not observing in the stormy blackness that the cars he had left behind had started to move. Long John switched the cars he was aboard and returned for the remaining ten, which were not there. Jerry had failed to set brakes and the air had leaked out. The ten mavericks, heavily laden with coal, were running wild down the southbound track, with nothing to stop them for about fifty miles, except some train coming in the opposite direction!



To make matters worse, No. 12, crack passenger train of the Colorado & Southern, would leave the terminal in five minutes!

After ordering his other brakeman to spike the switches through which the cars had run, Long John scrambled onto the engine and called to Jerry, "Tear out!"

"Which track?" inquired the brakeman.

"The other track, of course, the northbound. We're going to outrun those cars before they hit No. 12!"

"But why the other track?"

"Listen, Jerry, we couldn't do any good on the same track in this blizzard and darkness. We wouldn't know where to find those cars and so could not run fast enough to overtake them."

So down to the northbound track they went. Long John told his companion: "Once in a while a man is called upon to do things which test him. This is one of those things. We've got to overtake those cars if it means running a hundred miles an hour."

"What'll we do then?" the man wanted to know.

"I am going to get on the tank and jump across to the runaways. I've cursed this old junk pile to hell and back, but she sure can run."

Jerry was game. So were the engineer and fireman. With four men in the cab, they were doing ninety when they caught sight of the cars racing downgrade ahead of them, on the adjoining track. Long John waited until the engine was alongside the runaways. Then he seized a coal board from his tender to use as a bridge over which to walk from the engine to the cars on the other track, but the stiff gale that was blowing made this feat impossible. He then looked around, saw the clinker hook, told the fireman to catch it in the ladder of the nearest runaway car, and said to the engineer:

"I am going over. Whatever happens to me, you go ahead and, if necessary, ditch the cars at some switch before they strike No. 12. You can get me when you come back. Now, when you get alongside the ladder of the head car, hold her there and I will cross over the plank."

They soon reached the ladder, the fireman caught it with the end of the clinker hook, and Long John began edging across, fighting to hold his balance.

He managed to scramble onto the nearest coal car and began setting hand brakes.

The engineer, deciding that the situation here was under control, went ahead to protect No. 12. Twenty miles ahead of the retarded runaways, he met the passenger train, and Jerry flagged her down. She stood on the main line between the switches at Flagler, just as they heard the coal cars thundering toward them. Jerry, who opened the switch, said later that it looked like Fourth of July as they rounded the curve with sparks flying from every wheel. The coal cars shot in on the siding and stopped at the further end.

From the crews on both engines a cheer went up for Long John Simpkins, but when they went forward to congratulate the heroic skipper he was not there. They hunted high and low.

"How many cars did Simpkins say ran away?" Jerry questioned.

"Ten," answered the engineer.

"Well, there are only nine here."

Crossing over to the southbound track and followed by No. 12, the locomotive proceeded cautiously through the snowy night until it reached a curve three miles above Flagler. There the men saw the former boxcar, turned over on her side down a slight embankment just clear of the main stem. With anxious eyes they peered for a sight of Long John. Under the impression that he had probably jumped, they continued looking, but finally arrived at the Hill Top terminal without him.

A wrecker was sent out to the derailed car. When the big hook lifted it, Conductor Simpkins was found underneath, a broken brake wheel clasped tightly in one hand. Evidently he had set all the brakes, and, while he was finishing the job, an overheated journal had ditched the car.

IN the mountains of southern Mexico there is a town whose original name was Cobre. Today it is shown on maps as Cobre de Jesus, the first name of Jesus Garcia having been added by a grateful populace.

Garcia was a locomotive engineer on the Nacozari Railroad, a young peon with restless dark eyes, olive skin, and thick black hair. His job was to haul explosives from the United States for use at the Cobre mine. As soon as he pulled such freight into town it was switched onto rails leading up a hill into the mine itself. There the cars were uncoupled and left standing in the yard.

But the seventh of November, 1927, two cars loaded with nitroglycerin caught fire from a cigarette butt carelessly thrown. Natives enjoying their afternoon siesta were startled by a locomotive whistle blast, sharp and unexpected, following by the fire siren's ominous wail. Out they poured, from dwellings and shops, to see what was wrong.

Engineer Garcia, who had sounded the alarm, saw that, instead of fleeing, the people stood still, rooted with terror. They gazed in fascination, like a bird at a rattlesnake, at the two cars from which curled a wisp of smoke. They must have been aware that those cars held enough explosive to wreck the entire town.

Garcia sized up the danger. There was only one way to save Cobre and its inhabitants. First he backed his engine over to the cars. Then he sprang out, coupled onto them, got back in the cab and opened the throttle wide, heading out of the yard to certain death. Maybe Garcia spent his last moments praying that his deadly train would be some distance away from Cobre when the explosion came.

It was—half a mile. Even at that, the impact shattered every window in town, blinded the engineer's sister, and killed six miners, but most of Cobre's five thousand men, women, and children were saved. No trace of the hero's body could be found, so the people could not bury him with honor. Instead, they paid tribute by erecting a cenotaph, by christening some of their children after him, and by adding "de Jesus" to the town's name.

SMOKE EATERS

Some years ago an old outmoded eight-wheeler was towed along the Alton's main line from St. Louis to Springfield, Missouri, to be scrapped. Nobody seemed to give her a second look—that is, nobody except one old-timer, who stood and watched her with misty eyes. The man was E. J. Sanford, president of the Kansas City Union Depot Company.

"I used to pull the throttle on that old kettle," he confided nostalgically to C. A. Swan, foreman of the Alton roundhouse at Springfield, "and I wonder if you'll give me that throttle as a keepsake?"

"Sure," replied Swan, "if it means anything to you."

"Means anything? Why, man, there's a story to that engine. . . ."

The story told by Mr. Sanford dates back to 1871, when he was a locomotive engineer handling a local run on the Chicago & Alton between Bloomington and Chicago. An eight-wheeled locomotive, No. 97, with the name *Major Knowlton* engraved in a silver plate on her side, had been sent to Bloomington for use in passenger service. A shapely little beauty she was, spick and span, the pride of the road.

In the fall of 1871 the country had a prolonged dry spell. Prairie fires caused quite a lot of damage. Then on October 8 came the startling report that the great city of Chicago was burning. Next morning word came that flames had eaten up every building along the Chicago lake front and were now destroying the very heart of the business section. "Send help," flashed over the wires. "Chicago will soon be in ruins." Well, Bloomington had a good fire engine, but the blazing metropolis was 126 miles away. The suggestion was made that this apparatus be loaded on a flatcar, which could be hooked onto a local train just about to leave.

"Too slow," boomed a tall, swarthy engineer, Louis Hawks by name. "Chicago would burn down before you'd get there." He spoke to the superintendent of the C. & A. "You'd better run a special."

"I don't know about a special," the super replied hesitantly. "I . . ." He turned with sudden decision and hurried back to his office. Five minutes later he ran out, waving his arms excitedly. "Take her, Lou!" he said. "Take the *Major Knowlton* and run the wheels off her!"

In jig time they ran the eight-wheeler in on a siding, hooked on a flatcar, and pulled out on the main stem. Just then the clang of a firebell was heard as the Bloomington fire engine drew up beside the platform. Presently a gang of men had the equipment fastened securely to the car, while the locomotive fireman on 97 was throwing coal into the firebox. It was just twenty minutes from the time the special had been ordered that Lou settled himself on the seat box and released the throttle.

"The road's yours!" said the super. "Everything else is on sidings. You have right of way."

His words were drowned in the hiss of steam as the driving wheels took hold and the 97 rolled out of Bloomington depot. Lou was a throttle artist. This was his meat. He smiled, waved to the crowd. Soon he was snaking a path through the yards, gradually picking up speed, eventually roaring along the open road. As No. 97 skyrocketed through one town after another, station loafers yelled and cheered, and, out in the country, gaping farm hands watched the strange-looking train whiz by.

Back on the flatcar the Bloomington fire laddies, frightened and pale, were clutching their apparatus with an almost deathlike grip. Lou cast a fleeting glance at the smoke eaters and grinned. They were rounding another curve now, but there was no perceptible lessening of speed. Mile after mile they clipped off as the morning sun rose higher in the heavens.

Through Joliet they tore like a runaway comet, then out into the open prairie again. The *Major Knowlton* continued to streak along the rails with a banner of white smoke trailing behind. Soon the men in the engine cab and on the flatcar could see the heavy smoke pall hanging like a shroud over the doomed city and could sniff the acrid scent of her burning buildings.

At length the fast run ended. Lou Hawks burst into the glass-roofed Chicago train shed. He had made that 126 miles in 150 minutes! It hardly seemed possible, back in 1871. Eager hands snatched the Bloomington fire engine from its mooring. A few hours later Chicago's $150,000,000 fire was stopped, and the rest of the city was safe. The *Major Knowlton* had played a noble part in helping to block the red demon.

"What happened to Engineer Hawks?" asked Mr. Swan, the roundhouse foreman, after Mr. Sanford had finished his story.

"Well," came the reply, "Lou was acclaimed for the rest of his life on account of that run. He served the Alton —let me see—about fifty years before they gave him the rocking chair. When he was too old to handle a throttle they made him superintendent of air brakes. He died in 1905."

"And the *Major Knowlton*?" Swan asked, but he had already guessed the answer.

Sanford smiled reminiscently. "She pulled passenger trains for many years. They rebuilt her and later put her on freight. But she didn't like that, became cranky and obstinate, so they took her out of service. For a time she rusted on the rip track, as you know, and now there she goes to the boneyard. Well, she'd lived her day. What a glorious day it was! As I said, I would like to have her throttle."

JESSE JAMES

For most of his thirty-four and one-half years Jesse James, the second son of a Baptist minister, lived dangerously. He organized and carried out one marauding expedition after another. He mocked not only railroad bulls but also police, sheriffs, and posses in half a dozen states. He never saw the inside of a jail, and, when he was finally slain, he met what many Missourians regarded as a martyr's death.

Jesse was born on a small Missouri farm in 1847, and grew up in a rural area devastated by Missouri-Kansas border raids that preceded the Civil War.

The evil influence in the lives of the James boys may be traced to William C. Quantrill, known as "the bloodiest man in the Civil War." Quantrill was a Confederate guerrilla leader. His outstanding feat seems to have been the sacking of Lawrence, Kansas, a peaceful town that he invaded in 1863 at the head of about 450 men.

Two months afterward, Jesse, a slender lad of fifteen with cameo features, blue eyes, and sand-colored hair, was plowing a cornfield when Federal militia decided to "teach the cub a lesson," apparently for no reason except that his big brother, Frank, was riding with Quantrill's band. They lashed Jesse till the blood came. His stepfather was strung up to a tree and left for dead; but Jesse's mother, who was an expert nurse, managed to save his life. The future brigand vowed vengeance. Young though he was, Jesse joined the irregulars and fought under their black banner until the war ended. Then he tried to surrender, but was shot twice in the chest—deep wounds that never completely healed.

A doctor advised the lad to take a long sea voyage for his health, so he traveled to California in 1868. Upon his return home Jesse apparently had every intention of settling down, but because of their past record with Quantrill's guerrillas, he and Frank were greeted with suspicion and downright hostility.

Thus, branded as pariahs, the two youths turned to crime in deadly earnest. They organized a gang of six or eight desperadoes, mostly Quantrill veterans, to rob banks, stagecoaches, and railroad trains.

The question has often been asked: Why was Jesse permitted to ravage and kill so long without being arrested? There are several reasons. In the first place, the Clay County of those days lacked the means of travel and communication that we know today. Transportation was mostly by horseback or farm wagon, and Jesse rode the best horses he could buy; the name of his favorite, Skyrocket, suggests its speed.

Another important reason for Jesse's apparent immunity was the fact that no enemy had a portrait of him. It was next to impossible for a stranger to recognize or identify the bandit chief. Even many of his neighbors could not recognize the tall, lean, quiet, scraggly-bearded farmer who moved around the country so much, came home so infrequently and by different roads, and used so many assumed names.

THE first train robbery that can be traced definitely to the redoubtable Jesse occurred December 12, 1874, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad (now part of the Union Pacific system). The KP affair was staged near Muncie, Kansas. There were six men in the gang then, said to have been the James brothers and two of their relatives, Cole and Bob Younger, and Clell Miller and a renegade switchman named Bud McDaniels.

Bud had learned that a train leaving Denver with a shipment of gold dust would pass Muncie at 4:45 P.M. The six horsemen, armed with carbines and heavy revolvers, masked with red bandannas, rode over there and set to work. As a curtain raiser they robbed Purdee's general store of about $24 and forced the unhappy proprietor to help them pile a lot of ties on the track. At the same time they set out a flag in front of the station to make doubly sure that the train would not get by them. Sure enough, the engineer, Bob Murphy, ground to a stop. The affair had been well planned. While one bandit climbed into the cab and covered the engine crew, the others cowed the trainmen and passengers.

The crew had been forced to uncouple the express car and pull it away a short distance from the train, and the looting began.

The booty consisted of $30,000 in gold dust, $20,000 in currency, and jewelry valued at about $5,000. All this was dumped into a wheat sack—the usual receptacle carried by the James boys on their picnics—and the rest of the car was searched closely.

When the passengers had been relieved of their valuables and the band was clattering off, Jesse called back to the crew: "You can back up now and get your train. Give our love to the folks in Kansas City!"

That was typical of Jesse, who could not resist the opportunity to lighten the grim business of robbery with an occasional jest.

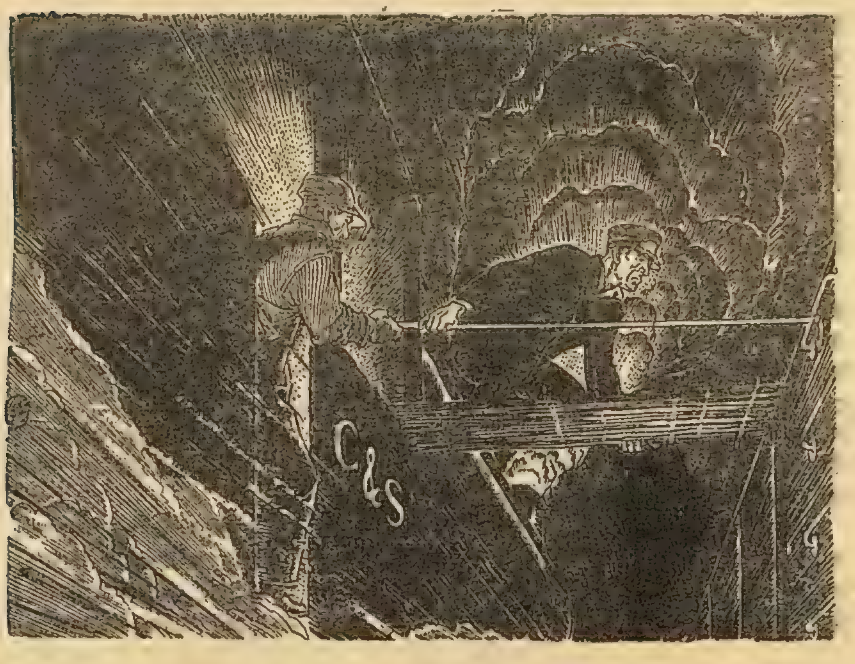
After the Muncie job the chief laid low for some time, living with his wife, Zerelda, under an assumed name at Nashville, Tennessee, where their only son was born. Before the baby was eleven months old, Jesse decided that he needed more money than he could earn by honest toil, so he rounded up the gang for another turn of fortune's wheel. This time they planned to collect from an Iron Mountain (Missouri Pacific) train at Rocky Cut near Otterville, Missouri.

The train pulled out of Kansas City at four forty-five on the afternoon of July 7, 1876. A Missouri, Kansas & Texas express car, coupled on thirteen miles west of Otterville, was locked and had no rider. The baggagemaster, Louis Peter Conklin of Chicago, shared an express car with John B. Bushnell, United States Express messenger from St. Louis. As Conklin told his story to newspapermen:

"It was a clear moonlit night and quite warm, so I left the baggage-car door open. About 10 P.M. the train stopped suddenly at Rocky Cut, the western end of a wooden bridge across a stream. Then a shot was fired. Bushnell sensed trouble, so he went back and handed his key to the brakeman for safekeeping. Pretty soon three men climbed into my car. I believe they were the James brothers and Cole Younger. The robbers forced me to help them find Bushnell and at length got his key from the brakeman."

Without bothering the passengers, the outlaws galloped off with their loot. The delayed train then proceeded on its way, after the pile of ties had been removed. Upon reaching Tipton, the next telegraph station, Conductor Tebbets told the astonished operator what had occurred and had him wire division headquarters and the St. Louis police. Posses scoured the country, but they accomplished nothing. The James gang had already escaped on fast horses with about $2,000 apiece as a result of the night's work.

Early in 1882 Jesse's cousin Wood Hite quarreled with Dick Liddil, another member of Jesse's gang, and with Bob Ford. Guns barked. Wood was killed, wrapped in a dirty horse blanket, and buried in a shallow grave. Dick surrendered to the police and signed a long confession. He accused Bob of having fired the fatal shot and he implicated the whole gang in various crimes. Clarence Hite, brother of the slain man, also surrendered and confessed at about the same time.



Meanwhile, Jesse James, who had been moving around from one location to another with his wife and two small children, living under the name of Thomas Howard and posing as a railroad man in search of work, came to occupy a one-story cottage in St. Joseph, Missouri.

A few days after Dick Liddil and Clarence Hite had "come in" (a term used by the natives of that section in describing the surrender), Jesse entertained Bob Ford and his brother Charles as house guests.

On the morning of April 3, 1882, Mrs. James prepared breakfast as usual, for the three men, the two children, and herself. After the meal Jesse and Charlie curried their horses in the stable, then returned to the room occupied by the Ford brothers. The gang leader remarked, "It's an awfully hot day," and removed his coat and vest, throwing them on the bed. His last words were, "I guess I'll take off my pistols, for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard."

So saying, he unbuckled the famous belt containing his two .45-caliber revolvers, one a Colt, the other a Smith & Wesson, and tossed them on the bed also. Then he picked up a cloth, stood on a chair with his back to the visitors, and began dusting a picture of his horse. Bob and Charlie drew their guns. Bob fired. Jesse turned his head slightly as he heard the shooting iron click, but it was too late. A bullet entered his bearded head at the base of the skull and came out over his left eye. Jesse died in his wife's arms a moment later, as the two assassins scurried off to collect blood money.

Frank James was never captured. Instead, he "came in" of his own free will six months after Jesse's death. The surrender was melodramatic. After preliminary negotiations, he personally handed his famous Remington .44 six-shooter and cartridge belt to the governor of Missouri in the latter's private office.

Frank was acquitted after a sensational trial. We assume that the jurors were convinced of his innocence. It could not have been possible that witnesses and jurors alike knew that the accused and many of his friends and kin were handy with guns and that fear of reprisal was balanced against abstract justice. Be that as it may, Frank decided to "go straight." This he did, until he died on the old Kearney homestead in 1915.

LEGEND OF KATE SHELLEY

Sometimes a single heroic deed lifts an individual from obscurity and creates a legend that Railroad Avenue likes to remember. For such a case I take you back to a stormy summer evening in 1881, to a small frame farmhouse that stood beside Honey Creek near Boone, Iowa, about a mile and a half from the point where the tributary stream poured its turgid waters into the Des Moines River. This cabin also adjoined the Chicago & North Western main line and commanded a view of the railroad bridge spanning the creek. From one of its windows, Mrs. Michael J. Shelley had often watched her husband go trudging down the track to his day's toil as a section hand. Mike had held this job on the C. & N. W. for thirteen years, leaving behind him when he died a capable and energetic widow with five children.

As darkness fell under thunder claps and lighting glare in the late afternoon of July 6, 1881, and farmers raced through their evening chores, the Widow Shelley and her brood huddled together in their home, gazing out anxiously at the black clouds and the rain that already was slanting heavily across the countryside.

Kate, the oldest, a short, stocky girl of fifteen, shuddered as she observed that the stream had become a racing torrent which threatened to undermine the Shelley stable, halfway down the slope, in which the livestock had sought refuge. The girl sloshed through the water that was tumbling down the hillside, while sheets of gusty rain beat down on her, and opened the stable door to let the horses and cows shift for themselves.

Shortly after eleven o'clock Kate heard a train rumble onto the creek bridge, and discerned through the rainy blackness the stab of a headlight beam probing uncertainly. This train was the helper engine that had been stationed at Moingona, on the far side of the river bridge, to aid in pushing heavy freights up the grades on both sides of the Des Moines. Ed Wood, engineer; George Olmstead, fireman; Adam Agar, brakeman, and Pat Donahue, section boss, were under orders to "run to Boone and return to Moingona regardless of all trains."

Kate saw the engine begin to cross Honey Creek bridge that was now swaying crazily, and distinctly heard the engine bell toll once, twice, and then—

"Oh, mother," she screamed, "they've gone down!"

It was true. A terrific crash and gurgle and the hiss of escaping steam arose above the wail of wind-driven rain. What followed can best be described in Kate's own words:

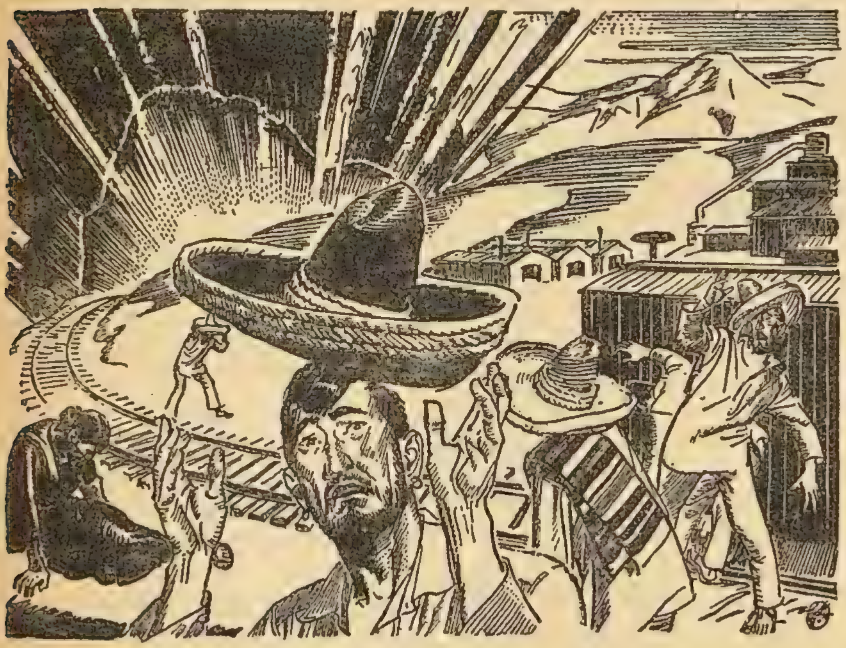
"It seemed as still as death, as silent as the grave. The storm and all else were forgotten and I said I must go to the help of the men, and to stop the passenger train that would soon be due at Moingona, the midnight train from the west."

Quickly she put on her coat, fixed up an old lantern by using a piece of felt skirt for a wick, and darted out, while the rest of the family gazed after her fearfully.

Finding that the deluge had risen far above all paths and roadways, the girl realized she could not walk the track to reach the collapsed bridge; so she climbed the bluff at the rear of the cabin and made a curving detour to the southwest, to a spot where the C. & N. W. cut through the low hills. The roadbed was not flooded there. On it she ran to the bridge.

Reaching the scene of disaster, she saw that part of the bridge still remained. She swung her feeble lantern and shouted as loudly as she could. Then she listened. A faint answer came from below, from the engineer, Ed Wood, and his brakeman, Agar. The two men had escaped drowning by clinging to some driftwood and drawing themselves above the swollen creek onto overhanging trees, but their two companions were lost.

The midnight limited was almost due; she dared not wait another second. Turning westward, she followed a rough slippery path beside the creek. Moingona was only a mile away, but between her and the village lay the sullen Des Moines River, which was now so gorged that it almost lapped the ties on the long, wooden, railroad bridge, while the structure itself shook repeatedly from the violent rush of water. The only route to Moingona lay across that bridge, at the risk of death to herself; but if she did not get there, and in time, that trainload of human beings was doomed.



Although pedestrians were strictly forbidden to cross the railroad bridge, some reckless souls had been ignoring this rule; and so, to discourage the violation, a bridge and building gang had taken up some of the plank walk that originally had been laid for the benefit of C. & N. W. employes. Even in pleasant weather and broad daylight there was peril in crossing that bridge. What, then, must have been the danger on a wild starless night with rain making the ties slippery, wind blowing a gale and, just below, a thunderous boiling river higher than Kate had ever seen it before?

How the child of fifteen finally reached the other side of that structure is a saga on the steel trail that men still talk about. The gale extinguished her dim light. She stumbled and slipped her way from one tie to the next—still clutching her now-darkened lantern. On hands and knees she fought physical and mental terrors as she pushed ahead for about five hundred feet to the far side of the bridge. From time to time her skirt became entangled in spikes, nearly toppling her off balance. Other spikes and splinters cut and bruised her hands and knees. Every moment she was fearful of seeing the headlight of the eastbound limited shine full on her face.

Finally, after what seemed hours, she stood on solid embankment and paused a moment to catch her strangled breath. Then she attempted to run at top speed to the Moingona depot, half a mile away. She never could recall, afterward, how she tottered into the station, wild-eyed, hatless and dishevelled, and gasped her message. Someone said, "The girl is crazy." She must have looked that way.

The few almost incoherent words she uttered were enough for the agent. Grabbing a red lantern, he dashed outside just as an engine whistle announced that the express was rolling through. There, before his eyes, a headlight shone like a ghostly glare in the rain. His frantic signal brought the train grinding to a halt, the train that normally would have sped through Moingona without even slowing down. The engineer descended from his cab, ready to bawl out the agent for stopping the hotshot at a small way station, and on such a night. The conductor swung off, too, his brass buttons faintly reflecting the glow from the station windows; and soon the passengers, sensing that something was wrong, also piled out of the cars. All were eager for Kate Shelley to tell her story.

The girl gave vent to a torrent of words. Its effect on her listeners was electrifying. Men cheered, women wept; several persons flung their arms around the young heroine and kissed her. Then someone in the crowd passed a hat. Soon it was half filled with silver and greenbacks.

But Kate had not forgotten Engineer Wood and Brakeman Agar clinging to a precarious perch on the flood-ridden bank of Honey Creek. The engine whistle blasted an alarm to the townspeople, and in a few moments men with rope and other equipment were on their way to succor the marooned railroaders. Kate accompanied the party across the river on the engine, which inched along slowly, and guided them to the spot. It was some time before Ed Wood could grasp the rope that was tossed to him repeatedly, but when he did so, he fastened it to his tree and gingerly came ashore, hand over hand. His comrade, Brakeman Agar, could not be reached that night. Finally, after the water had begun to subside, he also was assisted back to safety, utterly worn out by long exposure.

On the seventh day of July, Kate awoke from a sound sleep to find herself famous. Not only Railroad Avenue but all the rest of the country, it seemed, was eager to honor her. But when, several days later, the body of Section Foreman Donahue was found in a cornfield, a quarter-mile downstream from where the engine had plunged through the cracking bridge, the overwrought Kate Shelley collapsed; and for three weary months she was confined to her home with a nervous breakdown. Fireman Olmstead's body never was located.

Recovering from her illness, Kate continued to be a national heroine. The Chicago & North Western management gave her a gold medal, a lifetime pass over the system and—for it believed in being practical—half a barrel of flour and half a load of coal. And in 1903, when the railroad completed a new iron bridge over the Des Moines River about four miles north of Moingona, it named this structure the Kate Shelley bridge.

In 1903, about the time the Kate Shelley bridge was opened for traffic, Kate learned that the station agency at Moingona was about to become vacant, and applied for the job. Needless to state, the brass hats knew of Miss Shelley's record and lost no time in granting her application. Kate never married. Her health was not very good after that memorable night in 1881. For the last eight years of her life she held the position of station agent. Her last call came in 1912.

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

Every schoolboy in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, can tell you what caused the big deluge in his city: the South Ford Dam at Conemaugh Lake, in the Allegheny Mountains, burst and filled the narrow valley below. This lake, 1,700 feet above sea level, covered about 700 acres to a depth of seventy feet.

The South Fork Dam extended almost a thousand feet from shore to shore. It was twenty-five feet thick at the top and ninety at the base, yet with a fatal weakness in construction. Despite the high volume of water it had to restrain, the dam was built entirely of earth, only the sides being rip-rapped with stone. A wealthy hunting and fishing club that owned the weir had been warned again and again of its unsafe condition, but refused to spend money on it.

The flood was no great surprise. Torrential rains had inundated the valley in the last few days of May, 1889, swelling both the Conemaugh River and Stony Creek, which entered it. On May 30 at 11 A.M. Johnstown's business center was covered with water five feet deep. Conemaugh Lake was rising ten inches an hour. At intervals that morning, messengers on horseback rode down through the valley shouting to the inhabitants that the dam might break at any moment and urging them to take to the hills, but relatively few people heeded that advice.

Just before 3 P. M. came a hoarse cry: "The dam is broken! Flee for your life!" A gap 300 feet wide emptied the nation's largest reservoir in one hour. With a thunderous roar that could be heard for miles, a cataract as mighty as Niagara tumbled down the valley faster than express-train speed. The wall of water was nearly forty feet high and half a mile wide. It hurled into the air giant oak trees, houses, livestock, locomotives and freight cars, miles of the best four-track railroad in the world, and many hundreds of frightened human beings.

Thousands of tons of wreckage were swept through the valley. From Conemaugh Lake to Johnstown, about twelve miles, the gigantic force stampeded in about seven minutes. Unlike South Fork Dam, the Pennsy bridge was built of solid masonry—a new seven-arch structure reputed to be the most graceful arch bridge in America. Resisting the impact, it formed a gruesome dam of its own. Debris and human bodies were barricaded there, piled to the height of a three-story house and wrapped around by miles of barbed wire, which the onrushing wave had picked up from a mill en route. Adding to the horror, the wreckage not only spread out over the city but caught fire, burning with a lurid glare for three days and nights.

On the morning of June 1 a railroad embankment gave way, water broke through the jam at the bridge, and from that moment the flood began to subside.

The Baltimore & Ohio, which entered Johnstown from the south, escaped the worst of the damage. Mark Ridenour, a B. & O. engineer, had just pulled an accommodation train into Connellsville, Pennsylvania, with engine 610, and was about to go off duty when news of the flood came. He was ordered to make an 88.4-mile run to Johnstown by way of Rockwood with two coaches carrying doctors, nurses, and first-aid supplies. Mark's story says:

"THE conductor came running out of the telegraph office with train orders and gave them to me. 'Gosh!' said the fireboy, after we had read them. 'You're gonna need steam.' He grabbed the scoop and started bailing into the firebox. Meanwhile, the two coaches had been loaded, and the last doctor was scrambling aboard, when the trainmaster came alongside my engine and said, 'Mark, old boy, give her all she'll take! A lot of lives depend upon you getting there as soon as possible.'

"I knew that every other train on the line had been ordered into sidings to give us a clear track, so I gave her full rein. The old 610 trembled and shook all over from the vibration of her drivers, while her cylinders seemed about to burst. On and on we traveled, never slowing down except on real sharp curves, when I would use just enough air to keep her from turning over. In those days the Johnstown branch, which is now used for freight only, was a pain in the neck to crews who worked on it. Just one curve after another, with a rather stiff grade to boot. We took to those curves so fast with the old 610 that, as the doctors said afterward, coaches rounding the curves seemed to leave the rails on the inside of the turns.

"At length we reached Johnstown. We were among the first rescuers to arrive. The old 610 was smoking from every journal box and her side rods were in deplorable shape, although—thank God!—they had brought us to Johnstown. I told the fireboy: 'Son, I guess she's ready for the hospital!'

"So she was. The old 610 was taken to the shops and given a complete overhauling."

BOOMERS

The boomer was a drifter who went from one railroad job to another. The term dates back to pioneer days when men followed boom camps. In most cases the boomer traveled light. You could generally recognize a boomer by his attire. The main part of the wardrobe was the "thousand-miler," a black or blue shirt with or without a collar attached, so called because the average trainman would wear it for about a thousand miles of riding before he'd send it to the laundry. Dressed-up boomers went in for white celluloid collars, which could be cleaned with a damp cloth, and black bow ties. An old American custom much patronized by this breed was the "pie-book," a card or booklet good for a certain number of meals at a given restaurant. One of these talismans usually could be obtained by a new man as soon as he got his name on the pay roll. Coupons in the book could be used as a medium of exchange at almost any store or gin mill on or near Railroad Avenue. Some were even traded off for cash payment.

Even though the busted boomer had to make his first trip before he could sign for his pie-card, there was no danger of his going hungry on that trip. If he didn't happen to meet anyone he knew, the first time the crew stopped to 'put on the feed bag,' the conductor, if the boomer was braking behind, or the hogger, if he was braking ahead, would almost invariably ask, 'How you fixed to eat?' If he was broke, he was invited to eat with them.

Pat McGraw, boomer brakeman, approached a Great Northern freight conductor, named Ole Hansen, for a meal. Said he, "I'm having supper at your place tonight."

Ole objected. "Things are tough at my house right now. My wife is in the hospital, my daughter has just gone away to college, and my sister is not well."

Pat looked at him for ten seconds. "I don't want a woman, Ole; I want supper."

He got it.

HARRY K. McCLINTOCK, whose pen name is Haywire Mac, is the author of "Big Rock Candy Mountains." He composed this song about the paradise of boomers and train-riding hobos in 1895.

"I ran away from my home at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1894 at the ripe age of fourteen," he told me, "and joined up with the Gentry Brothers Dog and Pony Show. I was a 'pony punk' or groom to four 'ring' steeds; my duties were to keep them spotless and shining. For this I was to be paid eight dollars a month, but as I didn't stay a month I never collected a dime from them. It was late fall when I quit the show in Anniston, Alabama, and headed for New Orleans.

"As many railroad boomers and hobos were drifting south for the winter, I found myself riding freight trains with a choice collection of bums from all over the country. It was then I developed sympathy for the hobos, sympathy which I later expressed in the song. Small towns in the South, almost without exception, were hostile to tramps, but on account of my youth I managed to get handouts. Soon I found myself feeding a lot of the unwashed fraternity who couldn't leave the railroad yards without running afoul of John Law.

"The fairy tales those tramps would tell to a gullible kid made a deep impression on me and finally crystallized into 'Big Rock Candy Mountains.' I included an indirect reference to the famous fountain at Soda Springs, Idaho, which was a hobo stop-off. The water there is so cold, even in summertime, that a sprinkle of lemon juice causes it to fizz in a gratifying manner. Also, a mile east of the old Oregon Short Line (now Union Pacific) railroad yards in Salt Lake City there was—and still is—what is known as a 'chicken-soup spring,' this being a natural hot spring, the water from which, with a little salt added, tastes somewhat like a very weak chicken broth.

"I was about sixteen when I learned to plunk a few chords on a guitar. Thereupon I quit bumming. I didn't stop rambling, but my voice, plus the 'git-fiddle,' was as good as a meal ticket in any community. I toured the Western mining camps and cow towns which were too small to support theaters. We tramp musicians played and sang for whatever our audience cared to drop into the hat. One of the songs I rendered was 'Big Rock Candy Mountains,' which became so popular that in 1905 I had a printer knock out several hundred cards, about the size of a postcard, containing this ballad. This was the first time it appeared in print."

"Big Rock Candy Mountains" is closely associated in the lore of Railroad Avenue with the Indian Valley Line, a mythical railway where you could always get a good job under ideal working conditions. Here is Haywire Mac's song:

One evening as the sun went down
  And the jungle fire was burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking
  And he said: "Boys, I'm not turning;
I'm headed for a land that's far away,
  Beside the crystal fountains,

So come with me, we'll go and see
The Big Rock Candy Mountains."

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
That's a land that's fair and bright,
And the handouts grow on bushes,
And you sleep out every night;
Where the boxcars all are empty
And the sun shines every day;
Where there's the birds and the bees
And the cigarette trees;
Where the lemonade springs
And the blue bird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
All the cops have wooden legs,
The bulldogs have rubber teeth,
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs;
Where the farmers' trees are full of fruit,
And the barns are full of hay,
Oh, I'm bound to go,
Where there ain't no snow,
Where the rain don't fall,
And the wind don't blow—
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never change your sox
And the little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks;
Where the brakemen have to tip their hat,
And the railroads pull their blinds.
Oh, a lake of stew,
And whisky too.
You can paddle around
In a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
All the jails are made of tin,
And you can walk right out again
Just as soon as you are in.
Where there ain't no short-handled shovels,
No axes, saws or picks;
Where they hang the Turk
That invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

HAYWIRE MAC likes to tell about the boomers he used to know, one of them being Hee-Haw Mike, so nicknamed because of his long ears.

It seems that Mike had been fired on account of Rule G—the rule forbidding drunkenness—from just about every big yard east of the Mississippi, from some yards not only once but several times. On one occasion he hit the General Yardmaster for a job and was turned down but put up such a plea that the "ringmaster," as this official was called, finally told Mike that if he could get an O.K. from the superintendent he could go to work. So Hee-Haw barged into the Old Man's office. To get rid of him, the super said, "Mike, if you can show me just one good clearance from any road, I'll hire you."

"All right," agreed the long-eared boomer, "I'll go and get one outta my grip."

Thereupon Hee-Haw proceeded to the local Chinatown and cut a segment from a big yellow and red sign emblazoned with Chinese characters. Returning to the super's office, he marched in, slammed down the chunk of sign on the desk, and said, "Well, there she is."

The Old Man peered over his glasses in bewilderment. "What the hell is this?"

"Why, that's a clearance off the Hong Kong Central, you so-and-so. Can't you read?"

According to Haywire Mac's version of this incident, the brass hat enjoyed such a hearty laugh that he gave the old booze hound another chance.

In the days when brakemen were paid two cents a mile and conductors three cents, a farmer hired out as a brakeman on a road that had at least one very long, steep grade. This man was on the smoky end and was "deckorating," walking the boxcar decks or tops, when his train started down this long grade. The hogger lost his air and began calling for brakes. The speed became terrific. Both the rear brakeman and the conductor were setting brakes as fast as they could get over the top. All this time the student clung to a running board and made no attempt to help. After a while the skipper had worked his way over to the new man and he asked, "Why'n hell ain't yuh setting brakes? Don't yuh know we're running away?"

"Me set brakes? I should say not," indignantly replied the student. "Two cents a mile! Why, I never made money this fast before in all my life!"

RAILDOGS

Ever since flanged wheels began to roll on strap-iron rails in the early 1800s, the dog has been Railroad Avenue's favorite pet. The average raildog is a stray of doubtful antecedents who wanders onto company property, is adopted by one man or a group of workers, and makes himself useful as well as companionable.

A typical case was Jack. One hot summer evening a bleeding, exhausted shepherd pup with sore footpads dragged himself into the desert town of Peach Springs, Ariz. The Santa Fé station agent there, A. M. Browning, bandaged the paws. It was nearly a month before the animal could walk normally again. Then the agent started teaching him tricks, and Jack responded quickly. Soon the dog was performing real service. Besides chasing occasional burros and horses from his master's yard, he retrieved order hoops. The order hoop is a lightweight loop with a handle, in the crotch of which tissue-paper train orders are inserted. The agent or telegraph operator delivers those orders to trains that do not stop at his station, by passing up the hoops to men on the train, one to the engine crew, another to the train crew. A station signal has warned the men in advance to reach out for these hoops, pretty much as carousel riders snatch at the brass ring. The trainmen then quickly remove the orders and throw back the empty hoops for the agent to pick up and use again. A train rolling forty or more miles an hour travels quite a distance before the hoops are tossed off, so you can readily figure that Jack saved his master many miles of hiking in a month's time.

Eventually Mr. Browning died, his job was taken over by H. W. Hutchinson, and the bereft dog was given to a state policeman. But Jack had become a raildog, and no raildog is happy unless he is near the tracks. We'll let Mr. Hutchinson carry on the story from this point:

"The creature refused to stay with his new owner. Every morning when I opened the station I would find Jack waiting patiently to get in, and I'd have to put him out at closing time. During the day he retrieved train-order hoops for me. You just couldn't get rid of a dog like that, so I decided to keep him.

"Sometimes, just for fun, I remained at my desk when I heard a train coming. Jack would run to the door, look out, then bounce back and grab a hoop by the handle, trying to remind me to deliver the flimsies. If I still failed to go to work, Jack would put his forepaws on my desk and nuzzle my face. He always stood expectantly when I passed up orders to the head end. As soon as both hoops had been picked up by the crew, away he'd dart after them. Sometimes it took him as long as thirty minutes to find hoops that dropped in weeds, but he invariably brought them back. If one fell under a train and was broken, he'd return with the pieces, one or two at a time.

"A small roll of newspapers would be tossed off by train No. 8 each morning, and Jack would catch it, rarely missing, although the train did not slow up when the baggageman threw it. One day Jack was so intent on catching the papers that he failed to notice a local approaching on the other track. He whirled to snatch the bundle and was hit a glancing blow by the journal box on the head car of the local. For days thereafter he could barely walk, but insisted on trying to hobble after the hoops.

"On another occasion a drag freight labored slowly up the grade. Jack had already brought in the head-end hoop and was waiting to run back for the one at the rear, but, instead of flipping off the hoop, the conductor sat on the caboose steps reading his order. Jack kept pace with the crummy, looking for the hoop. At length, tired of waiting and seeing the handle protrude several inches over the steps, he made a mighty leap and grabbed the hoop in triumph with his teeth.

"Finally there came a time when Jack limped home to the station with a bullet wound in his side and died almost immediately. To this day railroaders working out of Seligman, Arizona, and Needles, California, would like to catch up with the killer.

"Jack lies buried near the tracks at Peach Springs. I like to think that he still hears the ground vibrate when a heavy freight struggles up the grade, and that in some faraway place beyond the Big Rock Candy Mountains his eyes glisten with excitement as he dashes off to chase hoops or retrieve the newspapers each time a train whistles for the board."

OLD SHEP, of Fort Benton, Montana, was a sheepherder's collie. One day in the fall of 1936 his master went away for hospital treatment and died. The collie saw him carried into a Great Northern train at Fort Benton. In time the man's very name was forgotten, but Old Shep remembered. The "loneliest" dog stayed around the station, meeting every train day and night, plainly looking for his master to return. He refused to make friends with anybody and was seldom seen except at train time. After each train departed, he would crawl back under the depot to wait patiently for the next one. Pat McSweeney, the section foreman, took pity on the collie and tried to coax him to life at the section house, but the animal steadfastly refused to leave the spot where he had last seen his master. The station agent and the members of some train crews helped to provide grub for him. Even the dining-car staffs knew about Old Shep's loyalty and saved choice leftovers for him. Again and again the agent invited the aging collie inside the station building, particularly in bad weather, but Old Shep would not be coaxed. He continued to stay under the depot, haunting the platform only at train time. Perhaps in his hideout he was dreaming of happy days spent with his master and the sheep; perhaps he was listening for the whistle of the next train.

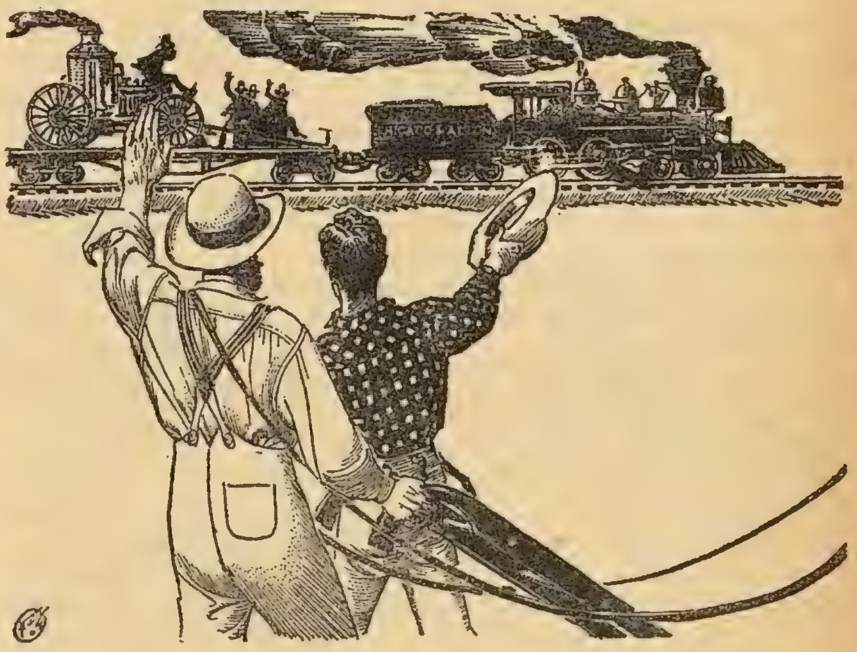
In the flood-ridden spring of 1939, when chinooks melted the snow and swept away parts of the track and roadbed, trains had to detour and for ten days none came near Fort Benton. During that period nobody saw the lonely dog, but after tracks had been repaired and service was resumed, the agent stepped out on the platform and, although it was late at night, saw Old Shep watching the train.

For years the collie kept his vigil, but his dark, wistful eyes had become dimmed, his ears muffled. Old Shep was no longer as agile as he had been in the long ago when he roamed the plateaus of Montana to round up the "woolies." Finally, early in 1942, there came a day when Old Shep feebly ran out to meet Great Northern train No. 235, miscalculated his distance, and was killed instantly by the engine. There were many sad hearts that day in Ford Benton and other towns along the line. Five hundred persons from that sparsely settled area turned out for the funeral. Boy Scouts served as guards of honor, while a local pastor delivered a simple eulogy. I am told that there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience that stood silently on a hillock overlooking the station as the coffined body of Old Shep was lowered into its grave and a Scout blew taps.

ONE dog was so miserably lonesome that he took his own life. I refer to Happy, the unhappy pet of William H. Truesdale, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. This animal was left behind at the Truesdale residence in Greenwich, Connecticut, when the big chief sailed for Europe in the summer of 1905. Happy had spent so much of his life in rail travel with his owner that Mr. Truesdale foresaw that the dog would probably hang around the Greenwich station, and he asked the New York, New Haven & Hartford employees there to do what they could for the little creature. Sure enough, Happy did show up at the depot. Station Agent Buckwalter, Baggagemaster Haller, and Operator Sheridan tried to cheer him up, but the dog would not respond. He climbed into the signal tower and seemed to find a melancholy pleasure in looking out the windows at express trains thundering by. His big eyes would follow them with sad longing; he refused to eat, and he was pining away. Finally, on August 2, 1905, the deserted pet could stand it no longer. A Shore Line limited came roaring down the main. Happy looked up to the tower as if to say goodby, and then, according to two eyewitnesses, he deliberately walked in front of the train.

RAGS, blind in one eye, was a black and white terrier, the mascot of C. & N. W. switching crews on the Chicago River's north bank in the Windy City. One starlit night in 1936, when Rags was riding an engine cab, I learn from Lois M. Drueke of Skokie, Illinois, he suddenly leaped out of the window, seven feet to the ground, and barked so loudly that the engineer stopped to investigate. The dog was found standing guard over the unconscious figure of a man stretched across the track, just a few feet from the engine. Rags was awarded the Anti-Cruelty Society medal, and was exhibited proudly at the Skokie Valley Kennel Club Show in Chicago. But honors rested lightly on the black and white head of this terrier. He was glad to get back to his favorite haunt, the Dearborn Street yard office, and resumed his normal routine of riding engine cabs.

ANOTHER cab-riding hero was Dick, a small yellow mongrel. Dick belonged to an engineer named Jerry Phalen on the old St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, now in the Missouri Pacific system. One day he tugged at his master's trouser legs so forcibly that Jerry thought something was wrong with the dog's bed on the left side of the cab and stepped over there to investigate. Just as he did so, the right side rod snapped, whirling around like a great flail. It completely stripped the engineer's side of the locomotive, even shearing away part of the cab and the running board, from the quadrant outward. With the fragment of steel thrashing alongside at each turn of the driving wheels, Jerry finally managed to reach over and shut her off. Then he got down and disconnected her, after which he proceeded into Fredrickstown, Missouri, by working his left side only. If Dick had not lured Jerry from the right side, the engineer probably would have been killed. Did that dog know, from instinct based on some peculiar alteration in sound, that the side rod was about to snap?



PADDY was mascot of a track gang on the Camas Prairie Railroad in Idaho. The claim was made that no section worker knew his right-of-way better than Paddy, and I'm inclined to believe it. This dog helped to patrol a seventy-six-mile stretch between Lewiston and Stiles. One day in 1917, when he was ten years old, he found a small landslide covering the rails and hotfooted it around a curve to where the boys were working. By persistent barking, he induced them to follow him and thus prevented what might have been a serious train wreck. Nor was this all. Four years later the animal discovered a boulder on the track and again brought help to the scene. Both train crews and passengers were safer when Paddy was on the job.

H. G. STREIGHT of Oelwein, Iowa, recalls an amusing mixup between a pedigreed dog and one of low degree. Mr. Streight was an Adams Express messenger in 1906 when Toby, a mongrel, drifted into the Burlington yards at Galesburg, Illinois, and installed himself in the express room. His day's activities included regular visits to certain trains for handouts of food, in addition to mooching grub from the lunch pails of yardmen. This routine was interrupted by the arrival of Rex. Rex was a pedigreed Irish setter, raised by a dog fancier about a hundred miles to the north and being shipped by rail to the home of a St. Louis sportsman. On a Sunday night the crate containing Rex was dumped off at Galesburg for transfer to another train. One of the two boys on duty there took pity on the setter.

"Poor doggie!" he said. "He must be cramped. I'll let him out a couple of minutes to stretch his legs."

Cautiously he opened the crate. Out bounded Rex, eager and full of gratitude. The lads discovered ruefully it was another case of Pandora's box, for the setter made a bolt for the door and dashed out into the night. Efforts to capture him were fruitless. The young fellows were scared. They had signed a receipt for a crated dog valued at $50, and there was only an hour in which to find the fugitive before his train left. What could they do? Then they thought of Toby. The waybill called for a dog—why not this one? So they put the unresisting Toby into the crate, fastened it securely, and loaded it onto the train for St. Louis.

But the sportsman had bought and paid for a valuable Irish setter, and he promptly shipped back the mongrel, which he followed up with a vitriolic letter denouncing the dog fancier as a swindler. Meanwhile, Rex turned up at the Galesburg depot after his romp. The two conspirators hid him in the furnace room, pending developments. They had not long to wait. Back came Toby in the crate, glad to return to familiar locale. It was a cinch to take him out of the box and put the setter in again, and the shipment was sent on to the dog fancier. When the latter received Rex, it was his turn to write a red-hot message. There was quite an exchange of correspondence before the boys finally cleared up the mystery with a confession. Rex was forwarded to St. Louis, while Toby remained at Galesburg where he belonged.

THE story of an old boomer, Charlie Chambers, and his small yellow mongrel, known as Porky, comes from R. L. Metcalfe, who was a Santa Fe lightning slinger "telegraph operator" and agent at Skull Valley, Arizona, when the pair drifted into the little desert community. It seems that Charlie has traveled over a wide area of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, sometimes railroading but mostly picking up odd jobs, riding from town to town with his dog and his bed roll. He told the station agent proudly that whenever he occupied a boxcar with Porky nobody had a chance to enter—the dog kept them all at a distance. Porky sure knew how to ride boxcars and smell out railroad bulls.

One day, as Mr. Metcalfe got the story, the blanket stiff and his dog were put off a train near Dallas, Texas, and Charlie slipped on loose gravel, spraining an ankle. Porky stood beside the boomer, guarding him against all comers. Presently a flashlight approached and the voice of a cinder dick called out, "Hey, you damn hobo, what's the idea of laying round here? Get the hell off the right-of-way and take your lousy cur with you!"

Porky bristled and snarled, ready to fight. The railroad policeman fired, nicking the dog's left front paw.

"Make it snappy!" he ordered as he backed away, evidently not noticing that Charlie had a crippled ankle.

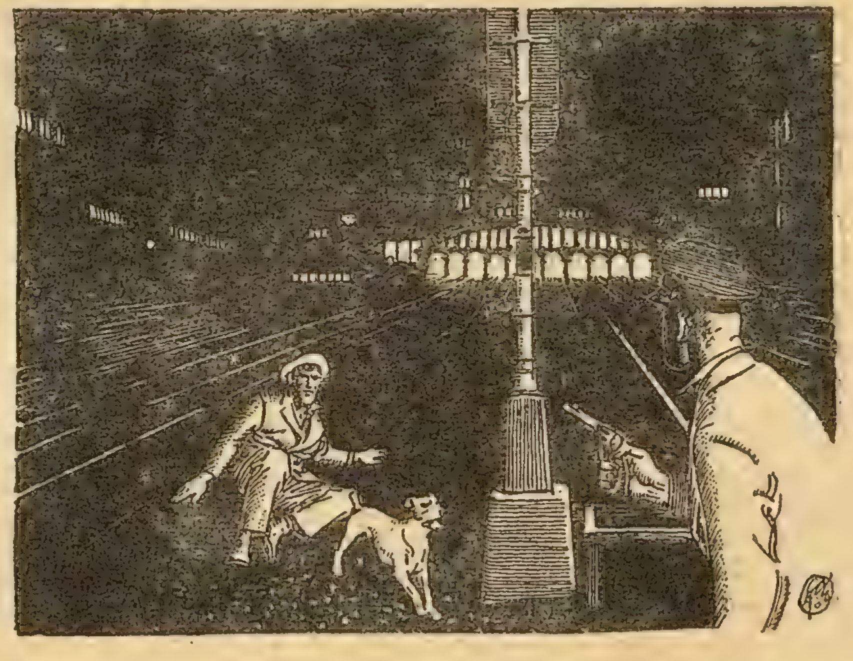
The night seemed endless. Charlie and his pal slept intermittently. At last the dawn came, and a switch engine approached. The engineer spotted the two sufferers and hurried over to them.

"What in the hell is this?" he cried. "Danged if it ain't a man who's hurt and a pup with a sore paw. What's the matter, 'bo?"

Charlie explained briefly.

"That's pretty tough," said the hogger, and turned to his fireman. "Hey, Shorty, run over to the phone and call a hospital. Have an ambulance sent out. This looks like a case for the sawbones."

In due time the ambulance arrived, and Charlie was loaded in; but, despite his protests, the faithful dog was ignored. Porky hobbled along behind. Unable to keep up with the speeding vehicle, he nevertheless managed to trail it to the hospital, where his master was taken into the emergency ward. He must have been in pain, but he was not allowed to enter the building and he would not desert Charlie. At length the patient inside learned that Porky was waiting on the sidewalk and told the story of that dog. An intern generously volunteered to treat the wounded paw. After a while, Charlie was discharged from the hospital and hit the trail again, Porky with bandaged foot trotting along beside him.



"Eventually they came to Skull Valley," concluded Agent Metcalfe. "When I first saw them Charlie seemed to be unusually nimble for a man his age—he said he was fifty-eight. Porky got along fine, too, though he did limp a little. The old boomer wouldn't part with his mutt for a million dollars."

ANOTHER Arizona story comes from Tucson, from a Southern Pacific switchman named Tal Morehead. It starts with a bitterly cold November day in 1941 when a hobo walked into the Espee yards and tried to sell a mongrel pup for a half dollar. The men were too busy to show any interest at the time, so the tramp drifted on. Later, a car checker found the animal, whimpering with cold, outside the Park Avenue yard office and took her inside. The gang promptly adopted her.

"And not only us," says Tal, "but just about all the six hundred men on the Tucson Division. At first the little stranger was wobbly on her pins. We rustled up a box and bedding and a bottle of milk. Boy, did that pup eat! And then she slept like she'd never wake up. Naming her was easy. She has three white feet, so we christened her Boots. In no time at all she began learning tricks. For instance, when she sees a water can empty she picks it up, carries it out to the nearest faucet, and drops it at the feet of the nearest switchman. She always gets a quick fill, too. Oh, yes, the gang chipped in to buy her a license and collar. We didn't know what breed to put down, but we listed the owner as 'Tucson Yardmen' and the address 'Park Avenue Switch Shanty.' "

PERHAPS the most famous raildog known to the New York, New Haven & Hartford was Admiral Dewey, a small black-and-white fox terrier. He belonged to Catherine J. Hughes, assistant agent for the New Haven road at Rye, N. Y. One day the Admiral grew restless. Evidently the suburban village on Long Island Sound was too placid for him. He followed a trainman to Portchester and later was brought back to his mistress. Again and again Admiral Dewey gave vent to an urge to travel. Catherine had this inscription put on his collar, "Pass Admiral Dewey to Rye," as a gentle hint for train crews to send him back home.

Sometimes enginemen let the little fellow ride in their cabs. Often he took a round trip to Boston. There were times when the Admiral would be away from Rye for a month. On more than one occasion he'd get off one train there, look into the station to make sure Catherine was all right, and board the next train to wherever it would take him. Railroaders estimated that in three years he traveled about 50,000 miles by rail. Finally, one day in 1902 he climbed onto a large railroad float in Harlem, the kind of barge that hauls freight cars over the river, and was seen riding a delivery wagon in Jersey City. From that time on, the recorded life of Admiral Dewey is a blank.

PRIDE of the Long Island Railroad was Sheba's Bob, a bloodhound who caught nearly 200 lawbreakers in the brief period of three years, besides locating a score or more of missing children. His greatest triumph was scored at Valley Stream. On that occasion he was taken to the depot fourteen hours after its safe had been cracked, the delay being due to the fact that he was engaged on a different case when the robbery was discovered. Sheba's Bob's instincts were said to be unerring. He sniffed around the safe, then bayed loudly and leaped through the open station window, with a railroad detective at his heels. Soon he came upon an incriminating suitcase, which the yegg had attempted to hide in a thicket a half mile from the depot. This clue he announced with a bay of exultation. Then he dashed down Merrick Road, nose to the ground, now and then lifting his head for a whiff of body scent. The trail led to a barn. Then the railroad bull collared a blustering young fellow and, despite his protests of innocence, dragged him into the farmhouse, preceded by Sheba's Bob. The hound paused beside a trunk. When this was opened, the animal dug into its contents fast and furiously—with some help from the detective—not resting till he had reached the bottom. You guessed it. What they found was the loot from the Valley Stream depot. In the face of this evidence the robber lost his nerve and confessed, and thus the dean of the L.I.R.R. pack assisted in putting another criminal behind the bars.

ANOTHER dog story is connected with the Long Island Railroad. On an August day in 1901, in the Long Island City station, passengers were hurrying along the platform to board a train. Among them was a smartly dressed young woman carrying a bag and a parasol in one hand and a little mongrel pup under the other arm. She stopped at the baggage car and delivered the pup to baggageman Stryker.

"Take good care of him till we get to Roslyn," she said. "He followed me onto the ferryboat and I've decided to adopt him."

Mr. Stryker promised, but the dog, evidently unused to baggage cars and eager to rejoin his new mistress, broke loose at Floral Park and climbed into a train going the other way. Conductor Cadwell saw him in a coach and, unable to locate the owner, turned him over to the baggageman. The pup was not happy in that baggage car, either. He took French leave at Garden City. Station Agent Heaney found him howling outside the depot, took him in, and named him Roxie. The agent was fond of dogs and treated that one well, but Roxie was not at ease. He'd lie curled up in the telegraph bay, probably dreaming of his beautiful lady, until a train came in. Then he'd go out, sniff at the women passengers, and return dejectedly to Heaney's office.

One day Roxie set out on another tour of exploration. Climbing onto a train, he rode to Hempstead, at the end of a branch line. There a conductor recognized "Heaney's dog" and hauled him back to Garden City. After that Roxie made several fruitless trips to Hempstead, apparently still in quest of the girl he left behind, each time returning to Garden City. Then he changed his itinerary. He traveled to Long Island City, to the very place where he had parted from his benefactress. After roaming around the waiting room disconsolately, he followed a trainman across the street to the Railroad Y.M.C.A. There he was identified as Heaney's pet, fed, bedded down in the lobby, and later carried back to Garden City.

By this time railmen all over the Long Island system had become aware that Roxie was looking for a young lady who had taken a train to Roslyn one day in August, 1901.

Heaney even made a trip to Roslyn with the little animal. They walked up one street and down another and along near-by country roads, the agent making inquiries wherever they went, the animal straining at his leash to sniff pretty dresses, but nothing came of it.

After that the lonely, restless creature renewed the search by himself. Men at the Railroad "Y" in Long Island City donated money to buy him a silver-plated collar, on which was engraved "Roxie, the Railroad Dog." Nelson Jones, superintendent of the "Y," presented the collar in the presence of the gang. It was virtually Roxie's pass to ride L.I.R.R. trains at will. Trainmen and enginemen honored this pass; gatemen and cinder dicks looked the other way when four little paws pattered up toward a train; brass hats winked at the technical violation of company rules. The Long Island Railroad was a corporation with a heart. Its resources were put at the disposal of one desolate little mutt.

Roxie took full advantage of his privileges. For years he traversed the shining rails. He is said to have visited every station on the main line from Long Island City and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, to sandy Montauk on the far eastern tip of the fish-shaped island, and on all the branches. Now and then he dropped in to see Mr. Heaney at Garden City. After spending a day or two with an acquaintance along the route—maybe a station agent, a signal-tower operator, a crossing watchman, or a postmaster—he would take a notion to go to the depot in that town and meet a certain train. When the train showed up, Roxie would scramble aboard and occupy a seat, if one was vacant, or lie in the aisle. When he heard a trainman call a station name that interested him, he would perk up his ears, sidle over to the door, and make ready to unload at the next stop. Then he'd visit a while and eventually repeat the performance. Railfaring men and women considered it good luck to entertain Roxie.

On rare occasions the dog rode engine cabs, but he much preferred coaches, where young ladies traveled. Even a President befriended this restless animal. Teddy Roosevelt liked to tell about the time a porter found Roxie curled up on his bed in a private car that was to take T. R. to his summer home at Oyster Bay. The porter would have ejected the beast, but the conductor, who happened to be in the car at that time, pointed to the silver engraved collar and said Roxie was the pet of all trainmen on the road.

Mr. Roosevelt himself walked in then, heard the story, and allowed the dog to stay.

BUT Roxie had his share of woe. One day in 1904, at Hempstead, he was run over by a tandem bicycle and slightly injured. He soon recovered. Then about a year later, near the Long Island City "Y," an automobile broke one of his legs. A well-to-do society matron, Mrs. James Kernochan of Hempstead, sent him to an animal hospital, where the leg healed in a plaster cast, and paid the bill. After that, Roxie continued to ride trains and sniff at women passengers.

For twelve years the restless dog wandered up and down Railroad Avenue, forever seeking the parasol lady. I wish I could say that he found her at last, but he never did. Old age gradually stiffened his joints and the injured leg caused a bit of trouble. Roxie was tired, very tired. One day in 1913 he went to sleep at the Merrick depot. Maybe he thought that after he'd rested a while he would get up and continue the long search, but he never awoke. They buried him on the station grounds. A small granite tombstone still marks the spot. It was paid for by a small group of women, and on it are these words, "Roxie, the Railroad Dog."

THE END

Puzzle 347 12/15/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

BLOOD, SWEAT AND LIPSTICK, by **Elsie Danenberg**, is the story of Britain's women in wartime. Told in crisply matter-of-fact style, it ranks as one of the outstanding reporting jobs of this war.

Since Britain's women were called up for national service in the emergency, Mrs. Danenberg decided that the only way to get the facts about them was to work side by side with them. She served in a government restaurant, a factory, a nursery for war orphans, as a member of an air-raid reserve squad, and with the crew of a canal boat. She absorbed the British psychology of danger as an annoying side issue that mustn't be allowed to interfere too seriously with the day's work.

Elsie Danenberg

The women of the "light rescue squad" to which Mrs. Danenberg was assigned for a time worked seventy-two hours a week, with death always just around the corner. Their wages, she says, "rarely totaled more than $13.20 a week," out of which they had to buy their own uniforms.

Mrs. Danenberg isn't out to tell a story of superwomen. The girls of whom she writes did their fair share of griping, and they weren't immune to fear. But the grousing, like that of our own G.Is, was generally about minor issues—a safety valve to take their minds off the big ones. Danger, discomfort, and the drab ugliness of life stripped to its primitive essentials weren't accepted complacently; but these were never strong enough to outweigh their knowledge that they had a job to do.

Blood, Sweat and Lipstick provides the first really down-to-earth picture of living conditions in England during the war.

Published by Greenberg: Publisher, N. Y. Price $2.50.

MRS. B. J. KIDD, author of **Just Like a Woman**, is an advertising executive. She holds that the basic difference between the masculine and feminine mentality is one that few business men are capable of grasping. Advertising men, says Mrs. Kidd, seldom realize "a woman's need to identify with herself any and every matter before it becomes important to her."

Mrs. B. J. Kidd

After Mrs. Danenberg's book about England's feminine warriors, this seems at times like going from the sublime to the meticulous. But the point that Mrs. Kidd makes is an important one. Any man who has a bill of goods to sell to a woman—whether it's a snappy new car or the idea of himself as a prospective husband—would do well to read her shrewd analysis.

Much of the government's propaganda to enlist women's support for the war program was fumbling and silly, Mrs. Kidd believes. "To tell a woman she can shorten the war by saving two teaspoonfuls of fat a day is too intellectual an argument for her to make her own. . . . If you tell her the Government will pay her two red points a pound for it, she gets the idea immediately. *And this is the idea she gets:* 'My goodness, the Government must need that stuff to offer points for it. I better save all I can.' "

Abstract ideas, Mrs. Kidd says, are alien to a woman's mind. But she doesn't give the masculine reader a chance to grow smug about this. Women, she adds, are more practical than men.

Published by Appleton-Century Co., N. Y. Price $2

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

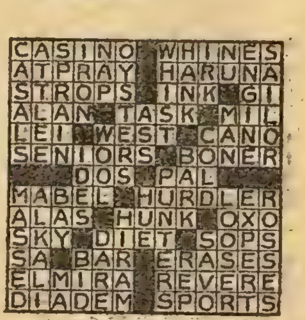
By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

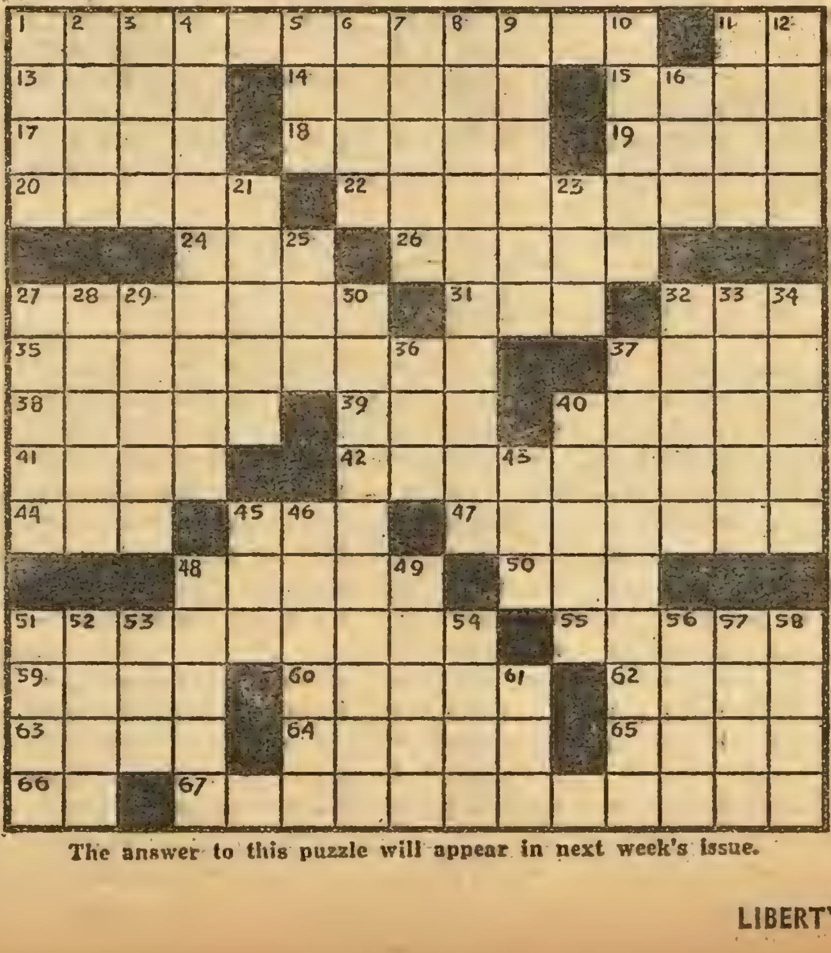
1 They cover the bare necessities of a gal's life (two words)
11 The conservative linesman (abbr.)
13 The spread of war
14 Tiresome expressions
15 This is bound to come out on top among men
17 Equine crunchies
18 Lumpheads and golf hazards
19 The outcome of cooked cabbage
20 Apple crushers
22 Musical wenches
24 A dawn good woman around Greece
26 Tea-leaf readers
27 The Skeleton-8: dreamlined female framework
31 Jrs. have 'em
32 He has a great eye for figures (abbr.)
35 Homemade LaGuardia Fields (two words)
37 An aviator's good to the last one
38 Indoor aviators
39 Or, as some Frenchman said, "L'état c'est ——!"
40 If you twist them the wrong way, you're bound to hear a lot of squawking
41 They're Greek to me
42 This fruit is surrounded by a Maginot Line
44 Shane Simply Stenches (all right: Stinks) (abbr.)
45 Its motto is: In union there is strength! (abbr.)
47 Seagoing cuisines (sure make a mess of things in 'em)
48 Tacks collectors
50 Kind of pen or truck
51 One who, or that which, banks
55 Big atom
59 A lot of half-baked things come from here
60 One of the Lloyds of Hollywood
62 Where to stay during typhoons at sea
63 Kind of wig, winkle, style, or fairy
64 A fabulous little guy
65 Last on, first off
66 Vocal vacuum filler
67 They shove kings around and often mate with queens

VERTICAL

1 A big black thing on a man's foot
2 Fliers
3 Dined in Brooklyn in reverse double talk, or —— a ——
4 Beautiful plane women
5 Bagdad-on-the-Subway (abbr.)
6 What Harvard men have on their alleged minds
7 Bopps
8 Anyone who keeps doing this is bound to reveal everything
9 Person who passes out
10 Female booby traps
11 A nylon sale
12 Bobbles one on the diamond
16 Horse's neck
21 Heads of parties
23 Three important letters no woman wants to miss
25 You cad, you!
27 French filling stations
28 Places where many old blades came to an end
29 That which pertains to throat culture (pl.)
30 Mortimer Snerds
32 The gauze of death
33 Cracker fiend
34 Parts of a cathedral
36 Honolulu hash
37 Lying in state
40 Non-rudy valleys or Carnegies
43 Receiver attached to the head
45 Upside downers
46 What the buggy had on top
48 Grampaw's vitamin pill
49 Singular blast on the tonsils
51 It'll take you out of this world
52 What you take a woman for
53 Kind of son
54 High way
56 Prewar plant
57 This king got a shoving around by his kids
58 Doesn't say no
61 Now Ends Looniness (abbr.)



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Calvert
RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert embodies that unusual smoothness and gratifying bouquet so pleasing to the connoisseur
BOB
Patches

"That makes two of us who got what we wanted"

A MAN'S best friend this Christmas, we say, is likely to be the one who gives him a bottle of Calvert.

For this superb whiskey is *the real thing* ...so smooth and flavorful it simply can't be imitated! That probably explains why, year in and year out, Calvert is reported "the whiskey most often asked for by name".

(P.S. While you're rounding up Calvert for your Christmas list, pick up some for your *own* holiday hospitality. But be sure you get Calvert... if you want *the real thing.*)

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE Calvert

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert

It's the Real Thing

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits..."Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

A DEAL'S A DEAL

Continued from Page 43

afraid of horses," Jake looked at her, "like you are."

"All right," Ma said, "we'll see."

But you should have seen her face when she went out and saw Fever tied up to the post, when she saw him trembling and wet with sweat and his eyes wild white and his nostrils real red. I started in getting kind of scared myself.

JAKE broke off his snoring for a minute, then took up again. I got out of bed and went to my window. She was a clear night with a high tiddlywink moon. The hogpens, chicken coop, stock trough, barn were gray in the moonlight. Way off on the prairie a coyote howled. There is a sad sound for you.

I never thought of Mr. Ricky again after Ma mentioned him the day we halter-broke Fever. After school I'd run home and work with Fever the way Jake told me to. I'd talk to him and pat him and then get him to take a step on the end of the halter. It only took a couple of days to get him leading dandy.

Then Jake and me sacked him with a sack on the end of a rope, throwing it over his back and drawing it across and over his head. He didn't like that at first, but he got so he didn't mind.

Ma saw him get snuffy when we put the saddle on his back. She stood there by the fence, and I heard her take in her breath quick when he ran at me. I ducked out of the way, and that was all he did. By suppertime we could take the saddle off and put it on all we liked.

Ma had a funny look on her face at supper: her mouth was tight across her face. She set down Jake's prunes in front of him and she said:

"I got in touch with Mr. Ricky this afternoon."

Jake looked up quick. The way I jumped, I knocked over my glass.

"That horse is wild," Ma said.

"He's doin' jist fine," Jake said. "The kid and the horse is doin' jist fine."

"All the same," Ma said, "Mr. Ricky is calling tomorrow."

When Ma gets that special kind of a voice you know she used to be a schoolteacher.

Mr. Ricky he came the next day. I was with Jake at the hogpens when he came through our gate down by the windbreak. He was leading a horse.

"Look, Jake," I said.

Jake set down the two buckets he had; he watched Mr. Ricky coming towards us. The horse was a real high one, carrying his head skewed over to the right and going up and down sort of sad. He stumbled, then caught himself, and came on behind Mr. Ricky. He was white, what you might call an alkali white.

WHEN Mr. Ricky stopped, the horse kept right on coming till he bunted Mr. Ricky between the shoulders with his nose. It was pink—like you get on a white rat. He stood sort of droopy, with a sway in his back to make a hammock look sick.

"That there horse," Jake said—"did he—did you buy him deliberate er did he jist happen to you?"

Mr. Ricky looked kind of hurt. "He ain't so much on the looks, but he's a horse a fella kin depend on—good an' quiet an'—"

"How old?"

"Dandy horse fer a kid to ride," said Mr. Ricky.

"How old?" asked Jake, looking at the horse's teeth.

"'Bout ten," said Mr. Ricky.

Jake stepped back. "When a critter's that long o' the tooth, you don't count years—he's jist plumb aged."

"Where's the kid's maw?" said Mr. Ricky.

"Long ways fer a kid to climb up onto an fall off of. Seventeen han's?"

"Sixteen two," said Mr. Ricky.

Jake spit. "Jist a Shetland. Course—that there sway in his back—bring a fella a lot closter to the groun'."

"I better see the kid's maw," said Mr. Ricky. "Where's the—"

"What you'd call a three-in-one horse," said Jake.

"Three-in-one!"

"Yep—wry neck, popeyes, jughead—all in the same critter."

"You got no call to run down this here horse in front o'—"

"Ain't much, after a thoroughbred."

"Kid don't want no hot blood under him," snapped back Mr. Ricky. "Wants a quiet horse, jist like this here!" That will show you how much he knows what a kid wants under him! "I ain't wastin' any time talkin' with you when it's the kid's maw—"

JAKE took the halter shank from Mr. Ricky. He walked the horse around, handed the rope back, then bent down and felt the front and hind legs. He had a puzzled look on his face when he straightened up again.

"Buttermilk's his name," Mr. Ricky said to me. "Got him from a fella useta call him Whisky, but he got stummick ulcers, so he changed his name to Buttermilk."

"The horse er the fella?" Jake said. He still looked like he was wondering about something.

"I ain't makin' no deal with you! It's the kid an' his—"

"Still can't figger her out," said Jake.

"Figure what out, Jake?" I said.

"Ain't string-halted, ner has he got the heaves. His shoulders don't slope so good, he's got him a couple a kidney sores, he's pigeon-toed. No splints, spavins, ringbone, ner bogs. I don't see how a horse with nothin' real bad wrong with him kin manage to look so goddam awful he—"

"You stop that sorta talk!" yelled Mr. Ricky. "He'll fatten into a real nice-lookin'—"

"You could fatten him from now till the ressy-reaction," said Jake, "an' he'd still look bad enough to give a gopher the heartburn."

"All the same, Jake, he does look like a gentle horse." That was Ma who had come up.

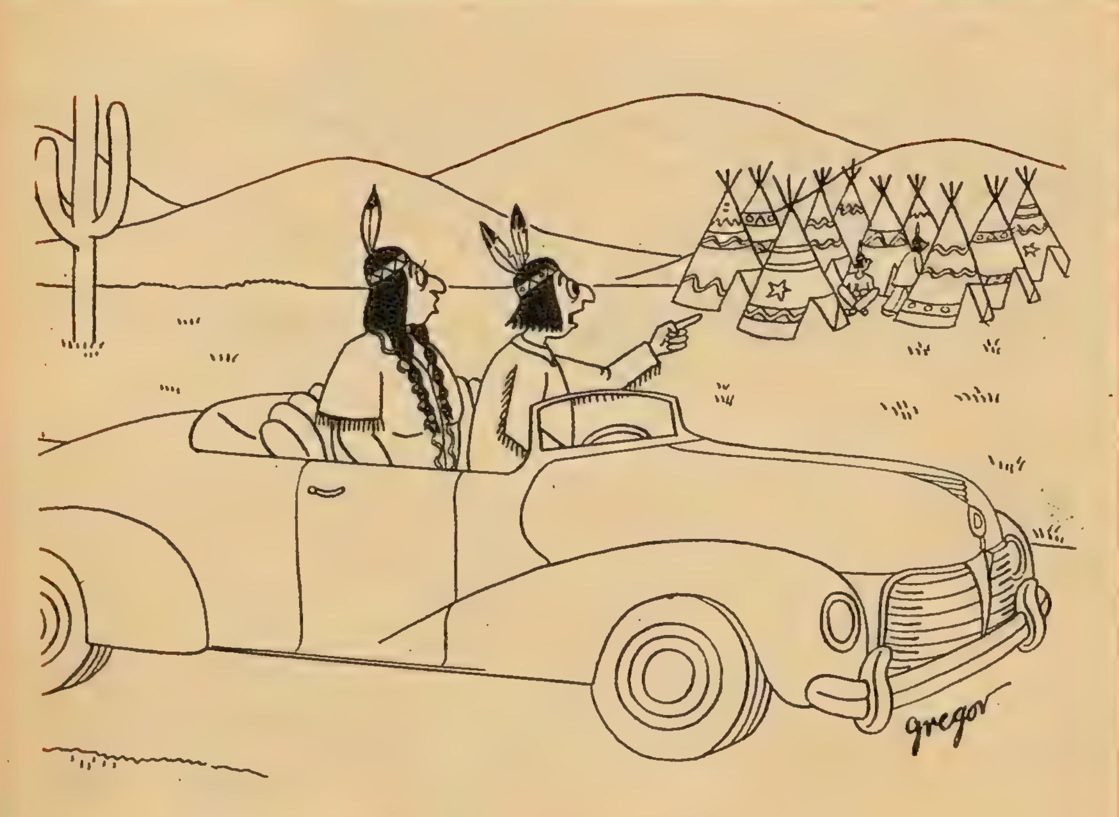
"Gentle!" snorted Jake. "O' course he's gentle! If he wasn't he'd bust every bone in his goddam—"

"Please, Jake," Ma said, "watch your language in front of my son!" She turned to Mr. Ricky. "Perhaps you'd like to come to the house and—"

"Jist make sure the critter ain't got the sleepin' sickness," said Jake. He turned and headed for the barn, me after him.

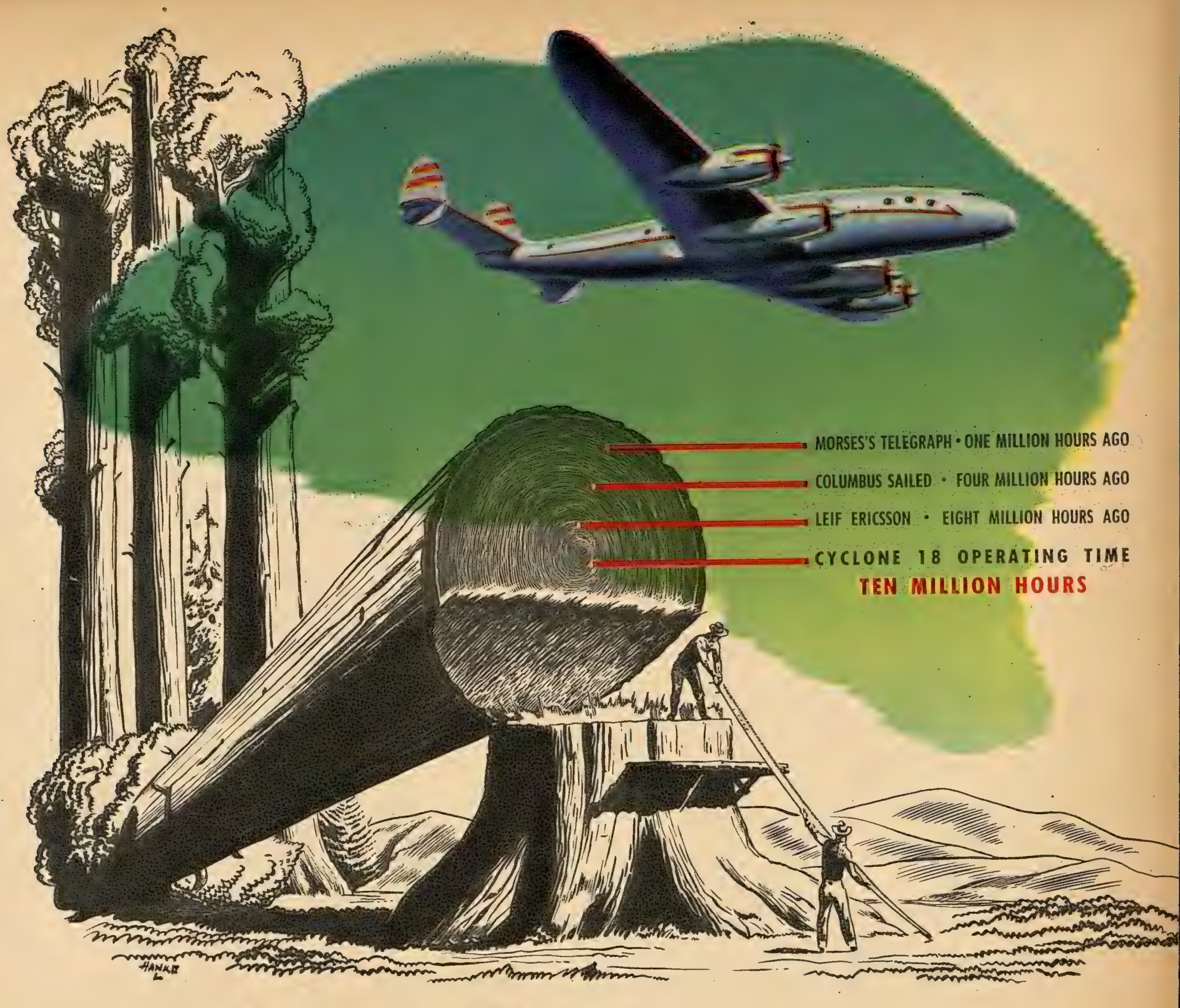
"Jake," I said, "I hope she doesn't trade Fever—"

(*Continued on page 70*)

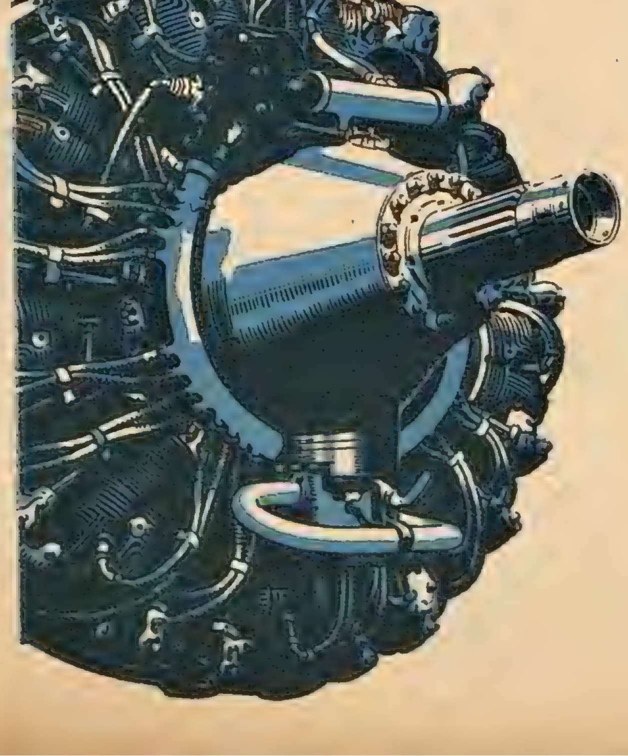


"If we don't find an apartment soon, we'll have to live in one of those!"

LIBERTY


MORSES'S TELEGRAPH • ONE MILLION HOURS AGO
COLUMBUS SAILED • FOUR MILLION HOURS AGO
LEIF ERICSSON • EIGHT MILLION HOURS AGO
CYCLONE 18 OPERATING TIME
TEN MILLION HOURS
HANKE

Centuries of Power *behind the Constellation*



A year is only 8760 hours. The Wright Cyclone 18 has a total flight and test time of *ten million hours*. In hours, years or annual rings in a tree, that's eleven centuries of time.

In the war years, the Cyclone 18 has gone through a fast, grueling development program. No other engine has ever had to take such punishment—excess temperatures, overloads, overspeeding, lean mixtures and maintenance handicapped by supplies.

From that usage, however, came continuous refinement and design changes . . . improvements which paved the way for increases in performance not only of bombers, but of all types of planes powered by the Cyclone 18.

Thus, the Cyclone 18 built today for planes such as the Lockheed Constellation is the sum of this ten million hours of experience. The forced acceleration of war has produced an advanced engine, years ahead of its time, for all types of planes.

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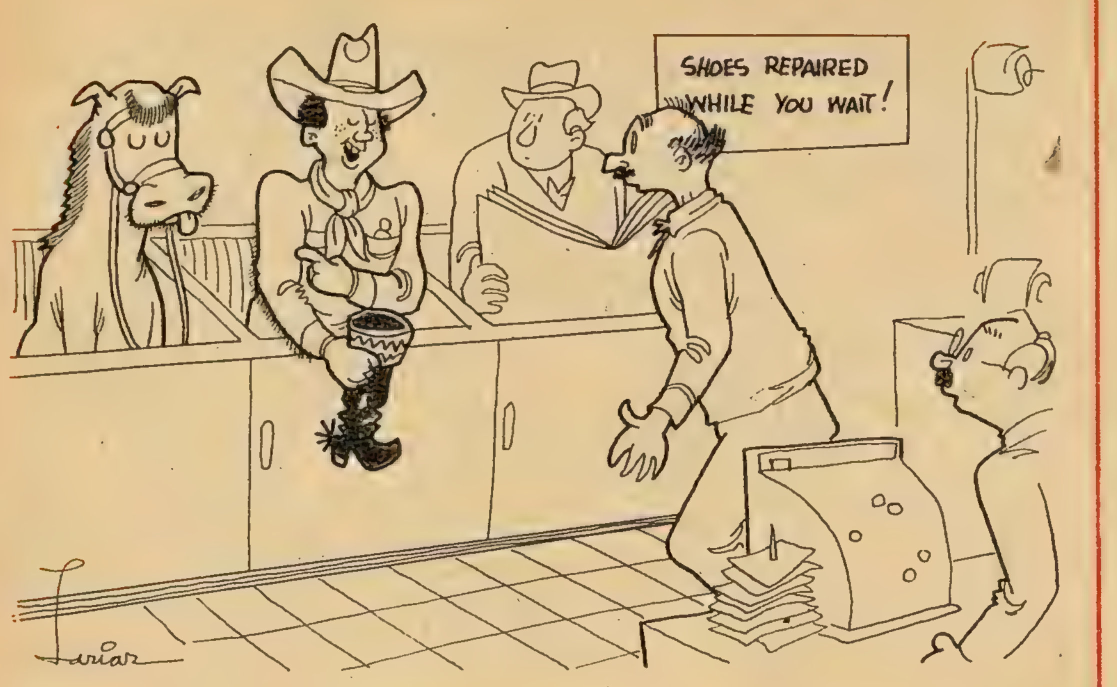

SHOES REPAIRED WHILE YOU WAIT!

"He's with me."

LIBERTY

(Continued from page 68)

"Only one thing to do now," said Jake. "Go git Fever."

"What are we going to—"

"Git him! I'll bring the saddle out. You gotta show yer maw you kin ride him. If she could see you settin' on top of him, mebbe she wouldn't be so anxious to trade him off fer that there fox feed Ricky brung over. Git!"

WHEN I came back with Fever, Jake threw the saddle on him. He turned to me.

"Git up!"

"Will he—do you think he'll buck, Jake?"

"Might," Jake said.

I rubbed the palms of my hands down the sides of my pants. "Does—it hurt to get throwed, Jake?"

"Sometimes." Jake looked at me. "Lot's worse things than gittin' throwed."

"I don't feel so—"

"O' course you don't. Grab them lines shorter. Gimme yer foot."

I did.

"Ready?"

I jerked my head.

Jake's heave landed me in the saddle, and while I was feeling for the other stirrup with my foot, Fever jumped. Maybe he didn't jump so hard, but he threw me clear over the saddle horn. I slid right past his neck and hit the ground.

"Git up there!" Jake was looking down at me. "Git up on him agin—right now!"

"My knees, Jake—I couldn't grip him so good if he— Couldn't you sort of top him off for me—"

"Nope—wanta tell yer maw you bust him yerself, he was so gentle. Git up!"

I got.

This time I had both feet in the stirrups when Fever put his head down; there wasn't any horse past the saddle horn—just ground way down there. I lifted with Fever's hindquarters, and when he came down, the jolt made me slip sideways. When he started crow-hopping, that finished me. I lit right in the middle of the duckpond, and I felt my left elbow go numb. I'd hit it on a rock.

That was when I got mad—mad at Fever and at Jake, but maddest at myself.

I got into the saddle without Jake helping me. Fever stood. I took one end of the reins, and I gave him a dandy. His head went down; he sort of seized up under me. With both hands I grabbed that saddle horn, and with both legs I gripped as tight as I could. He wasn't shaking me loose!

Jake told me afterwards it looked just like corn popping, and me for the popcorn. I stuck him—for five bucks I stuck him, and then there weren't any more bucks left. The corner of the barn, the hogpens at the end of the corral, then the blacksmith shop and the stock trough were going past me dizzy as anything. I saw Jake running for the gate, and just as we came around he got it open.

Right through Ma's kitchen garden we went, through the caragana, the poplar windbreak, and out to the bald-headed prairie. Fever's head was lined out, and he was running! With his mane flying and his shoulders pounding, he was smoother than anything I ever sat on, smoother than a rocking chair, smoother than cream pouring. I could hear the saddle creaking and my own blood hammering in my ears. The wind we made was at my mouth, filling my cheeks and blowing them out. I sat back, and it was just like waves washing and lifting me to the tune of his gallop.

I pulled at his head. I got it up and his gallop slowed. I leaned over and patted him on the neck; I talked to him.

And then he was down to a walk, a dancy walk, throwing his head up and dancing first to one side then to the other, his rump circling round.

All around us was the bald-headed prairie with the air soft and warm and the sky lifting up without a cloud in sight. A meadow lark sang to us. A badger ran funny over the prairie, with his hide swinging raggedly like a torn gray blanket.

As we headed back for the house, I saw a whirlwind come spinning over the summer fallow toward us. It hit us cool, a hot wind that turned cool against the sweat. It was cool for Fever, too, with his hide dark with sweat and the hair sort of thickened and half curling along his neck.

I leaned down and put my arms around his neck. I laid my face against it. I hugged him.

Jake was at the gate.

"I rode him, Jake!" I said. "I did it! He isn't mean—I rode him!"

Jake didn't say anything while he helped me down. He stood there with the reins in his hand, and he looked at me.

"What's wrong, Jake! What's the matt—"

"Yer maw," he said, "she went an' made a deal with Ricky—five dollars an' Buttermilk fer Fever."

I felt sick.

I guess I went around looking like I'd eaten horse-radish through a wove wire fence the next couple of days. Mr. Ricky had left Buttermilk; he was coming back the end of the week to get Fever. I didn't ride Fever. The way I felt, I didn't want to go near him, not when I knew that he wasn't my horse any more.

A couple of times I saw Ma looking at me kind of funny. I couldn't talk to her about it. The way I felt, I just as soon Fever died from the sleeping sickness that killed off five of Tincher's horses. I'd rather have him dead as somebody else own him, I figured, while I lay in bed the night before Mr. Ricky was to come and get him.

And then, while I lay there listening to Jake snore, I all of a sudden wanted to see Fever again. So I got up.

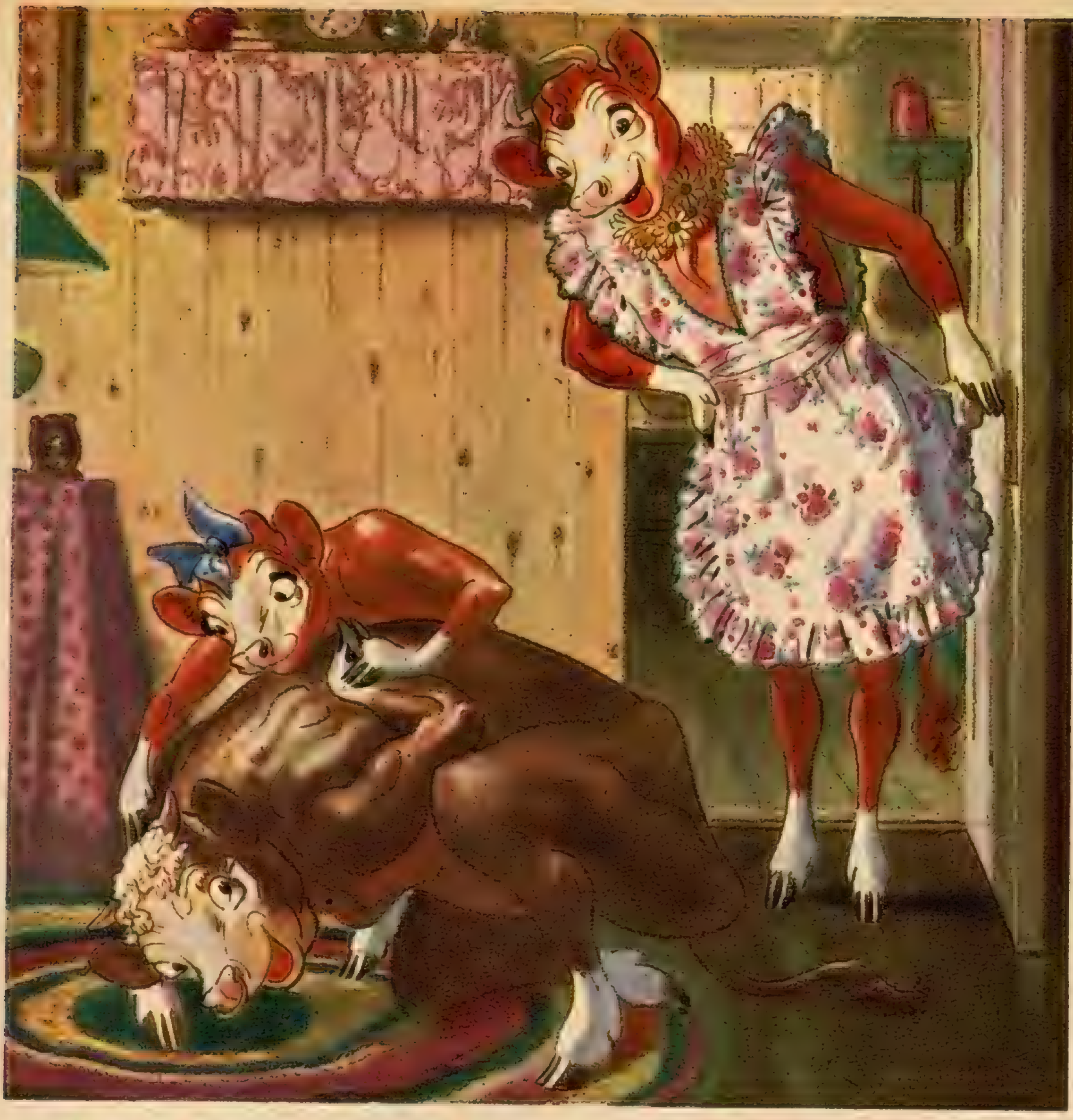
Inside the barn, I passed Baldy and Queen in their stalls. Fever wasn't in. I went out in the corral. The gate to the south pasture was open, and that was a funny thing; the bad slough's down there. Jake told me he'd thin my hide if I ever left that gate open. I headed back to the house.

MA was standing at the stove the next morning. I sat down opposite Jake with his jaw going slow back and forth.

"Your pancakes, son."

"I'm not so hungry, Ma."

(Continued on page 72)



"But, Elmer, how did you ever get yourself in such a pickle!" teased Elsie

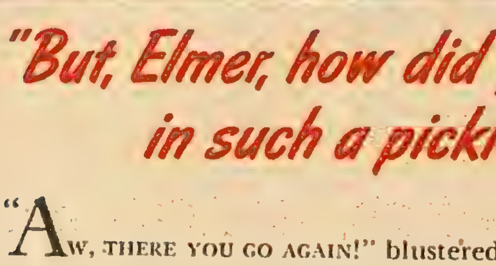
"AW, THERE YOU GO AGAIN!" blustered Elmer, trying to bull himself out of the situation. "Here I am, teaching the kid some wrestling tricks so she can protect herself! And you have to put in *your* two cents' worth!"

"But, I think it's fine, dear!" laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "In fact, I'm teaching Beulah a few tricks myself."

"You are?" beamed Elmer. "Which ones?"

"One wonderful one," giggled Elsie, "is how to make a few cents buy a whole lot of nourishment. Not everyone realizes it, Elmer, but dairy products give you more nourishment for your money than most any other food."

"Well, bend me in a pretzel and call me Strangler!" groaned Elmer. "Can't you *ever* get your mind out of the dairy?"


CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!

"My, yes," chirped Elsie. "Right now my mind is traveling to homes all over the country, where folks are getting sound nourishment from *Borden's Homogenized Milk.* Lucky for those folks, the price of dairy products *rose less during the war* than the prices of most other foods."

"And I suppose," sneered Elmer, wriggling out of a half nelson, *"you* take the credit for holding down the cost of milk?"

"Oh, no, dear," denied Elsie. "Credit must go to new economies like every-other-day deliveries. But the subsidies had a lot to do with it, too."

HIGHLY NOURISHING REFRESHMENT-
BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Who are the Subsidies?" suspiciously demanded Elmer. "Relatives of yours?"

"Don't be an old silly!" answered Elsie. "A subsidy is money paid out by the government, so that farmers can have the extra money they need to meet their costs. Then, housewives don't have to pay more. All dairy products come in for subsidies."

"Look woman!" bellowed Elmer. "This is a wrestling lesson, not a lecture on economics. We *ain't* interested in subsidies."

"Everybody should be interested in subsidies," scolded Elsie, "especially when you consider that they run *as high as 2¢* on a single bottle of milk! And if it hadn't been for subsidies, consumers would have had to pay their share of the higher costs. Just you put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Who in thunderation wants a smoke?" exploded Elmer. "If you want to treat us athletes right, tote out some of your *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbet!"*

"I'd love to, dear," said Elsie. "They're wonderfully nourishing treats *any* time."

"On and on she goes!" moaned Elmer.

NOW RICHER THAN EVER IN VITAMIN D-
BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!

"You'd think this was all *news* to us."

"If it's news you're after," piped Elsie, "here's good news for America's babies: *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is now richer than ever in Vitamin D—400 units per reconstituted quart! . . . I tell you, Elmer, you get *more* nourishment for the money you spend on dairy products than—"

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE WONDERFUL 'BUYS'
FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

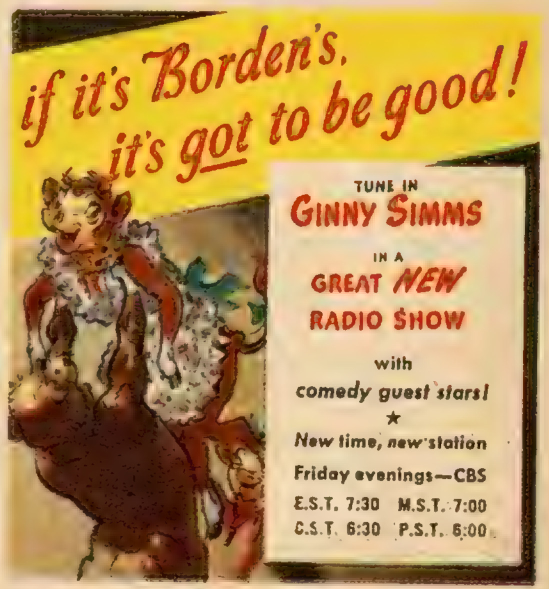
"Help, Beulah, HELP!" shouted Elmer. "Get a headlock on me! One more peep about nourishment and I'll go *mad!"*

"Wonderful!" cried Elsie. "All men go mad about *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—especially Liederkranz."

"Liederkranz? Did you say *Liederkranz?"* brightened Elmer. "The golden-crusted cheese with the soft, creamy center that's so swell you eat it, *crust and all?"*

"Why, Elmer," praised Elsie, "you took the words right out of my mouth!"

"I did?" expanded Elmer. "Then let me take just eight more of 'em and end this *nourishing* discussion. Here goes—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*


if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

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Friday evenings—CBS
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C.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T. 6:00

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(Continued from page 70)

“Try and eat,” she said. “You feel all right?”

I said I was all right.

“Your eyes—”

“Real windy yesterday,” said Jake. “Mighta got some blow dirt into them.” He got up. “Better go pump the stock trough full before — so’s he kin have him a drink before— so’s he kin have him a drink.”

Ma was standing over me. “I’m sorry, son,” she said. “I’m only trying to— You—you’re pretty fond of Fever.”

I didn’t say anything. I couldn’t.

“Buttermilk isn’t a pretty horse, but he’s—he’s safe. It’s hard to— when your father’s away—till he gets back—I have to be both, son.”

The diamonds on the oilcloth were all blurry.

“You went out last night.”

I nodded my head. The diamonds were all spangled now.

“To see Fever?”

I jerked my head and a couple splashed on the table top.

Ma went to the stove. She didn’t say anything for a long time. When I looked up I saw she had her back turned away. “All right,” she said. She turned around with a real tight look on her face. “You win. You— Jake—Fever.”

“Oh—Ma!”

“That’s right. I won’t let him go to Mr. Ricky. We’ll keep him.”

I’m real fussy about my Ma.

Mr. Ricky was in the yard when we got out. Ma told him she’d changed her mind.

“Oh,” Mr. Ricky said, and he jumped his Adam’s apple. “I always like to think folks is as good as their word.”

Ma’s face flamed. “You can depend on my word, Mr. Ricky.”

“We made us a deal,” said Mr. Ricky. “That there five dollars I give you—I figger that cinched it. A deal’s a deal.”

“I’m asking you to release me,” Ma said real quiet. “My son—”

“Nope,” Mr. Ricky said.

I felt Ma’s hand tighten on my shoulder.

“Perhaps you would be willing to take back the other horse and—and —twenty dollars for your—”

“Nope.” Mr. Ricky turned to Jake. “Where’s he at?”

“South pasture,” Jake said. “Sooner you git him, the better. He’s yore horse an’ I don’t like bein’ responsible fer him no longer what I have to. Lotta sleepin’ sickness around. Jist last week found him runnin’ with some o’ Tincher’s horses. They lost five out of it, you know.”

Mr. Ricky grunted.

“Say it’s a bug gits in their ear,” Jake said as we walked out in the south pasture, “goes to the brain. Ever see it?”

Mr. Ricky shook his head.

“Horrible,” Jake said. “Not at first —jist dopey-lookin’—hide all rough —slabberin’ at the mouth. I kin always tell by the hind legs.”

We were passing the slough, real white, with alkali lying snowy along her rim.

“ ’Tain’t long till they’re down, battin’ their own brains out,” said Jake. “That’s jist the way that Ed’s done.”

“Don’t see that there horse,” said Mr. Ricky.

We found him lying down in the brush. “Takin’ a lay-down in the shade,” said Jake.

Fever started to get up; he lay back; he took another try at her; he stood.

“Say,” said Mr. Ricky, “that horse don’t look so good.”

“He doesn’t, Jake!”

“Looks dandy to me,” said Jake.

On our way to the house, Mr. Ricky kept looking back at Fever. “He’s slabberin’.”

“Hot day,” Jake said.

“His eyes is sorta sunk-lookin’.” Mr. Ricky stopped.

He watched Fever a minute. “Them hind legs— That horse is sick.”

“He wasn’t sick three days ago,” said Jake, “when you made yer deal.”

“He’s sick,” said Mr. Ricky again. “Jist a minnit!”

Jake stopped.

“Hide rough—slabberin’ at the mouth — eyes sunk — hin’ legs — no wonder you was so anxious to git him off o’ the place—said yerself he’d bin runnin’ with Tincher’s horses. You ain’t foolin’ me none— that there horse has got sleepin’ sickness!”

“The hell he has!” Jake said.

“You ain’t goin’ to stick me with no—”

“A deal’s a deal.”

“Nothin’s wrote down! Can’t prove her! My word agin—”

“Ye’re not gittin’ out—”

“Tryin’ to sell me a horse that’ll be battin’ out his brains before nightfall!’

Mr. Ricky started running for our yard, where he’d left Buttermilk tied up.

“Let him go,” Jake said.

“But—Jake! What are we going to—what can we do for Fever!”

“Ain’t nothin’ a fella kin do fer sleepin’ sickness,” Jake said.

“Maybe we better shoot him before he gets to battin’ his br—”

“You git to the house,” Jake said. “Ast yer maw fer a quart bottle— fill her with raw linseed oil—”

“But—if you can’t do anything for sleep—”

“Who said he had sleepin’ sickness! Nothin’ like a linseed-oil drench to bring a horse around after a touch o’ alkali poisonin’. Show yuh not to leave gates open.”

“But I didn’t, Jake! I didn’t leave that gate—”

“I didn’t say you did! All I said was, ‘Show you not to leave gates open.’ ” He looked down at me. “ ’Cept once in a while.”

I’m sort of fussy about Jake too.

THE END

OBLIGATION

Our War Bond dollars helped to make victory possible.

It is now our obligation to bring our armed forces home, care for our wounded, maintain our occupation troops, provide veteran rehabilitation, care for the dependents of those who made the supreme sacrifice.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

FIVE MILLION NEGROES MOVE NORTH

Continued from Page 21

dustrialization of the South. The Negro is leaving; he need not. He could find, probably, a far greater happiness and fulfillment in the South industrialized — because it's economics that's driving him away, and not the hope of dining en famille at the Ritz among whites. Negroes with pride of race know the agitative gloss on the problem—and know that happy Negroes are Negroes with good jobs, good homes, ample food, and a chance for fulfillment within their own social patterns. They also know that intelligent Southern leaders are willing to go to bat for them to get these things.

GIVEN a glimpse of the South that could so easily rise during the rest of this decade and the next, I think the Negro would be eager to unpack his bag. This is the South that I mean:

Forty-acre farms supplanted by the 200- to 250-acre pattern. Hand labor largely replaced by machinery. The one-crop system replaced by diversification.

Pasture lands and feed crops paving the way for a vast livestock industry—with the day of imported meat, dairy and poultry products at an end.

Marginal lands planted to forests, replenishing the rich primeval growths. Two hundred million sterile acres can thus produce wealth.

The 300 minerals, including great assets of coal and oil and gas, used to build new industries employing black man and white man by the thousands.

Cheap water transportation developed to supplement normal railroad and highway traffic.

Incomes, Negro and white alike, up. Living standards up. Malnourished share croppers and "cheap laborers" gone from the face of the land.

Rural cabins and hovels replaced by modern bungalows containing a moderate supply of conveniences and labor-saving devices.

Education brought to all the people, its cultural phases supplemented by practical courses geared to the economic needs of the region.

Health standards and population trends—up.

And the gigantic national problem of millions of Negroes uprooted and thrust upon sections unfamiliar with the peculiar problems inevitably raised—regions lacking the economic flexibility necessary to find jobs for this new glut of labor—this dismaying possibility obviated.

No, the war which ended in '65 did not free the Negro. Instead, it enslaved both the white people and the Negroes of the South.

But now, ahead, both races see the first crack in their chains.

THE END

Gibson

FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATORS
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Freez'r Locker
Freez'r Locker

STORES MORE FROZEN FOOD RIGHT IN THE REFRIGERATOR . . .

YOU'LL delight in refrigeration's greatest advance when you get your new Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator! Its big *Freez'r Locker* is a built-in feature — an integral part of the refrigerator itself. And you'll marvel at the man-sized quantities of frozen foods it will hold, keeping them deliciously farm-fresh for weeks! You'll delight in the *Moist Chiller* — and the way it keeps salads so crisp and tasty! You'll delight in every wall-to-wall, unobstructed shelf—in the greater ice cube capacity—in faster freezing—in efficient, economical operation! And you'll say—"I'm glad I watched for, waited for the new Gibson Freez'r Shelf, the modern refrigerator with the built-in *Freez'r Locker!*"

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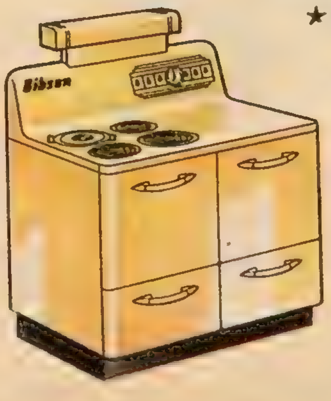
★ BUY VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS ★



GIBSON *Kookall* ELECTRIC RANGE

An automatic marvel for your Home of Tomorrow . . . Turns itself on and off . . . Cooks an entire meal while you do other things . . . The only range which will feature UPS-A-DAISY—Today's secret, Tomorrow's sensation!

COMING — NEW HOME FREEZER

Scientific home freezing and storage of frozen foods—and lots of them! Keeps meats, fruits and vegetables deliciously fresh at below-zero temperatures—for months! Another Gibson *must* for modern living!

GIBSON
Freez'r Shelf Lockers

HORSE TRADING IN SHANGRI-LA

Continued from Page 32

small balls, also was set out. Later, stew made with sour yak milk was brewed in an iron caldron.

Cooking was done over an open wood-and-yak-dung fire in a second-floor room, the ground floor of a Tibetan house being reserved for livestock and drying yak-dung patties. A hole in the wall served as a chimney. At bedtime, everyone—family, guests, and all—simply rolled up in their bedding on the none-too-clean floor of the same room.

Captain Crouch paid our hosts probably his warmest compliment one morning when he drawled:

"Except for all the dirt and filth, these people are more like those in Glasscock County [his Texas county] than any I've met since I left home."

ONE reason for the hospitality accorded Americans, in Larson's opinion, is the Tibetan belief in Buddhistic reincarnation. This holds that a man's new life depends on the state of his former life. If the person was a high and worthy man, the next life will be prosperous. If he was dissolute, he'll be reborn in poverty and wretchedness. Americans obviously were prosperous, so they must have been noble people in their past lives. They might even have been lamas, because race and creed don't interfere with reincarnation. In fact, Queen Victoria in her heyday was claimed by Tibetans as the reincarnation of a high lama, a claim which British agents in Lhasa probably wouldn't discourage.

Most of the Tibetan religious practices are under the guidance of the four orthodox Lamaist sects, of which the Yellow, headed by the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, is the strongest. There are some differences between the four, but things would go fairly smoothly in Tibet were it not for the heretical Black sect. The orthodox four do all their ceremonies clockwise. The Blacks upset all this by being anti-clockwise. Some diabolical Blacks have even been known to reverse water prayer wheels during the night.

On our return trip, Crouch and I were held up a day by a heavy snowstorm below an 18,000-foot pass. Two days afterward on the pass above us the snow still reached to our stirrups. Getting back to the base, we found it had snowed there too, which seemed strange on the last of June at a latitude about the same as that of St. Augustine, New Orleans, and Houston.

This sort of weather added to eastern Tibetan terrain made it difficult to bring horses out of central Sikang. The first group of 500 animals took twenty-five days for the initial lap to Sichang, in southern Sikang, a distance we'd covered by plane in one hour. From Sichang it was another twenty-one days to Kunming.

Captain Shea sent two of his men—Sergeant Mike Brutscher of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, and Corporal Clarence (Smoky) Corless of Hebron, Nebraska, with the first 500 horses last spring. There also were fifty Tibetan drivers, headed by a tough ex-lama named Salom Basoon, and an English-Tibetan-speaking Chinese. Most of the stops were at villages, but half a dozen nights were spent under yak-hair tents.

One precipitous trail was so frozen and hazardous that the Tibetan drivers were lined up along its outer edge at the worst points to keep the horses pushed against the mountainside. Even with this precaution, a horse sometimes fell to its doom.

The last third of the trip to Sichang was through Lolo country. The Lolos are a tribe of China's aborigines, and there's no love lost between Lolos and Tibetans.

At the second Lolo settlement, the village leaders told the Tibetans the trail ahead hadn't been cleared. Salom Basoon flew into a rage. He cracked two Lolo chiefs over the heads with his rifle and others promised to clear the trail immediately. The somewhat alarmed American enlisted men patched up the heads of the two chiefs. The villagers worked all night—probably the first Lolo midnight shift on record—to open the trail, and by dawn the S.A.B's horses moved on.

Three days later, near another Lolo village, fifty horses disappeared from a night encampment. Basoon led his armed drivers to recover the animals. Corless, Brutscher and the Chinese interpreter listened to spasmodic firing all day. That night Basoon and his men were back with forty-nine of the horses. No one translated for the Americans what the Tibetans said about the fate of the Lolos.

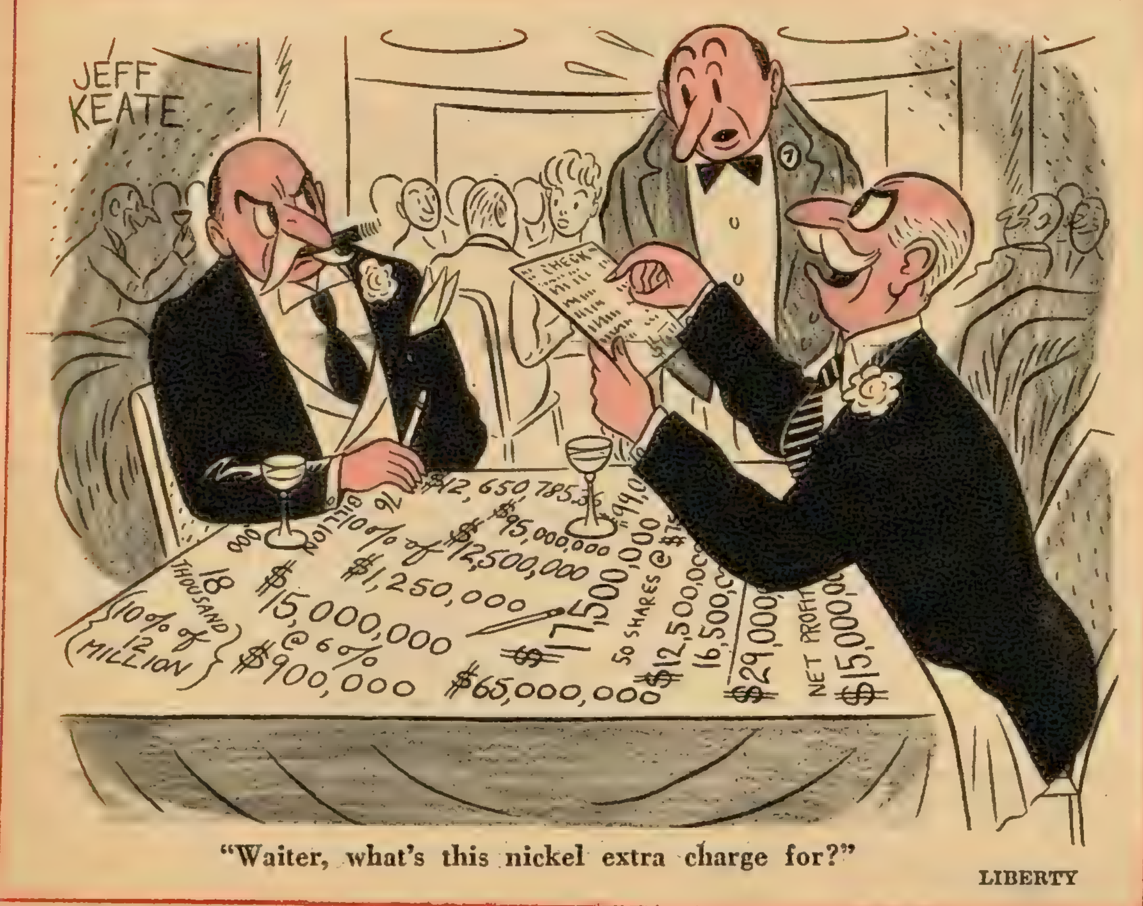
All but fifty-nine of the 500 horses made it to Sichang. Thirty-eight died and others were exhausted and sent back early in the trip. From Sichang to Kunming, another 200 airline miles, Colonel Mallon's Southern Sikang Unit took over. Chinese drivers were substituted for the Tibetans and Corless and Brutscher were relieved by Lieutenant Robert Forsyth of Northville, South Dakota, and Sergeant James Taylor of Kimball, Nebraska, both American cowboys of the old school.

EXCEPT for the scheduled plane arrivals, the nine men of the Tibetan Unit depended on a little five-tube field radio for their only link with the rest of the American Army in China. This radio was brought to the Tibetan base as a receiver, because the rulebook said its hand-generator transmitter had a range of only twenty-five miles. One day, however, Sergeant Foil, "just for the hell of it," got someone to turn the long generator handles and contacted Kunming, over 300 air-line miles away.

That turned out to be a lucky break for Sergeant Foil, who became quite sick one afternoon while I was there. By night his temperature was 104. There were no doctors and only Foil could operate the radio. So Captain Crouch ordered him to contact Kunming and request a special plane. Crouch, Leet and myself took turns at the generator crank while Foil labored to send the message. Two hours later Kunming replied: "Arrangements made for plane tomorrow to bring Sergeant Foil to Kunming."

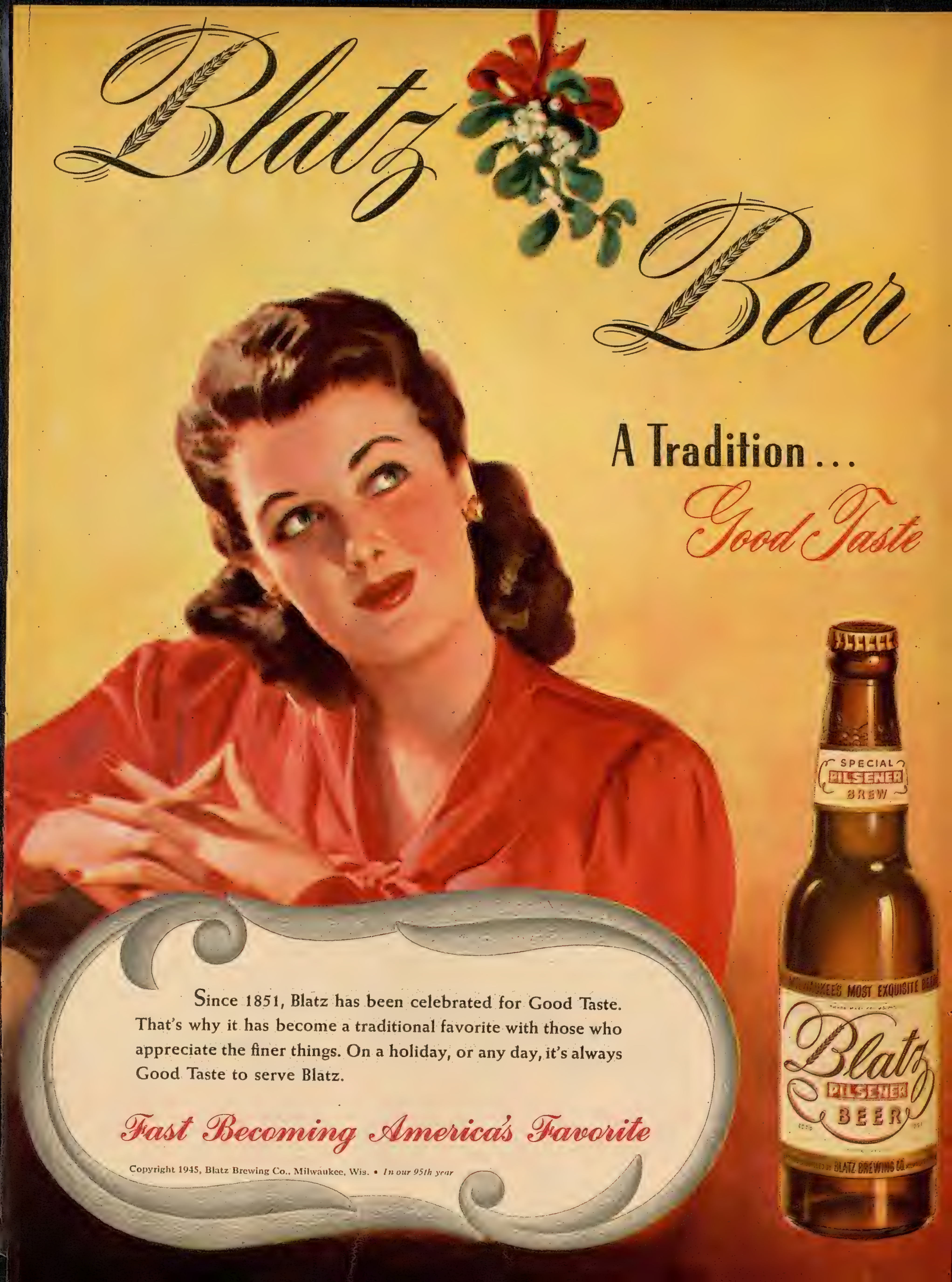
I left on the next regularly scheduled plane. This time I took no oxygen and, except for some labored breathing, was clear headed at 20,000 feet. Two weeks in Skyland had done the trick.

THE END



"Waiter, what's this nickel extra charge for?"

LIBERTY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"Do I hear a motion to adjourn?"

LIBERTY

WHO'S GOING TO SPY FOR US NOW?

Continued from Page 25

Sixty-ninth in World War I, was wounded three times, and won the Congressional Medal of Honor. In this war he went along on half a dozen troop landings in Europe and the Far East. And he set up in O.S.S. an organization for which no blueprint existed, and directed it to success.

THE O.S.S. men had to be taught to fight dirty—gutter warfare, gouging, kicking, mugging, stabbing, silent killing, and unarmed self-defense. They had to learn that in war the end justifies the means, be it bribery and corruption of Nazis in occupied Greece or eavesdropping in a Bangkok café. They had to parachute at night onto a French countryside and live by their wits behind the lines, or chug up the Samos Straits in a caïque under a cross fire from the Greeks and Turks, or lie doggo in a Chinese ditch while the Japs passed. Forty-one of them got D.S.C.s, 186 got Purple Hearts, and about 100 were killed. Of the casualties, forty-five were executed and fifty-five died in combat.

The O.S.S. sent in its teams and got its intelligence wherever the war lay, except in the Pacific, where only a few O.S.S. men operated. There Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and General Douglas MacArthur did not invite the whole show in. The O.S.S. also stayed out of the Western Hemisphere, F.B.I. territory. A future intelligence set-up, General Donovan felt, should be world-wide.

Starting from scratch, Donovan requisitioned specialists from the War and Navy Departments, and hand-picked others. Sometimes it was referred to as "Oh, So Social" because its roster had Social Register names like David Bruce, commanding officer of the detachment in London; Colonel Jock Whitney, who was captured by the Germans in southern France; and Raymond Guest, who got a Bronze Star for dangerous PT-boat missions across the English Channel. Others were Joe Savoldi, Notre Dame fullback and wrestler; Sidney Franklin, the bullfighter; and Tommy Bridges, the veteran Detroit pitcher.

An ex-college president, Dr. James L. McConaughy of Wesleyan, headed training. On the research staff were William L. Langer, Harvard historian; Commander William Montgomery McGovern of Northwestern, who explored Tibet years ago disguised as a Tibetan coolie; Geroid T. Robinson of Columbia, specialist on Russia; and Berlin-born Hajo Holborn, long at Yale.

Training was ultra-secret. People in the hunting country north of Towson, Maryland, near Baltimore, who heard explosions in isolated country houses were told that it was only government research.

Screening was done in an "assessment school." More than one aspirant with Nazi convictions was screened out. One psychiatric test was for "snafu tolerance," ability to withstand frustrations. The student was told to build a hollow square with eight-foot pieces of wood and coupling blocks, like a big Tinker Toy. He had two assistants, but unknown to him they were stooges trained to bedevil him. He was also tested on how he held his liquor.

Before graduation, O.S.S. men dressed as civilians were assigned to spy out American war plants without giving their real names or O.S.S. connection. They were surprisingly successful and found some loopholes.

Men being trained for the Far East were put on a wild and mountainous island off the California coast with a half cup of rice a day, to work out survival problems. Parachuting was most important in all fields, because nine out of ten agents were dropped to their jobs. The course was fast, and sometimes a native agent was lucky if he got one practice jump before starting a mission. In the occupied countries there was usually a resistance reception committee; over Germany it was a blind drop.

The weapons O.S.S. invented for itself, some of which were more successful than others, would delight a gangster's heart and fill a small museum. They ranged from "Who, me?" a tube of vile-smelling substance which Chinese boys squirted on the coattails of Jap officers, to a hand grenade shaped like a baseball, exploding on contact. For demolitions there were time mechanisms; incendiary devices for wood and oil; gadgets that blew up gas tanks, burned out bearings, or exploded airplanes at a given altitude. For quiet killing and guerrilla warfare, O.S.S. designed a silent pistol and submachine gun, a tiny assassin weapon to hold in the palm, a spring cosh or expanding billy, and a cheap .45 pistol costing $1.39 to arm partisans.

THREE O.S.S. men in Italy escaped bloodhounds by using a dog drag which temporarily desensitizes a dog's nose. Heavy magnetic charges were designed to attach to ships' hulls. Rubber lungs and skintight suits enabled swimmers to stay thirty feet under water for an hour and a half. Tricks included a firing device to simulate a sniper, booby traps, and a gimmick which, hidden in a bag of flour, created a heavy dust explosion.

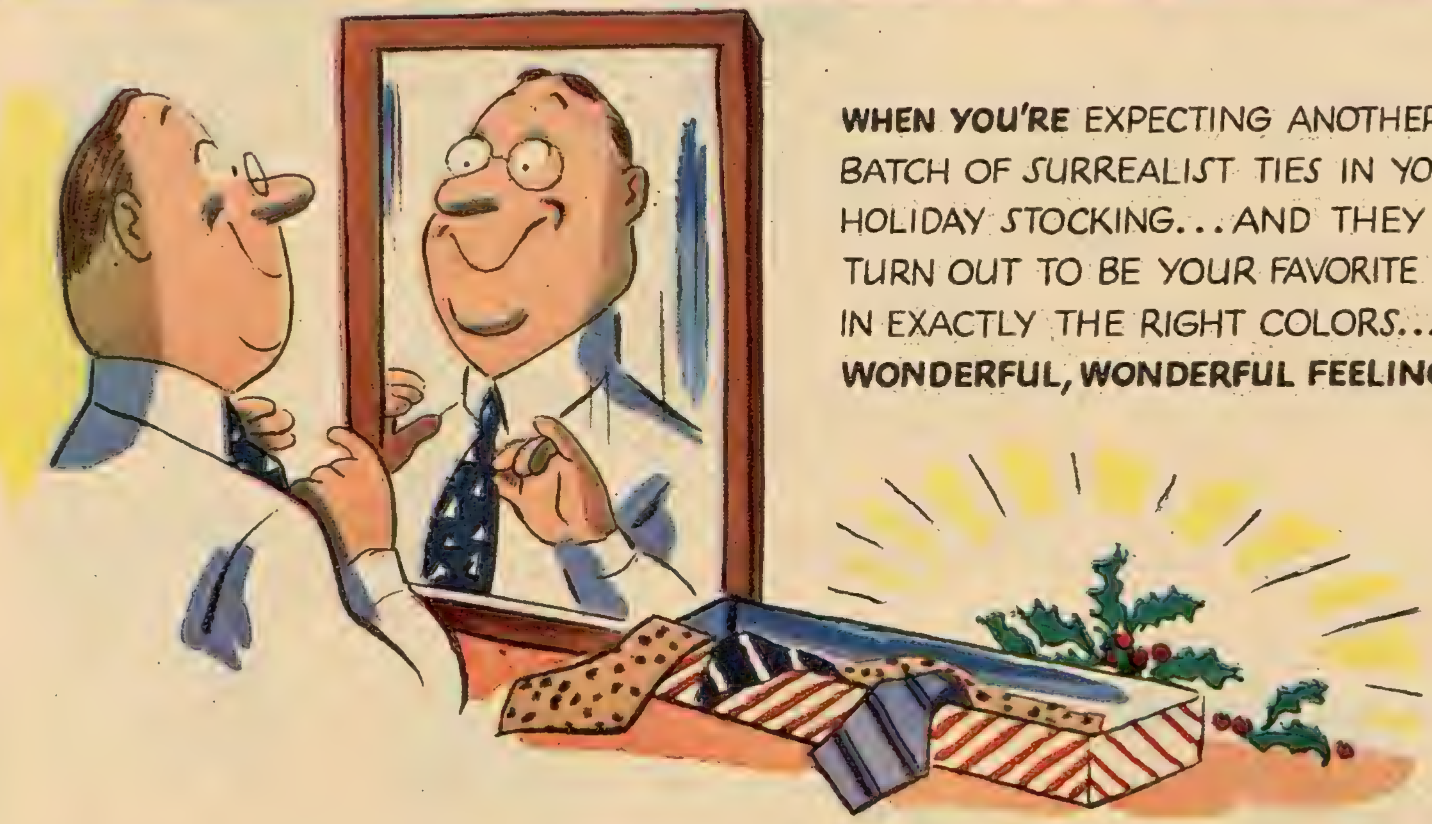
Search for the enemy's secret weapons took O.S.S. missions all over Europe under the direction of Commander John M. Shaheen, young Chicagoan. The first mission brought back from Italy in 1943 blueprints and forty tons of Axis naval equipment, as well as an anti-Fascist admiral and a dozen technicians who went to work for our Navy. A barge load of secret torpedoes was recovered from the bottom of the Bay of Naples.

In December, 1943, the radio-controlled bomb dropped from an airplane, predecessor of V-1 and V-2, was sinking Allied ships at Murmansk and in the Mediterranean. The O.S.S. began a search for the bomb—so elusive that it was dubbed the "holy grail"—which carried through a dozen countries and succeeded in August, 1944, shortly after invasion of southern France. On a field near Toulouse they found two radio-guided bombs (HS-292) and one parent aircraft, a Heinkel (He-177), which the *maquis* had saved from sabotage.

Agents, dropped into France earl-

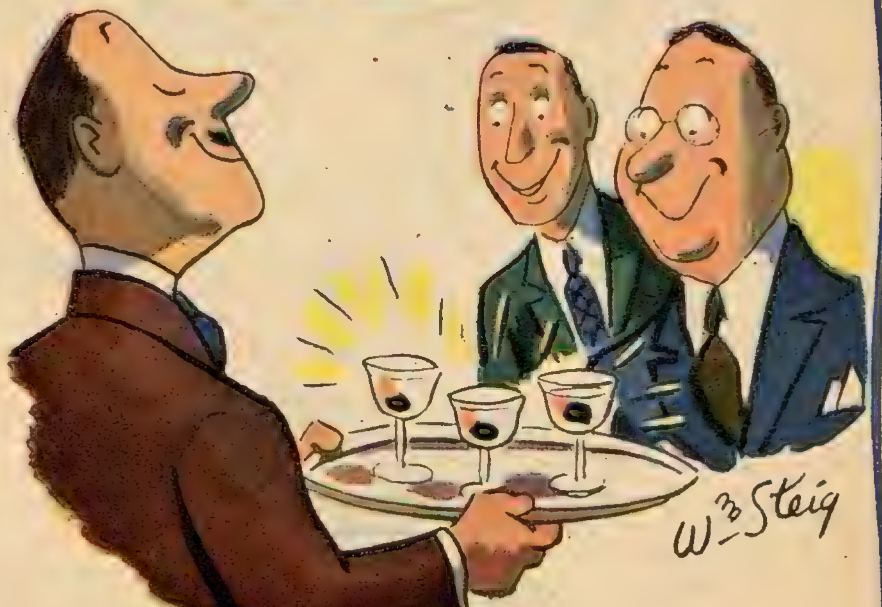
(*Continued on page 78*)

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU'RE EXPECTING ANOTHER BATCH OF SURREALIST TIES IN YOUR HOLIDAY STOCKING... AND THEY TURN OUT TO BE YOUR FAVORITE FOULARDS IN EXACTLY THE RIGHT COLORS... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY—EXPECTING TO ENJOY EVERYTHING BUT THE MARTINIS—AND THEN YOUR HOST BRINGS OUT COCKTAILS MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SMOOTH, SO FLAVORSOME, SO UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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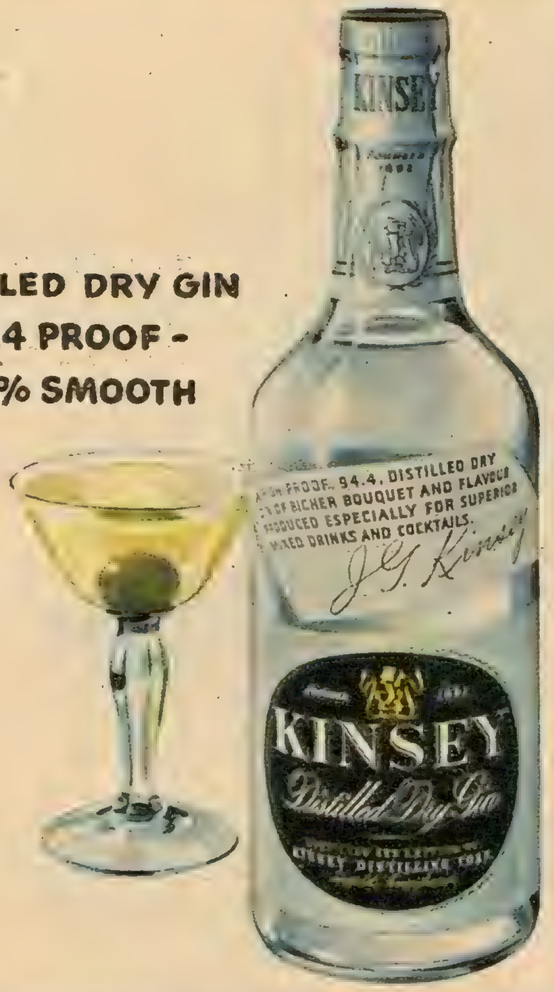
94.4 PROOF -
100% SMOOTH


KINSEY
94.4 PROOF. 94.4. DISTILLED DRY
OF RICHER BOUQUET AND FLAVOUR
PRODUCED ESPECIALLY FOR SUPERIOR
MIXED DRINKS AND COCKTAILS.
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin
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KINSEY
the Genial GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa. • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

(*Continued from page 76*)

ier, learned that bombs were stored at a factory in Portes des Valence. They arranged that an R.A.F. squadron from Corsica would bomb the factory and then make a diversionary strike near by. *Maquis* in firemen's guise were to appear and snatch a bomb or its mechanism. But a storm obscured the factory and when the "firemen" appeared it was intact and guarded. Another snafu.

MISSIONS trod on the heels of fleeing troops in Germany last spring. Major Henry J. Rand of New York (son of the president of Remington Rand) seized at Sömmerda a V-2 fuse which was cocked by remote control after the bomb was in the air. At Mülhausen he found a laboratory for "proximity fuses" used to explode rockets near airplanes. They were of four types: heat, actuated by the exhaust; sound, fired by the roar of the engines; radar, which automatically measured distance; and magnetic, set off by the magnetic field around the plane. Rand collected Germans from whom Allied intelligence learned with relief that the Japs knew little of the fuses or countermeasures. Our Navy had meantime developed its own successful proximity fuse.

Valuable military information flowed in from resistance groups in enemy and occupied countries as American supplies flowed back. In all, 27,000 tons of food, weapons, and clothing was delivered, largely by parachute. In Germany itself, where real resistance had been liquidated, the going was harder. But O.S.S. got men behind the lines and prevented a last-ditch fight by the Nazi leaders in southern Germany.

DRUGS
Bill King

"Some tomato, huh?"

LIBERTY

An O.S.S. man, Lieutenant Colonel John M. Jeffries, experimenting with a couple of old locomotives in this country, found a successful formula for wrecking trains. On the straightaway (the Germans guarded curves) as much as 13½ feet of rail on one side could be removed without a wreck, so he devised a charge that broke both rails and left a crater. This helped tie up all trains in northern France on D Day.

In Burma and China, O.S.S. trained Kachins and Chinese for successful campaigns of terrorism against the Japs. In Europe and the Orient, O.S.S. and native groups ran organized "underground railroads" and secret air lines by which they rescued 5,000 Allied airmen.

Both in Europe and Asia O.S.S. operated on political levels. In Italy it had some success in splitting the Italian fleet command from the Fascists and Nazis. From Switzerland, Allen Dulles, O.S.S. chief in that country, conducted negotiations with German generals that led to surrender of nearly a million soldiers in northern Italy and western Austria. With its British counterpart, O.S.S. worked closely with Siamese officials who were outwardly co-operating with the Japs, and several O.S.S. officers lived in Jap-held Bangkok.

THE cost of O.S.S. from its creation as C.O.I. in July, 1941, to next July 1, will be $122,600,000, or a little more than $24,000,000 a year—not great as war costs go.

General Donovan has always regarded O.S.S. as a temporary war agency. When he finishes his present job with the War Crimes Commission he intends to return to his law practice in New York. But his ideas for a future central intelligence agency were outlined to President Roosevelt in a memorandum dated November 18, 1944, which leaked to the press. The plan was for an agency directly under the White House to co-ordinate government intelligence activities and gather world-wide foreign information, but without police or law-enforcement functions here or abroad. In wartime it would be subject to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. War, Navy, State, Justice, Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and other departments would continue to gather intelligence as they do now.

The question now is not whether we need espionage in peacetime, but who will do it.

THE END

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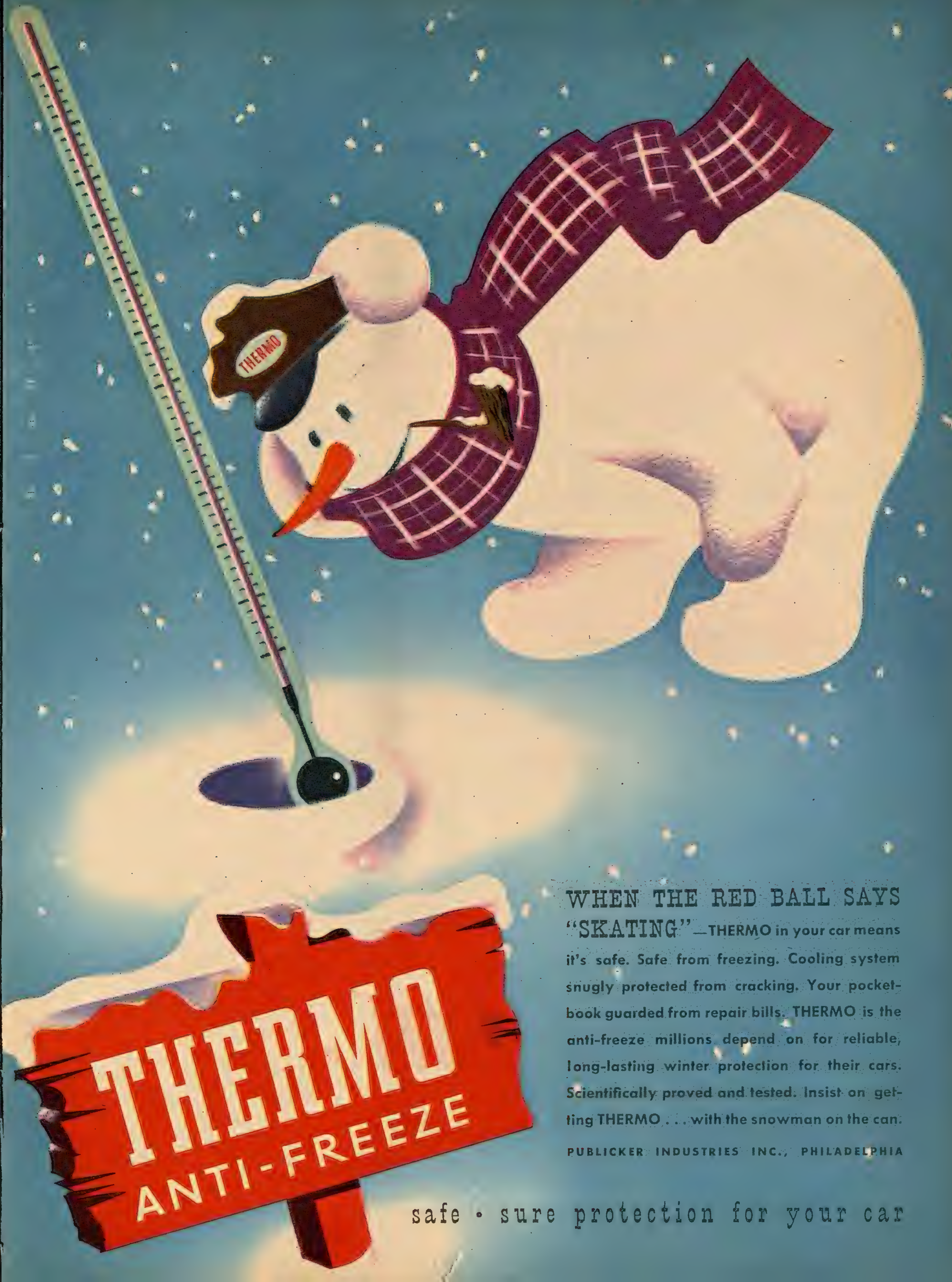
* * *

Charles Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, often worked on in the General Electric laboratory long after the rest of the staff had gone home. A fellow worker chided him about it, griping: "Don't be such a fool, Steinmetz. You get the same pay check every week no matter how hard you work." Steinmetz looked up from his test tubes. "It doesn't matter whose payroll you are on, my friend," he said significantly. "You are working for yourself."

* * *



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DANGEROUS TWILIGHT

Continued from Page 47

denly, I have been waiting for one of my assistants to send me certain papers, certain formulae and blueprints. All the records were destroyed except for this one set. With those papers in my possession, I am one of the most important men in the world. Without them, I am just another beaten Nazi. You can see why I stay in hiding here, hoping my assistant will appear."

"Perhaps," Tamara said, "your assistant has decided *he* would like to be one of the most important men in the world."

The hunchback smiled crookedly. "He understands only one small part of the whole process. Without me, the papers are useless. And without the papers, I am useless."

"Useless to whom?" Tamara asked.

"Useless to any great nation! In any case, this is what I propose to you: If you will return to your duties in this house and for twenty-four hours keep secret what you have learned, I have reason to believe that papers will be brought to a certain rendezvous within that time. Hilda can go and get them and bring them here. Once they are here, I will surrender myself and my papers to the Americans—"

He stopped, interrupted by a fit of coughing. "On the other hand, if you insist on disclosing my presence here tonight, I promise you that the papers will never be found. I will not be taken alive, and more than one American will die with me."

Tamara said, "I understand."

"Well, then, is it agreed?"

Tamara nodded slowly.

"Open the door, Hilda," the hunchback said, "and let her go." He turned his pale eyes on Tamara. "If you break your word," he said, "all of us will be the losers."

Tamara stepped out into the hall. The door closed behind her and she heard the key grate in the lock.

A BAR of light showed under Janet's door, and instinctively Tamara walked toward it. She knocked and went in. "Why, Tamara," Janet said, "what on earth's the matter?"

Tamara sat down on the bed and told her the story. The American girl listened in stunned silence. At the end she said, "What are we waiting for? Let's go and tell Tex. He'll know what to do about it."

Tamara shook her head. She had a sickening prevision of Tex's tall figure framed in the door and the Luger winking little tongues of flame. She said, "You forget what he said about killing himself and taking some Americans with him. You know how impetuous Tex is. He would be the first over the threshold. Besides, we would lose all hope of getting these papers."

Janet looked incredulous. "You think he was telling the truth?"

"Up to a point, yes. If he had had those documents, he would not have stayed in a house being taken over by the Americans. What I doubt is his intention to give himself up. Hilda was frightened; Hilda wanted him to surrender. But he was not frightened." She twisted her hands together suddenly.

Janet moved over and put her arm around Tamara's shoulder. "I don't blame you for being upset," she said sympathetically. "Let's wait twenty-four hours. If nothing has happened by then, we'll tell Tex. Meantime, the only danger is that the hunchback may walk out of the house late tonight, after everyone is asleep."

"He can escape only by the stairs," Tamara said. "Perhaps Tex would put a guard there if you asked him."

"What reason could I give?" said Janet, frowning.

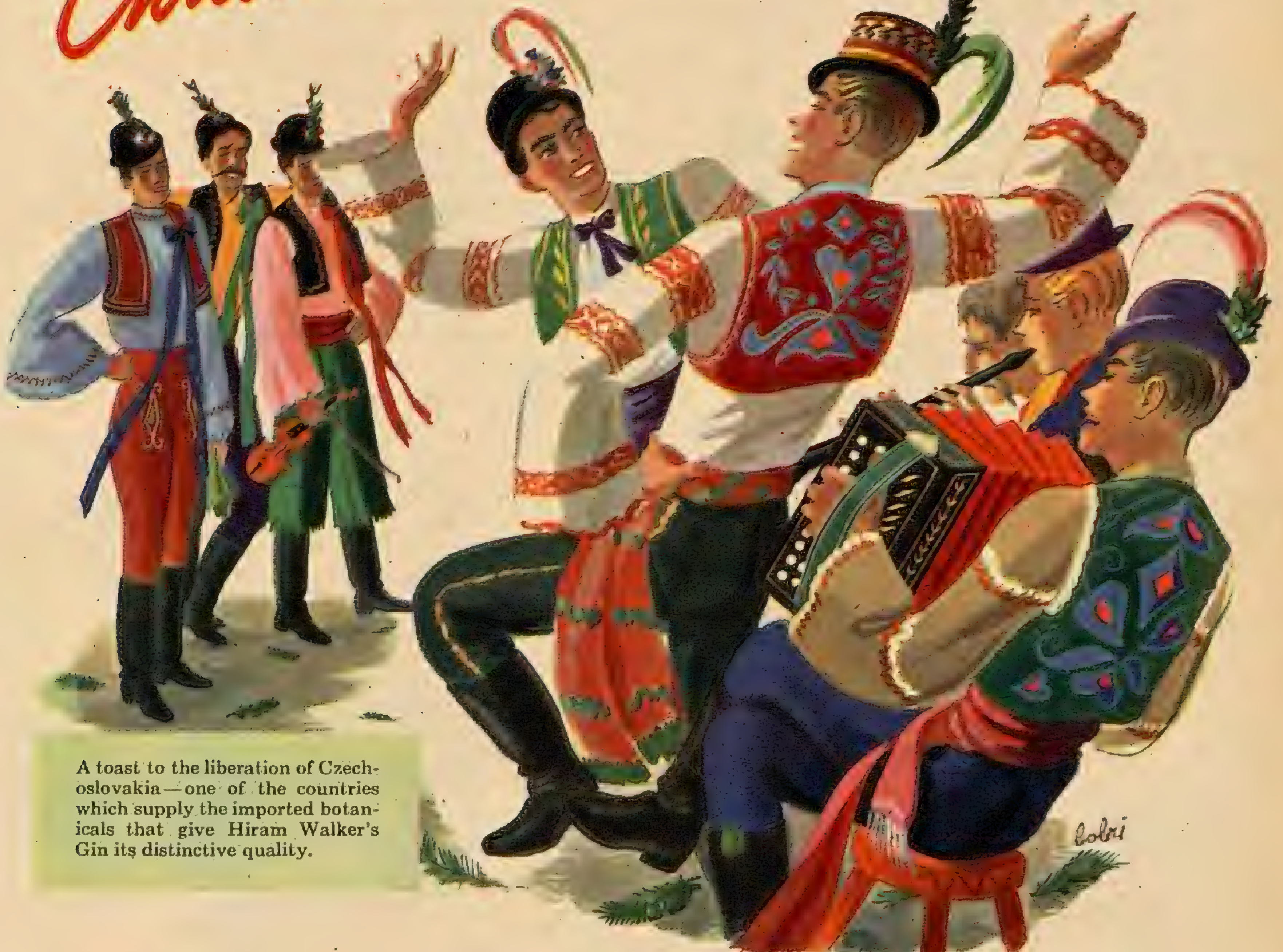
Tamara smiled a little for the first time. "Perhaps you could pretend to be timid on your first night in Germany."

"Well," Janet agreed, "I'll see what I can do."

(Continued on page 82)

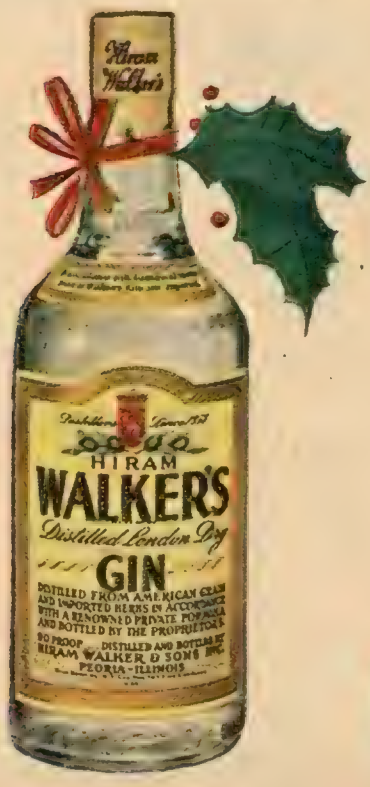
DICK WON ALL AROUND WHEN...
HERE'S A GRAND. IF THE FLASH LOSES, I'LL MAKE IT FIVE
O.K. IT'S IN THE BAG
AFTER GUARDING HIS HORSE ALL NIGHT, DICK O'NEIL, EX-MARINE AND OWNER OF "IWO JIMA", LONG SHOT, OVERHEARS SUSPICIOUS CONVERSATION ON MORNING OF BIG RACE
BETTER ACT FAST, MR. HILL. I WANT "IWO" TO BEAT YOUR HORSE, BUT I HATE CROOKS
I'LL CALL THE RACING ASSOCIATION
CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED, MR. HILL. THE OLD SPONGE TRICK
MY OWN TRAINER! HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?
YOU'RE A REAL SPORTSMAN. WON'T YOU JOIN MY DAUGHTER AND ME IN OUR BOX?
THANKS... I'LL BE GLAD TO AT POSTTIME
FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO SHAVE—AND NO RAZOR
COME ON, USE MINE
WHAT A SWELL BLADE, EDDIE! NEVER HAD A FASTER, SLICKER SHAVE
THIN GILLETTES ARE TOPS WITH ME. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN
O-O-O-O! IWO WINS!
I SURE WISH FLASH HAD BEEN AS WELL-TRAINED
I'M GOING TO HIRE A NEW TRAINER, MR. O'NEIL. ANY CHANCE YOU'D CARE TO TALK BUSINESS TONIGHT?
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, MR. HILL
I LIKE HIS LOOKS
3
TO GET SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES WITH SPEED AND COMFORT, TRY THIN GILLETTE BLADES. THEY'RE KEEN, LONG-LASTING AND FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY. THUS THEY PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

"Merry Christmas"... even in Czechoslovakia



A toast to the liberation of Czechoslovakia—one of the countries which supply the imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its distinctive quality.

made with pre-war imported botanicals


Hiram Walker's
HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA AND BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETORS
90 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA-ILLINOIS

There's a new light in the eyes of every nation in the world—even Czechoslovakia smiles. And she sends you her best.

And so do China and Spain and Italy and Saxony and other far-away lands—their best is in every bottle of Hiram Walker's Gin.

From these distant countries came the roots and the herbs and the berries—the delicate and rare "botanicals"—which give Hiram Walker's Gin its pre-war goodness and excellence.

Brought in before the war and carefully preserved, these precious imported botanicals are making Hiram Walker's Gin one of the most appreciated ways of being wished a *"Merry Christmas!"*

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HIRAM
WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* **GIN**

(Continued from page 80)

Back in the hall, Tamara waited until the door to Hilda's room opened and her unhappy face appeared. "Come, Hilda," Tamara said, "we need your help in preparing dinner."

DINNERTIME in the press camp was the best hour of the day, the hour for relaxation and telling of tall tales. After dinner there was Army coffee and liberated cognac. There was so much animated talk that Vicki's silence went unnoticed.

Tex said, finally, "Well, what about tomorrow? I thought I'd drive north and take a look at the V-2 factory. Another car with Jenkins as conducting officer will head for the bomb damage at the oil refinery. A third car, with Concannon in charge, will run down to that aircraft-engine plant and take a look at the damage and also some atrocity scenes. Everyone please state his preference to Major Mike, who will make out the lists. Mike, did you bring me that stuff I asked for?"

"It's in your room, chief," Mike Concannon said.

"Fine," Tex said. "If you'll excuse me, I'll disappear. I've got some writing to do. If Tamara is still in the kitchen, tell her to stop by, will you?" He waved a hand at the group, left the room.

Janet rose quickly and followed him. "Major," she called, "may I speak to you for a minute?"

He paused halfway up the stairs. "Sure," he said. "What's on your mind?"

Janet said, "I wonder if you'd think me very silly if I asked you to put a guard at the foot of these stairs tonight? All night."

He raised his eyebrows. "A guard? Are you afraid of something?"

"Yes," said Janet, "I am."

He looked at her quizzically, and she could almost see him decide to humor her. "Very well," he said. "I'll have Cameron make some of the boys stand two-hour tricks. A little guard duty won't hurt them."

"I'm sorry," Janet said. "It's not so foolish as it sounds."

He laughed. "I think I know what you mean. It's your first night in Germany, isn't it? Well, it does give you a creepy feeling at first."

He smiled and went upstairs.

Alone in his room, Tex went to work on an unfinished report for Colonel Hancock. For more than an hour he pounded the typewriter.

He had almost finished when there was a light rap on the door. He had learned to recognize Tamara's knock. "Come in," he said.

She came in and closed the door. "Yes, Tex?"

It was the first time she had used his nickname, and he felt a sudden glow of pleasure, but he kept his head down and went on picking up papers. "There's a small present for you there, on the bed," he said. "Wrapped in tissue paper. Nothing much."

He heard the paper crackle as she unwrapped his gift of stockings. She said nothing, and finally he looked at her and saw with embarrassment that her eyes were full of tears.

"You are much too good to me," she said.

He walked over and touched her cheek. "You have a lot of goodness coming to you," he told her.

She turned her face so that it pressed against his hand. He remembered suddenly what she had said to him the night before in Weimar: "I will do anything for you." He remembered another thing she had said: "A woman who puts ambition ahead of love is not a woman." Half of his mind said to him, Go ahead. Why not? Ask her to stay here with you tonight. She will stay if you ask her. And the other half of his mind answered, It's not fair—not fair to her, unless there's some future in it. And not fair to the job you're supposed to be doing. Because you're not the casual type. You'll get involved. You're half in love with her already.

SOMEONE rapped and the door opened a crack. "Am I intruding?" said Vicki's mocking voice.

Tex dropped his hand, and Tamara turned to the window and stared out into the darkness. "Well, yes," said Tex. "As a matter of fact, you are."

Vicki came into the room and sat on the edge of the bed. "So sorry,"

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Holiday Greetings
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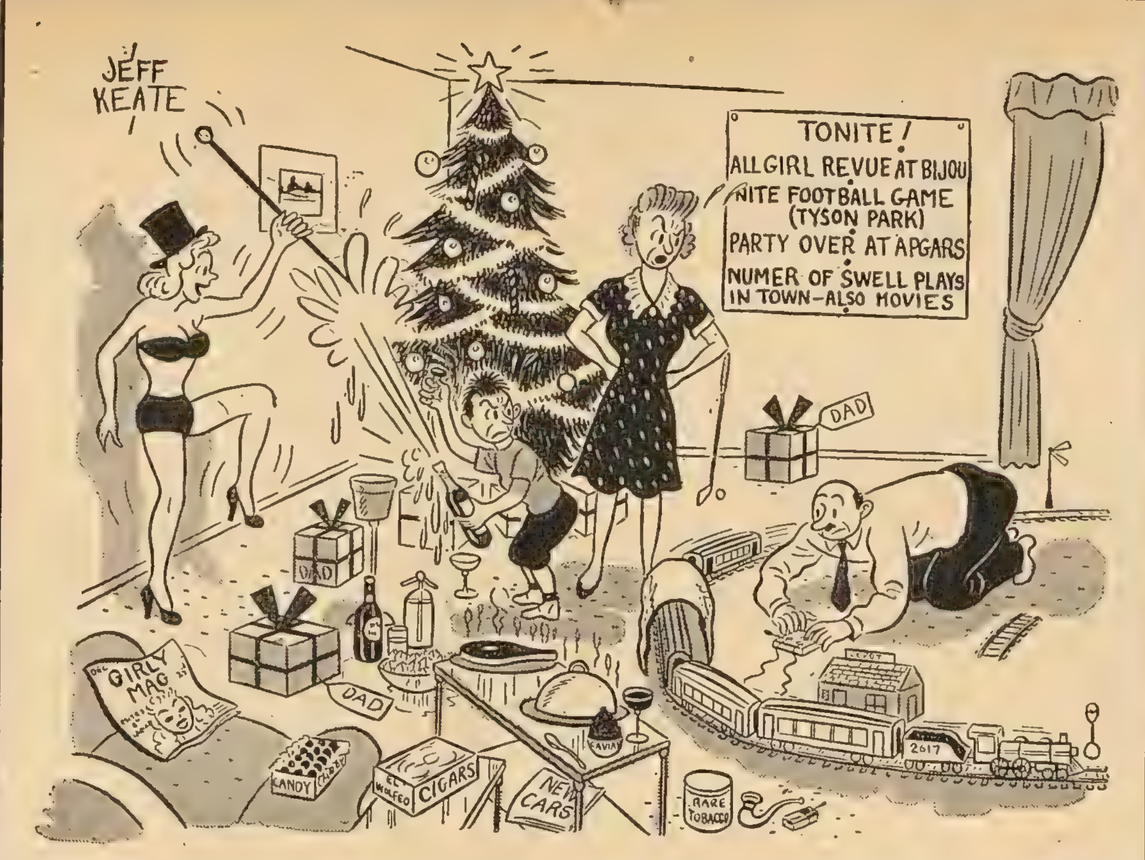

"You might as well quit, Junior—he's not going to stop until he darn well feels like it!"

LIBERTY

she murmured. "I wouldn't have thought it." She looked at Tamara's back, and her eyes were bright with malice. "Not much!"

"I'll see you in the morning, Tamara," Tex said. He waited until she had gone out. Then he turned to Vicki. "Well," he said roughly, "what do you want?"

"I wanted," Vicki said, "to finish our conversation. The one about us. Although you may have forgotten it, you once asked me to marry you."

"I remember it perfectly," Tex said. "I also remember what you said—that any man you married would come second to your career. Whereupon, if you recall, I withdrew the offer."

"That was before I was a success," Vicki said impatiently. "I can afford to be less ambitious now."

"Are you proposing to me?" said Tex with a queer smile.

"You flatter yourself," Vicki snapped. "I'll admit I came all the way across Germany to see you. I hoped I'd find something resembling the old Tex Palmer. And what do I get? A military vagabond running a kindergarten for second-rate newspapermen and living with a blonde wench who ought to be in a concentration camp with the rest—"

"That'll do, Vicki," Tex said. His voice was very quiet, but it stopped her. She swung out of the room and slammed the door.

Down the hall, Janet was preparing for bed. She looked up in amazement as Vicki came in, snatched a pack of cigarettes, and lit one with a match that shook in her fingers.

"We're getting out of this place tomorrow," Vicki said. "I won't stay here."

"The office," Janet said, "might legitimately expect some photo coverage from around here."

"Well," Vicki snapped, "maybe so. But we're not riding anywhere with Tex Palmer. If he goes north, we go south."

Janet looked directly at Vicki. "I," she said, "intend to visit the V-2 factory tomorrow with Tex. That was my plan, and I'm sticking to it. Night, Vicki. Pleasant dreams."

IN the morning Tamara rose early to go into the kitchen and light the stove. She was pouring a cup of coffee when a slight sound startled her and she turned around. Hilda stood behind her, a nondescript hat on her head, a raincoat over her arm.

"I must go now, *Fräulein,*" Hilda said in her breathless German. "My husband has told me where I must go. I am to wait all day, if necessary. If I do not return by this afternoon, will you take my Paul something to eat? He has promised me again to surrender, but not until he has these papers."

"All right, Hilda," Tamara said. "Go, and come back as quickly as you can. Give me the key." She watched the furtive figure vanish through the kitchen door.

By nine the cars were ready to leave. Tex learned from Concannon about Vicki's change in plans. "She says she'd rather look at atrocities in my company than the Taj Mahal in yours," explained the bewildered Mike.

Tex laughed. "My loss and your gain, my friend," he said. "Ready, Janet? Let's get under way."

The majority of the correspondents had elected to see the V-2 factory, and two cars were necessary. Tex installed Janet in the front seat of his Adler and crowded the others into another car.

They drove north on the almost deserted *Autobahn.* It was a mag-

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nificent spring day. Beside the road, lilac bushes were heavy with blossom, and more than once children tossed sprays of flowers as the cars passed.

"These children are the real problem," Tex said. "I don't see how anyone can be expected to remain unfriendly toward them."

Janet said, "On a day like this it's hard to believe there ever was such a thing as the Nazi menace."

He glanced at her sideways and smiled. "You seemed to be aware of it last night. Odd, too; you don't look like the timid type."

Janet said noncommittally, "I slept like a rock." She checked her watch. "What time do you think we'll be back, Tex?"

"Oh, midafternoon, I guess. You in a hurry?"

"Not exactly," Janet said. "I know of at least one other woman in the vicinity who'd like to be sitting here in my place."

"Vicki?" he said carelessly. "Oh, I don't know. She doesn't care, really. She just wants something she can't have."

"I wasn't thinking of Vicki," Janet said. "I mean Tamara."

She saw his hands grip the wheel a little harder. "Tamara?"

"Don't you know she's in love with you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"The way she looks at you."

"Maybe you're mistaking gratitude for love."

"No, I'm not. Are you in love with her?"

He glanced at her impatiently. "I'm here to do a job," he said; "not fall in love. Besides, does it concern you?"

"It's beginning to, I'm afraid."

HE slowed the car abruptly and pulled it onto the shoulder of the road. He cut the engine and turned sideways in his seat. "Look, Janet," he said. "You're a pretty girl and a smart one. You've seen enough of the war, even as a spectator, to know that after a while you can't trust your own emotions. Look at us, sitting here in the heart of a country that a week ago was our mortal enemy. We're all restless and keyed up and a little crazy. Last night I wanted to make love to Tamara. Tonight I might want to make love to you."

"I wouldn't stop you."

"That's just it," Tex said. "You wouldn't stop me. You're a little crazy, too. How can you tell what's real and what's just war hysteria?"

"I can tell," Janet said. "For myself, anyway."

He put out his hand and turned her face so that they looked into each other's eyes for a moment. "You're honest, anyway," Tex said. "That's a lot, these days." He reached forward and switched on the ignition. "Let's get on with the job," he said. . . .

By fifteen hundred hours—3 P.M. —Major Mike Concannon was ready to bring his party back. Atrocities were not his dish. The scene where the slave barracks had been set on fire was a grisly one.

Mike had watched with mingled horror and admiration while Vicki methodically recorded every detail of the scene on film. But when she knelt for a close-up of one old Russian who lay with his spectacles still perched on his dead face, he could stand it no longer. "Good God, Vicki," he had said, "I don't see how you can do it! These were people—people like us. You act as if they were dummies brought here for photographic purposes!"

Vicki hadn't even moved her eye from the range finder of her Leica. "When I'm on a job," she said, "I think of nothing but the job."

Now, driving back toward Königshof, Mike said tentatively and not without irony, "Enjoy yourself, Vicki? Or do you wish you'd gone with Tex?"

Vicki gave him a look. "Right now," she said coolly, "I'd like to get back to the darkroom and develop those films. Does that answer your question?"

Mike thought of replying that it did not, but decided that silence was more politic. "Yes, your majesty," he murmured, and stepped on the accelerator.

WHEN they arrived, they found that none of the other cars had returned. Vicki went upstairs and began processing her film in the darkroom. Mike sauntered into the kitchen in search of Tamara. "Give me some hot coffee, beautiful," he said when he found her. "I've had a terrible day."

Tamara listened impatiently as Mike told of his tribulations. She was worried. Hilda had not returned, and the prospect of re-entering the room to take food to the hunchback was anything but appealing. But when Mike disappeared, she decided to wait no longer. She took a tray and covered it with a cloth. She went quickly upstairs, down the dim corridor. She halted before the door, her heart pounding, and fitted the key into the lock.

At the same moment, in the linen closet converted into a darkroom, Vicki switched off the feeble red bulb that gave her light to work by and opened the door into the hall. She was invisible against the darkness behind her, but she could see Tamara distinctly as she pushed the door open and carried the tray into Hilda's room. For a moment Vicki stood uncertainly, then she moved forward and laid her ear against the door.

Inside, Tamara put the tray down and turned to go. She wanted to get away from the hunchback without words, as soon as possible. But he spoke to her.

"So Hilda has not returned," he said. "Well, she may have to wait until after dark. Why don't you sit down and talk to me? I'm not such a bad fellow when you get to know me."

Tamara said, "I am very busy. I have much to do."

She put her hand on the doorknob and turned it. Outside, Vicki straightened up quickly and went down the hall, a little satisfied smile at the corners of her mouth. Inside the room, the hunchback said, almost carelessly, "It is surprising how much money could be made available to you if I were allowed to walk out of this house unmolested with my papers."

Tamara said, "You agreed to surrender. I think you had better keep to your agreement."

She opened the door and closed it quickly behind her and locked it. She no longer doubted the hunchback's intention to escape, if he possibly could, the moment Hilda placed the papers in his hands. She tightened her lips grimly.

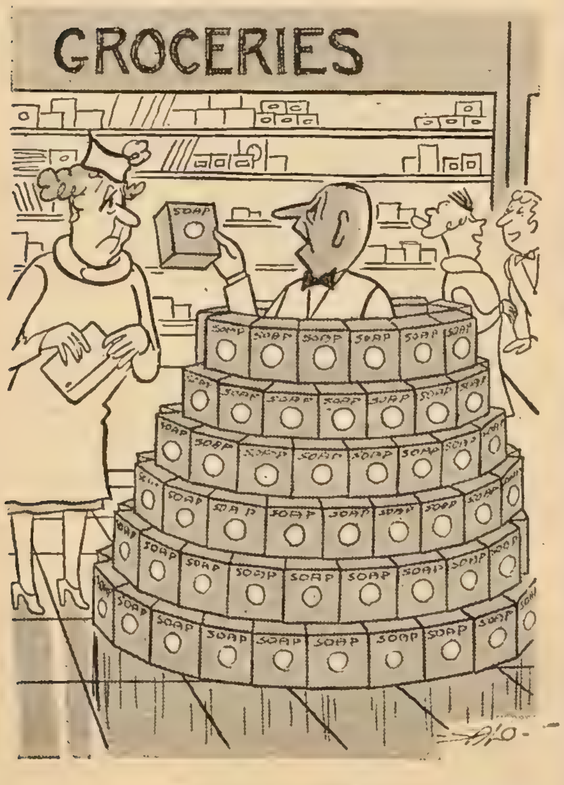
SHE heard voices in the lower hall and, looking, saw Janet and Tex, who had just come in. Janet looked remarkably pretty and content. Tex said to her, "Well, it was a good trip, Jan; the way you coaxed that factory foreman into giving us the story was wonderful." He stepped back toward the front door. "Here comes the other car. Excuse me a minute."

Tamara came slowly down the stairs. Janet looked up eagerly. "Everything all right?" she asked.

"So far," the blonde girl said. "But I have a few things to report. Shall we go into the kitchen? It's quiet there."

They sat and faced each other across the kitchen table. Tamara said, smiling a little, "Did you have a good day?"

"The best in my life," Janet said. She looked into the clear green-



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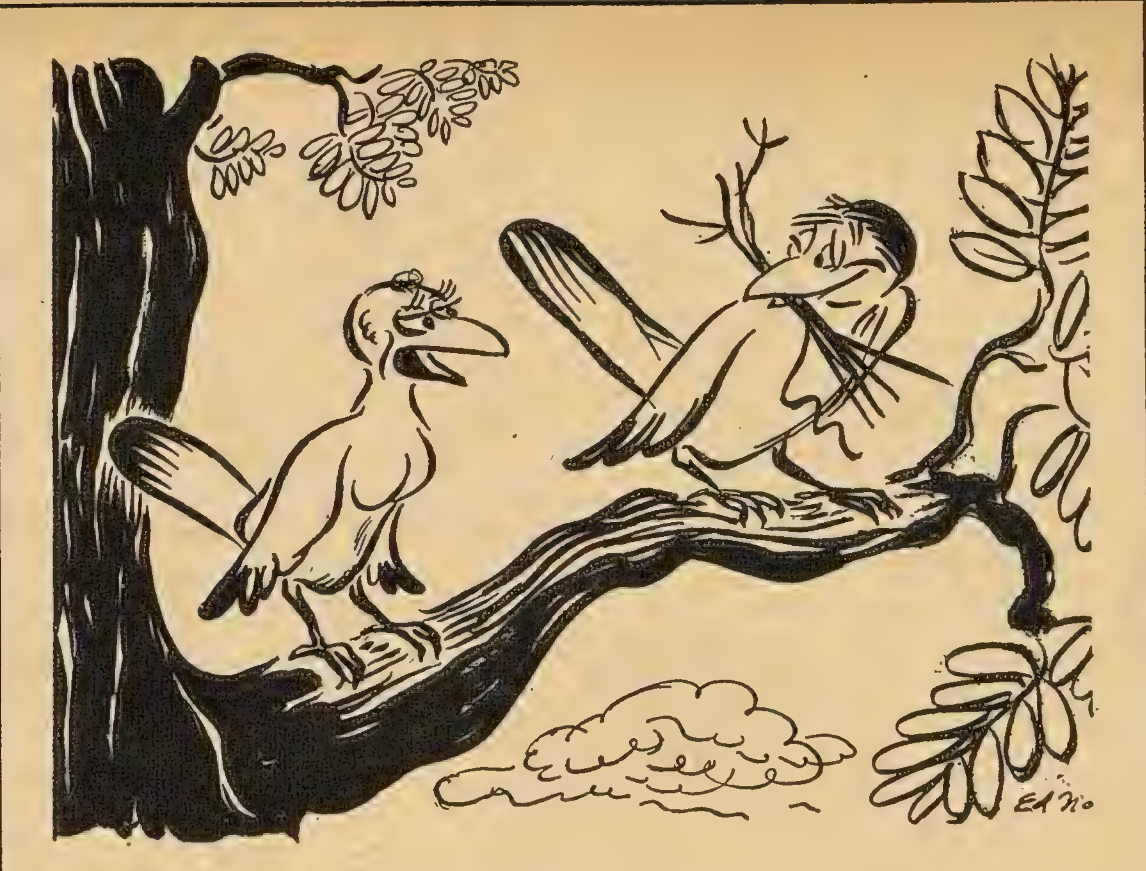

"Well, what's on your mind?"

LIBERTY

gray eyes opposite her. "He's a swell person. I'm in love with him, I think."

Tamara said, "I think you are too."

"That makes two of us, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Tamara said. "But you are better for him than I am. You might marry him some day; give him children and happiness."

"Why couldn't you?"

"I can have no children," Tamara said. "Two years ago, in Vienna, I asked a doctor to—to arrange it—under the circumstances. Otherwise, I said, I would kill myself. So he arranged it."

Janet's eyes were wide with pity and sympathy.

"Tex likes me," Tamara said. "I know that. And perhaps I could make him happy for a while. But not if it would interfere with something that was better for him. Something like you."

Janet said miserably, "He doesn't care about me."

"He might, some day; I have a feeling." She shook back her tawny hair suddenly. "About this situation upstairs," she said in an altered voice, "I also have a feeling. Not a good one. Let me make you a cup of tea and I will tell you what I think."

She got up and put a kettle on the stove. Janet, watching her, thought, You're a braver woman than I am, my friend—yes, and a finer person.

Upstairs, Vicki waited until she felt sure Tex had gone to his room, then she went down the hall and knocked on the door. She had rehearsed in her mind the scene she expected to take place.

Tex had been washing his face and hands. He glanced at Vicki, lounging negligently against the door. The thought flashed through his mind that in her diamond-hard way she was probably the handsomest woman he had ever seen. The knowledge left him perfectly cold, and in some obscure way he knew he had Tamara to thank for that. But he was glad Vicki had come to the press camp. Otherwise he might have gone on for months, wondering, remembering. . . . He said, with forced cheerfulness, "Hello, there. Have a successful day?"

Vicki closed the door and lit a cigarette. "Not bad," she said. "But I know of someone who had a much more successful one."

"I'll bite," Tex said. "Who?"

"Your dear innocent Tamara."

Tex said quietly, "What are you up to now, Vicki?"

She laughed rather harshly. "I'm just looking after your own interests," she said. "I thought you'd be interested to know that she keeps a gentleman of German persuasion in a locked bedroom. Just as a pet, I presume."

Tex said, "You'd better explain yourself, Vicki, before I lose my temper and throw you out."

She shrugged. "Throw me out if you like," she said. "But first I suggest you investigate the locked room down the hall near the linen closet."

TEX brushed her aside and strode down the hall. He seized the handle of the door that Vicki indicated and rattled it furiously. "Open this door!" he shouted. "If there's anyone in there, open up!"

There was a second of silence in which Vicki smiled contentedly. Then, abruptly, the smile vanished. Splinters flew from the door beside Tex's face. In the hallway, the crack of the Luger was like a bomb burst. As Tex thrust Vicki aside and flattened himself against the wall, splinters flew again and another explosion bellowed through the house. Concannon and Cameron came up the stairs, followed by a pack of excited correspondents. "What goes on?" roared Larry Kaye. "What's all the shooting about?"

In the kitchen, Tamara had dropped the cup of tea she was handing to Janet. They stared at each other, then made a rush for the door. The stairs were blocked by excited people. "Let me through!" cried Tamara frantically.

Tex raised his voice above the uproar. "Everybody go back downstairs. Quick! Mike, you take all correspondents out of this house and keep 'em out, especially the two women. Jock, post a man outside the window of this room, then bring the rest of your men here pronto." He walked toward the head of the stairs, his German Mauser in his hand. "Tamara, you come up here."

Reluctantly the agitated tide of correspondents ebbed back down the stairs. "Now," Tex said to Tamara, "suppose you tell me what all this is about."

She told him quickly.

"My God!" said Tex. "Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

She said, simply, "I was afraid you'd be hurt."

He shook his head. "Have you got the key to that room?" She nodded. "Well, give it to me and go on back downstairs."

WHEN she had gone, he waited until Cameron and his noncoms were assembled behind him. "Follow me," he said, "but don't get in front of the door." Slowly they crept down the hallway, Tex in the lead. When he reached the door, he inserted the key noiselessly in the lock and turned it. "Now, Bronsky," Tex said, "tell him to come out, or we'll come in after him."

Bronsky shouted the order through the splintered door. There was no answer. "Try it again," Tex said. Still no reply. Tex gripped the knob. "Well," he said, "let's get it over with."

In the street outside, Janet was discovering how Tex had learned of the hunchback's presence.

"So!" she said, when Vicki had explained it. "*You* told him. You idiotic meddling fool! Just because you wanted to discredit Tamara, you fix things so that Tex may be killed and the Army may lose one of the most valuable prisoners in Germany. And to think I once looked up to you and admired you! If anything happens to Tex because of this, I swear I'll—"

"Control yourself," Vicki said coldly. "You can't talk to me like that. You're fired. Beginning now, you're fired!"

"Don't let that worry you, Janet," drawled Doug McCoy. "I'll put you on the Amalgamated staff as photographer, also beginning now. I was wondering when you'd get wise to yourself."

Inside the house, Tex kicked open the door and lunged through with Cameron and Bronsky at his heels.

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The spurt of flame he had expected did not greet them. In the room there was neither sound nor motion. He walked over to the bed and jerked back the covers. For a long moment he stood looking down, then he drew the sheet back again. "Dead," he said. "Poison."

THEY sat later, most of them, in the living room. It was not yet curfew time, but outside, the dusk was gathering in the streets. Tex was beside Janet on a sofa. Vicki was upstairs packing; she had announced her intention of leaving in the morning. Larry Kaye said, "Well, we got the suitcase full of blueprints, anyway. Maybe some of our scientific boys will be able to figure 'em out. You know, I couldn't help feeling sorry for Hilda. She really loved that warped little rat. Did you see her face when Tamara told her he was dead? *There* was a portrait for Vicki's camera."

Janet said, "There's plenty of work for a camera around here."

Tex smiled at her. "Well," he said, "stick around and do it."

Upstairs, in the small room she had chosen for herself, Tamara placed the stockings Tex had given her on the small bundle of her belongings. She put the whole tiny collection into a canvas bag and swung it over her shoulder. She had tied a kerchief round her head.

There was a knock at the door. She opened it and saw Mike Concannon standing outside. "Jock Cameron said you want to see me, beautiful." He glanced at the bag slung over her shoulder. "Say, where are you going?"

"I'm going away," Tamara said. She started down the hall. "I want you to say good-by to the others for me. Especially Tex."

"Wait a minute," Mike said. "You can't just pull out like this."

Tamara kept walking faster.

"Tex'll murder me if I let you go like this," Mike cried. "Where'll you go? What can I tell everybody?"

She turned at the back door and faced him. "I'll be all right," she said. "They have a hostel here for people like me. Tomorrow I can start south again, for Prague. Tell them—just tell them I got homesick, will you?"

He shook his head. "I'll just tell them the truth," he said. He could be a discerning young man sometimes. "Suppose Tex comes after you? Suppose he tries to find you?"

"Don't let him," Tamara said. "Tell Janet I said that, will you? I don't want Tex to follow me. It's better this way."

Mike Concannon cleared his throat. "I'll do what I can," he said.

"Thank you, Mike," Tamara said. She leaned forward suddenly and kissed him. "I love you all," she said.

She went quickly down the silent street. He touched the corner of his mouth where she had kissed him and stared after her until she vanished in the purple twilight.

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THE case history of Marshall Lumsden of Ithaca, Michigan, is typical of a sizable group of veterans who face civilian re-establishment with a considerable handicap. Marshall entered the Air Corps at eighteen, did a fine job, and now at twenty-three finds himself in New York City—bewildered, hesitant, and overcautious as to what his next step should be.

He exemplifies a group grabbed off by Uncle Sam in their late teens, only to be sent back into the civilian world in their early twenties. These young men have lost the apprenticeship years which are so necessary for experimentation—the casual period during which the beginner usually tries two or three jobs before finding the right one.

Some agencies, prospective employers, and the public in general just can't see it that way. All they see is an individual taking on a new job, quitting, and then flitting to another one. They unthinkingly condemn such a man without taking the time to understand his anxiety in attempting to find the job that will be best for him in the long run. To do this requires understanding and patience on the part of the interviewer, the employer, and often the veteran's family.

We must all realize that young men such as Marshall Lumsden have been away for some time, and on their return find themselves in a highly competitive market, particularly in the field of specialized employment. Their intentions are serious, and often their choice is hurried only because of their desire to make up for lost time.

While in the services, these vets proved their capabilities by their accomplishments, and they are now deserving of unlimited consideration. *We must be willing to offer them more than one chance.* Time and time again they must be given our respect and support.

Exhibit A

Joseph A. Kroth, in charge of the USES Job Counselors at the Veterans Personnel Division, told me this story: "The untrained boy who went into service at eighteen, spent almost five years in the service, and now comes to us with no business experience is the toughest to place. Employers are unwilling to train these kids except at very low wages. Now such a boy is older and can't afford to work for what they want to pay him. They're not kids any more, but men, and with changed outlooks on life."

* * *

T/4 Joseph Siegel, APO 74, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif. Men enlisting in the Regular Army for the first time must be not less than seventeen years of age, and must not have reached their thirty-fifth birthday. Men under thirty-six may be enlisted if they have had at least three months' service; men under thirty-seven, if they have had at least a year's service; men under thirty-eight, if two years' service; men under thirty-nine, if three years' service; men over forty, if five years' service.

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* * *

Mrs. Mable Hewes Elder, Biloxi, Miss. While it is against our policy to publish requests such as yours, we are making an exception in this case. (NOTE: Mrs. Elder's son, Captain Charles D. Hewes, a P-51 pilot, was taken prisoner by the Germans, placed in Stalag VI-C, Lingen, Germany, on December 18, 1944, and died there February 13, 1945. A communication from any of her son's fellow prisoners would be very much appreciated.)

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, % Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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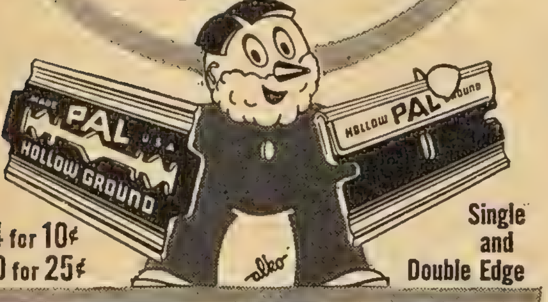

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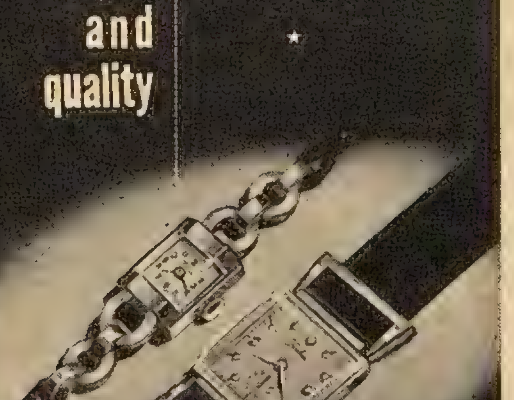

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THE BUSHED PARSON

Continued from Page 49

Cully's hair stood up straight. "I'm—I'm only remembering the sound," he said.

He had spoken out loud, partly to reassure himself, partly because he couldn't help it. Obviously there was only one thing to do.

He hobbled over to the barn, feverishly flung open the door and staggered inside.

A shadow that seemed to have substance filled the stall. Another shadow obliterated the peg. Cully swallowed, hesitated, moved up behind both shadows. Then, in a sudden reckless anger, he raised one hand and slapped it down hard on the gelding's, or the shadow's rump.

"Stand around, you danged old fool!" he said sharply, "an' quiet down."

The gelding had jumped and snorted. The darned horse really was there, bone, skin, heaves, and hair.

As soon as Cully's heart had stopped banging against his ribs he began recalling the odd happenings of the morning.

"I looked in the stall and it looked empty. I stepped in where he should've been, and couldn't if he had o' been. I felt of the danged peg and it was round and smooth in my hand. The hole through the board in the manger, where I tied his halter shank, was just a hole. There was no end of rope dangling down from the knot—on account of there was no knot an' no halter shank to make a knot an' no halter on the horse. And, by the Lord—no horse!" Cully doubled up his fist. "Bushed parson, hell!" he said. "I'm getting bushed myself!"

Cully went to the shack. Putting down his pack and gun, he struck a match and turned toward the oil lamp on the table, lighted the wick and replaced the chimney. Then he started the fire. In a few moments more the teakettle was filled and on the stove.

Well, it was sure good to get home again. He was letting the tea brew, his chair drawn up to the table, when he heard a loud creaking from his bunk. He swung in the chair without getting up. Then he leaped to his feet. His eyes widened, and his lower jaw dropped at the sight that confronted him. The person who was rising from Cully's bunk, fully dressed, was unquestionably the bushed parson. He was taller than Cully by several inches, and Cully was over six feet. He stood straight as a plumb line, long, dark hair falling to his shoulders. It was hair that had been kept combed, Cully could see; it was distinguished-looking hair. So were the mustache and pointed beard and the nose, well shaped and thin.

"I EXPECT I'm intruding here," the bushed parson said.

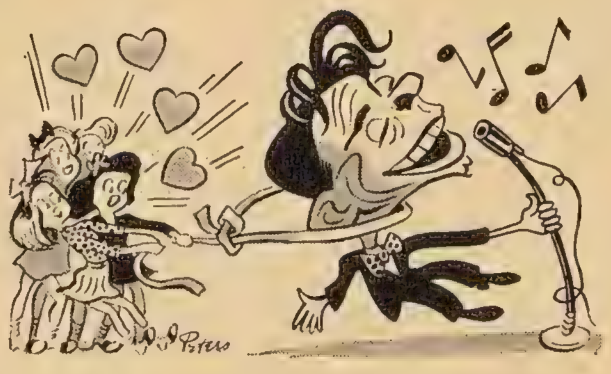
Cully continued to stare at him. So this was McCliver—John Archibald McCliver of Montreal.

"I'd better apologize, I guess," the man continued, almost shyly. "I've been trespassing. I borrowed your horse. But there didn't seem to be anyone here."

"C-come on over and have some tea," Cully gulped. "'S long as you dropped in, we'd better make the best of it." Then he frowned. "Why did you take my horse?"

"I wanted to ride it," McCliver said, stepping forward with dignity and seating himself opposite Cully. "I had an errand to do." A thin smile parted his lips. "I like a good horse, though I prefer a livelier one."

"You're not kidding." Cully



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

SI-KNOT-RA: Good noose for bobby-soxers.

SUBLURBS: Inside dope on the outskirts.

HONEYMOAN: Just married, but only a day's leave.

GENTERTAINMENT: For men only.

OOZE WHO: Book of famous drips.

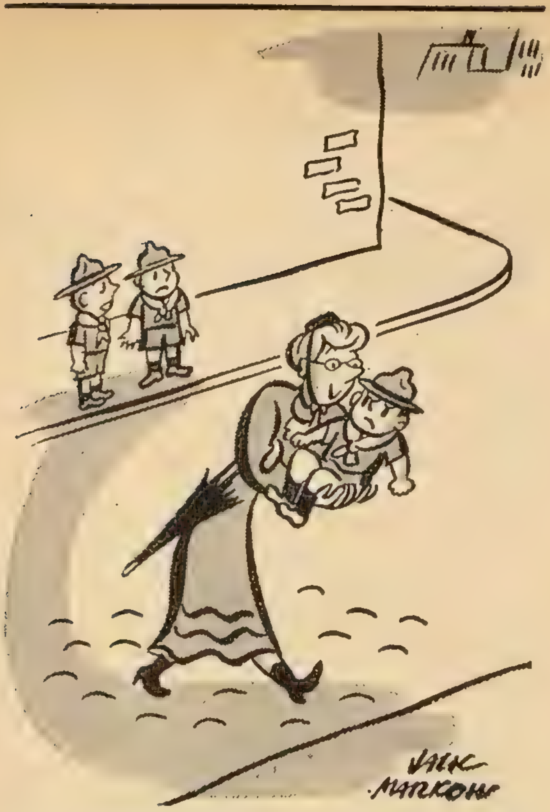
CHLOROFIRM: Company selling anesthetic.

KY-YEN: A desire for red pepper.

ATTIDUDE: "Dandy" pose.

SWIVEL WAR: Fight between chairmen.

YOU'LE: Who'll spend money at Christmastide?



"I guess Herbie will be forced to resign from the troop now." LIBERTY

grinned. "That gelding's been dead on his feet for years." He paused. "Like a little snack with your tea, parson?"

"If you please." McCliver nodded and stroked his beard.

"I don't eat so well myself," Cully apologized. "The boss is supposed to keep me in grub, but I've been three months just managing well as I could."

"Annoying," McCliver said.

"It's a dog-dinged, dirty outrage," Cully growled, warming to his favorite topic. "The agreement was he should come every couple weeks with supplies and my wages and some good papers to read." He stopped talking. McCliver bent his head and seemed to be examining his plate.

"It's clean!" Cully snapped.

McCliver kept his head bowed and said grace. Cully put down his cup, the tea untasted, and fiddled with his thumbs. He kind of liked McCliver. In one respect, at least, Macky hadn't lied to him. The bushed parson was certainly meek and probably harmless. More carefully now, Cully began sizing him up, thinking about the reward. You might say, sitting across the table from you was a cool two thousand bucks, half of which was yours when Macky delivered him over to the Mounted Police and collected the money.

McCLIVER straightened and began to eat, handling himself genteel and polite.

Suddenly he laid his knife and fork down and beamed toward Cully.

"This is very good. Thank you."

"Take all you want," Cully invited. "I've got more. You look sort of hungry."

McCliver nodded. "I am hungry," he said.

Cully rose and put wood on the fire. Two thousand bucks. Half of it his. What he couldn't do with that money! Maybe start up small on a government pre-emption, a few head of cows and some growing ground. He could make a living for himself somehow. That would be better than working for a stingy cuss like Macky.

He resumed his seat at the table and, for the first time, he had a good look into McCliver's eyes. He was startled. Their expression jerked Cully up in his chair. It's like he'd been slated for heaven, he thought, and got booted to hell. That, he reflected, was what makes men mad—trouble in heaps, and disappointment, and friends knifing them.

McCliver said suddenly, "I didn't know anyone lived here until I heard your horse in the barn. The saddle was there. I was tired. I know I shouldn't have taken your horse, but—"

"Forget it!" Cully said.

McCliver looked down at his plate. "I had a letter to send in the post," he explained. "There are Indians at Five-Mile Creek and it occurred to me I could persuade one of them to take it to the settlement. That's why I borrowed your horse."

"Uh-huh," Cully said.

He kept looking at McCliver. McCliver was bushed, poor guy.

He asked impulsively, "Don't you get damn lonely, staying up here?"

McCliver's gaze flicked toward him and dropped.

"There are times," he answered. "Yes, there are times."

Cully growled, "You're danged right there are times. Now you take me, for example. I always like company. This job—"

"One gets used to it," McCliver said.

Cully bit his lip. "If you don't go completely—I mean, if it doesn't wear you down first."

"That's true."

CULLY stared sharply at McCliver. Then he cleared his throat. "You'll be comfortable here. I got an extra blanket."

McCliver shook his head and stood up. "You are very kind. But I must go now."

Cully jerked to his own feet. Two thousand dollars walking out of the door! Not if he could help it.

"No!" he said. "No!"

McCliver forced a smile. "Some other time I'll be glad to. Not tonight."

Cully held grimly to the back of his chair. McCliver had stepped away from the table and stood, tall and straight, that expression in his eyes.

Cully said, "Wait till it's lighter, anyway. You aren't in that much of a hurry."

"I must go now."

The bushed parson started for the door.

"Wait!" Cully said. "Listen! I don't feel right about this. I don't want

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you to go yet. Why, we've just started to get acquainted like."

"Some other time," McCliver said. He paused, turned toward Cully, and offered his hand.

"If you enjoy reading, I'll fetch you a book."

The sweat stood out on Cully's face. The slight pressure of the parson's fingers, the friendly gesture, the considerate way he spoke left Cully uncertain and confused. McCliver wasn't the sort of guy one felt like grabbing and hurling to the floor. His kind was hard to get tough with, not because he was so tall and strong, but because he was so trustful.

"A book!" Cully said. "That's fine. I'll be glad to get it. When can you come?"

"Fairly soon, I think."

"I've got a checkerboard," Cully said. "We could split an evening between that and just wagging our jaws."

The parson's face grew brighter. "Look!" he said. "Do you play chess?"

"I'm not what you'd call an expert," Cully confessed. "But I can sit in."

"Good! I'll bring my chessmen."

"Don't forget," Cully said. His voice sounded husky. "I've been sore put to pass my evenings, parson. Lately I've been playing one-man checkers."

"Interesting," the parson commented. "I must try that myself."

"You've got to be both sides fair and equal," Cully warned him. "Otherwise it won't work."

"I can see that."

"No matter how bad personally you want to win, you mustn't take advantage. Last week I beat hell out of me twice."

The parson laughed.

"What do you call your opponent?" he asked.

Cully flushed. "Mabel," he said. "Not because I'm so fond of the ladies, you understand, but I might be tempted to cheat a man."

They shook hands again. "You've been very kind to me," the bushed parson said. "I will never forget it."

Suddenly he was gone. He went so fast Cully stood in the breeze of the door, flabbergasted, wondering.

Slowly Cully closed the door. I could have held that man and cashed in, he reflected. The trouble is, he's such an upstanding, likable feller.

Grumbling, at odds with himself, Cully blew out the light and turned in. He couldn't sleep. How could a man sleep when he was torn two ways, for and against the bushed parson? Macky had said McCliver would be better off in a home, but would he? When you heard him talk, saw the wandering outdoors spirit in him, and thought of him cramped up somewhere in a two-by-four room, whether he was crazy or not, it just didn't seem fair.

Cully rose and sat on the edge of the bunk. Maybe the brother figured by getting the parson under his thumb, he could be made administrator or trustee of McCliver's estate and that way help himself. Or maybe, Cully considered, clamping his jaws, that Macky and the half brother had thrown everything to the winds in their eagerness and greed over McCliver's money. Murder—you could see it coming—and how it could be fixed, both of them claiming the bushed parson had attacked them in a mad rage and how it was his life or theirs. And you could see how the Mountie, knowing from experience how bushed folks behaved, wouldn't be suspicious of them.

Cully rose and dressed. Lighting a lantern, he went to the barn and saddled up.

Then he spoke to the gelding. "We'll be down at the ranch before noon," he said, "to collect our wages, then tell that lying, bushwhacking old scoundrel we've quit."

CULLY rode home again before nightfall, an angry gleam in his eye, two skinned knuckles on one hand, and three hundred dollars tucked away in his hip pocket and neatly secured with a horse-blanket pin. The gray gelding, which Macky had thrown in by way of interest but not without compulsion, pricked up its ears and nickered when it saw the sod-roofed shack and swaybacked barn. Farther on, over the ranging

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hills, where the blue of evening cuddled close to the ground, the Hackapos towered. Flicking weary eyes at them, Cully shook his head and hurried to put up his horse.

He thought, I can stand it a few more days alone before I go looking for a job. The job can wait till I warn the bushed parson.

Hunting strays, waiting day after day for a boss who never came—well, that was all over now. The shack was his as long as he cared to stay. One could live here, free as air, untroubled, if only he could be calm. One had to understand that silence wasn't sound, even though it seemed to whisper and hum and try, at certain scary moments, to speak to you out loud.

Cully strode into the shack and cooked up a meal. He ate it and went to bed.

FOUR days he lived in the sight of the Hackapos. Four days he waited for the bushed parson. Without regular work, a man couldn't sleep. Without sleep, waiting all the time, expecting to hear a friendly step on the stoop, your nerves got jumpy. Then your eyes twitched. A man could stand just so much and no more.

One night, Cully ate his supper cold.

He had a peculiar feeling that this would be the night.

"He ought to be along tonight," he said.

Now he could hear the bushed parson walking up to the door. Twice he heard him. But the yard was empty, no sign, no sound, only the sight of the Hackapos with their dripping jaws, the slow seeping away of the light and a tucked-in terrible brooding.

"I'll have to play a game with Mabel," Cully said, and fetched out his checkerboard.

They each made three moves, Cully owning the red disks and Mabel the black. He didn't want the black. The red was more cheerful if you could keep out of your mind what it sometimes meant and thought of roses instead.

On the fourth move, which was Mabel's, you saw that you had missed a jump. Now she could jump you. She did, twice, and got to the king row.

Now she had one king and you didn't have any. But you would fix her after her next move, you guiding her hand.

Cully turned the board around and sat facing the black. There was Mabel's empty chair. The bushed parson walked in quietly and sat down on it.

I'm not fooled, Cully thought, but I must be calm. I'll have to reason this out. I've got to hold myself.

His voice was unsteady. "Is that you, parson?"

"Yes," the parson answered.

But how far could you trust a voice? Cully's arm stole across the table. His hand was stopped by an-

What to do FOR COLDS

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS		LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

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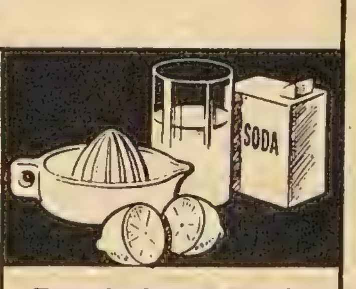
At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

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other and it slipped into his. Slowly Cully stood up.

"It's you, parson!" he said, a little wildly. "As sure as shooting, you're standing right over there looking at me!"

"Steady!" the bushed parson said. "You're all right, old man. I walked straight in. I suppose I should have knocked."

Cully's knees stopped clanking together. "You don't need to knock on my door," he said. "Not you! I've been waiting to tell you something. My real job up here was hunting you, parson. A reward of two thousand dollars was offered by your half brother in Montreal, and I was to catch you and split half with Macky. But last time, after I talked with you, somehow it didn't seem like you ought to be put away in an asylum. I was afraid Macky and your brother weren't acting on the square.

"I follow my hunches—so I went right down, had it out with Macky, and quit."

The bushed parson smiled. "That was very decent of you," he said. "I'm glad you told me. I know there was talk about having me confined. That couldn't be done. My mind is clear and strong. I've proved that, here, in the bush alone."

Cully shivered. "You wouldn't want any better proof."

The parson continued, "My half brother and your Mr. Macky knew that. Their plan to have me captured was more sinister. However, there will be no more hunting. I have directed my attorney to notify my brother of a change in the will. He will inherit nothing."

"Swell!" Cully said. "Wonderful! Now we can spend the evening together and not worry about a thing."

A warming light stole into McCliver's eyes. He placed a hand on Cully's shoulder. "I brought the chessmen and several good books," he said. "I'll help you finish this game of checkers."

"That's fine."

"Look here," McCliver said suddenly. "Why not come over and live with me?"

"With you?" Cully gasped.

McCliver nodded. "Why not? We could fish, hunt, play chess, and read books. Enjoy ourselves. Nor will you lose your promised thousand dollars, my friend. In fact, if your desire is to be wealthy, I could make you so, although I'd rather not. Back in the Hackapos I've found a gold deposit. I am content to go there only for the employment it gives me, when I feel the urge for man's primitive occupation—work."

"I'LL be jiggered," Cully said. "Gold mine. A job. I tell you, parson, it would suit me right down to the ground." He paused, studying McCliver's face. "Are you happy up here? Don't you ever want to go back?"

"Happiness is exuberant joy," the parson answered. "In that sense, I am not happy and never shall be. Back there, I would be unhappy and not even content—as I am here."

"I think I get you," Cully said. "You're free and unhindered and at peace in your mind."

"Exactly," the parson said.

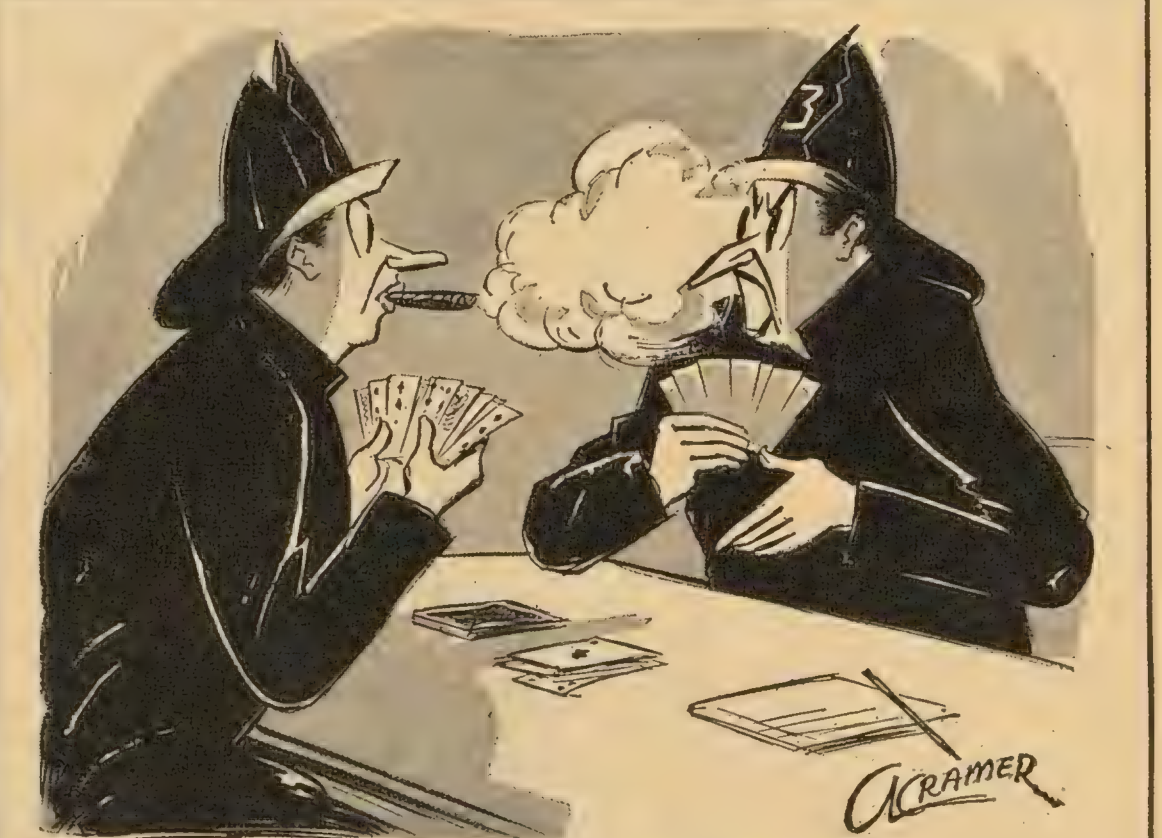
"It's good you can take it," Cully mused. "I near got bushed myself."

"Don't let that worry you." The parson's voice was reassuring and kind. "A man, stronger-minded than we are, could easily succumb unless he had some strong, fixed purpose ruling his life."

Cully grinned. The parson smiled.

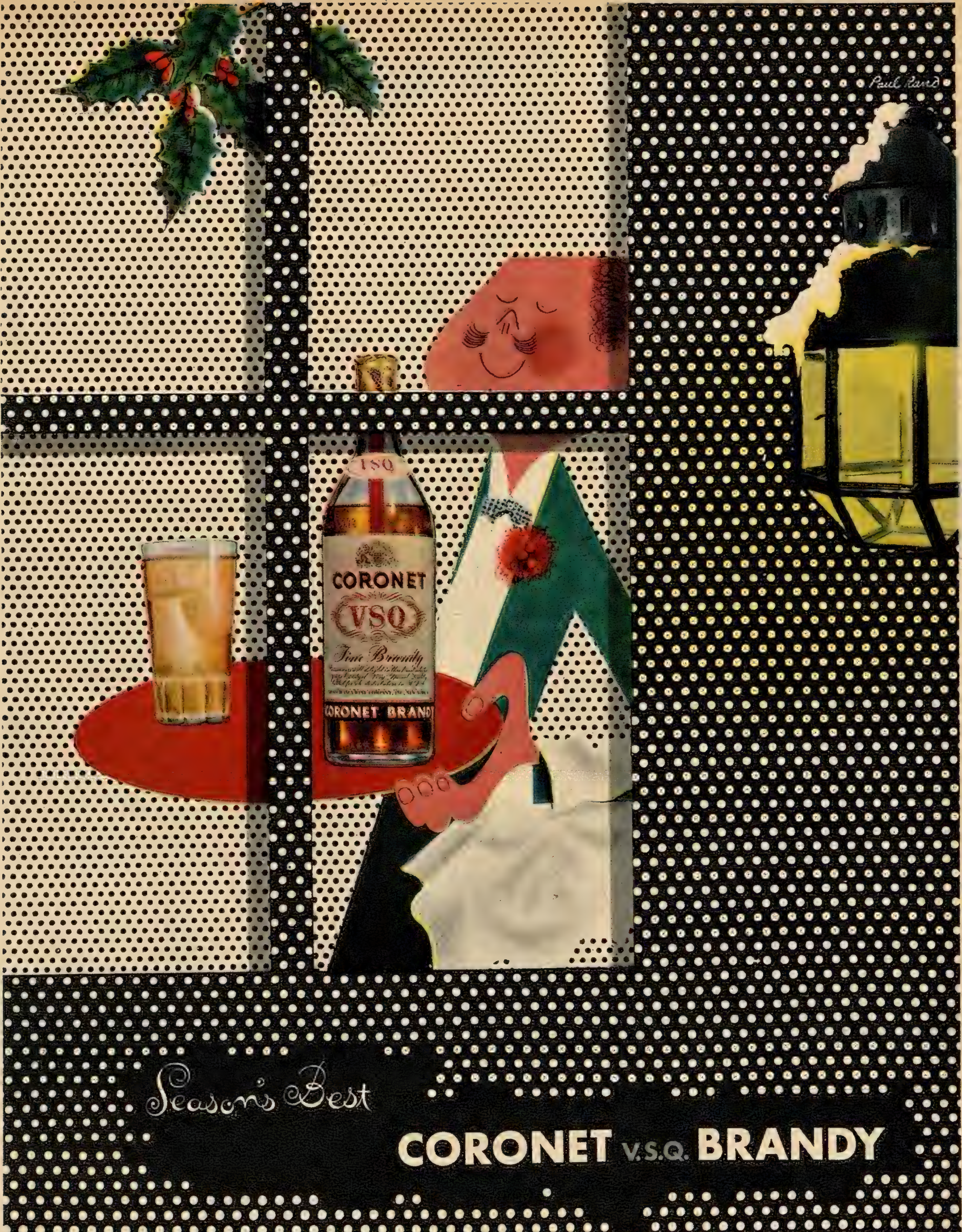
I need him and he needs me, Cully thought. I don't know who needs the other most—me or the bushed parson.

THE END



"Blast you, stop blowing smoke in my face!"

LIBERTY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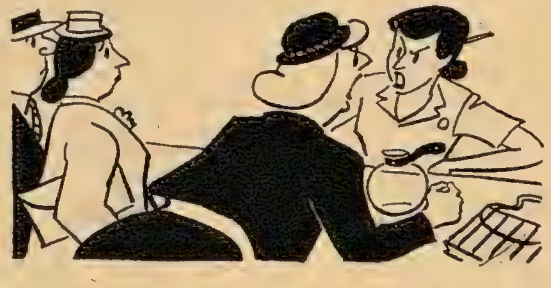
BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

Woman-Talk

CROSS-COUNTER CRAB MEET: As more and more goods become available, salesclerks have to go back to doing a real selling job, instead of condescending to wait on customers. But courtesy and consideration on *both* sides of the counter would be better for all concerned. Not long ago I witnessed a cross-counter duel of words between a customer and clerk that lost a sale and delayed service. It started when a customer took a silex coffee maker apart to show the clerk which part she wanted as a replacement. As she wrenched at it, the clerk asked her to stop; all she needed to do was point out the section she wanted. The customer would not be dissuaded, and when the clerk impatiently remonstrated, there was a strident retort to the effect that the clerk would not hold her job long if she didn't learn to hold her tongue. To which the clerk replied shrilly, "You don't need to worry about *my* job. Just look after your own business." And so on and on, while a growing audience shifted from foot to foot. When the bellicose customer finally departed, *without* a purchase, the clerk continued to waste time and energy sputtering, and doubtless neither the customer nor the clerk enjoyed lunch that day.



IRATE READER: A smoldering letter has just scorched its way east from Mrs. Louise Howard of Indianapolis: "Your recent article on women's shorts has been griping me for days. You say shorts should not be manufactured in sizes larger than 16. There are few enough clothes made for us larger women. And how about us farm women (size 40) that wear shorts to clean the cow barn or the chicken house? Do you know how hot it gets in a kitchen when you are canning food? Did you ever get down on your hands and knees to scrub a kitchen floor? If so, then you know it is much easier to wash skin than it is a dress or even slacks." Sister, I apologize! What a woman wears on the home grounds is her own business. But I still cleave to the opinion that shorts and slacks worn in public are unbecoming to large bodies of women.

SUN AND FUN: American fabric houses contributed handsomely to the success of Frances Sider's resort collection of beach and play fashions. Brilliantly dyed screen prints dramatized shirred and molded silhouettes that looked ravishing on the models. Several swim suits appeared in pairs—one-piecers, covering the stomach but leaving space for several vertebrae to wink at the sun, and two-piecers with the whole midriff bare. One of the prettiest ensembles was of Everfast waffle piqué in an apple print. Especially wearable were the one- and two-piece suits of Skinner satin, also the double-duty vacation clothes. These comprised outfits that looked downright formal when worn in their entirety, and could go shopping, or cocktailing at the club. Then, presto, off with the skirt, and there danced a play suit to wear on the beach or tennis court. The commentator may have let herself go a bit, but she wasn't far off when she described a dining pajama outfit of Celanese jersey in a tiger-lily print as a "whirlwind of sequins, jersey, and genius."

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

See, in yonder brassiére
Something precious, something rare,
For which our wartime need was drastic—
An inch of genuine elastic!

SNOW BABIES: Pretty and practical for winter sports were the ski clothes shown by a large New York store (Macy) recently at a luncheon at the Ritz. Red poplin wind-resistant trousers were mated with a blue poplin jacket, topped off by a red poplin helmet. A festive skating costume involved a green jersey circular skirt and black velvet corselet laced with red. Rugged individualists who like warm hands, head, and ankles might add the black-fox mittens and spats and the black felt pixie hat.

HE SHOULD WORRY!

Continued from Page 23

a chauffeur because he says he can't afford to.

Once, he was sounding off to Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien, fellow graduates of the hard way, about his headaches with the Dr. Jekyll role. When he stopped moaning, Cagney asked, "What do you do when you play Hyde—relax?"

Tracy comes of Irish-colonial-American stock, but speaks of himself as a sentimental Irishman, and likes to surround himself with Hibernians. For the past ten years he has attended weekly reunions with Cagney and O'Brien. They dub themselves the Irishmen's Club, and breeze about old hard times.

His studio companions find him friendly or distant, moody or happy, and predictably unpredictable. When the green light is burning on Tracy's stage, the young actors, like Judy Garland, Keenan Wynn, and Van Johnson, crowd around for laughs. Other days, Tracy locks the set. On one occasion Billy Grady, M-G-M casting man, found that the red light meant absolutely *nobody* on the Tracy Jekyll-Hyde set. In his red-plaid-and-maple portable dressing room later, Tracy found a huge ham and a loaf of bread, his face pasted on the ham, compliments of Grady. Tracy grins at such japes.

Both Tracy and his studio stablemate, Clark Gable, started to stardom with the same part, that of Killer Mears in The Last Mile—Tracy from the original New York company, Gable from a road company in Los Angeles.

Their careers have been twin flowers in the M-G-M bower of dollars. Tracy calls Gable the Moose, or King; Gable retorts with the Donkey Man, or Happy. By the time Gable and Tracy were teamed in Boom Town and Test Pilot, friendly rivalry was raging. Later, when everybody raved about Tracy's death agonies in Test Pilot, Gable cried, "Why shouldn't he be good? The so-and-so took four reels to die in!"

Of his face, Tracy says characteristically, "I'm not handsome and I can prove it!"

THIS rough, tough softy was born in a Milwaukee apartment house, said to be on the right side of the tracks, on April 5, 1900. His father, John Tracy, hoped the boy would succeed him in the trucking business. His mother, Mrs. Carrie Brown Tracy, of Revolutionary stock, wanted him to be a priest. (One of Tracy's aunts was a nun: Sister Mary Perpetuum of Buffalo.)

Of his early schooling, painfully absorbed in seventeen parochial schools, he says: "I never would have gone to school if there'd been any other way of learning to read movie subtitles."

He was seventeen and unwillingly in high school when the first World

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War came along. The Marines turned him down, so he joined the Navy. His older brother, Carol, who has managed him ever since, enlisted too. "Somebody's got to keep Spence out of the brig," he said.

Spence served a hitch at Bluff Island, Illinois, when a young tar named Jack Benny began sawing his violin in barracks. Later, Tracy invaded Norfolk, Virginia, where he fought the Battle of Norfolk in a whaleboat.

WITH thirty dollars a month government schooling money, Tracy entered Ripon College in Wisconsin, intent on becoming a plastic surgeon. One Professor Boody of the English department is responsible for the Great Sufferer. He got Spence to take up debating, which led to college shows, which led to fame. Tracy finally walked out of Ripon, which has since made him a Doctor of Dramatic Arts, just as Rockhurst School has made him an honorary lifetime alumnus for attending briefly. He wound up in a New York drama school, where his fellow Milwaukeean, Bill (now Pat) O'Brien, joined him. The two student mummers lived in a theatrical boardinghouse on pretzels, boiled rice, and water when the money gave out, which was constantly.

Tracy stuck it out until things got so tough he missed eight meals in a row. Then he quit the acting school and became a faceless robot in the Theater Guild's R.U.R. at ten dollars a week. Later, he chiseled a line and got a five-dollar raise. He got other lines in other plays and graduated to a stock company.

He met leading lady Louise Treadwell during a mutual White Plains, New York, stock engagement. They married soon after, between a matinee and evening performance with Stuart Walker's Stock Company in Cincinnati. He was twenty-two, looked forty-two.

While parts at fifty dollars a week weren't hard to get, they didn't last long because of the short life of most of the plays. In between, Tracy sold pianos and was an auctioneer. When Ethel Barrymore cast him for A Royal Fandango, Tracy thought he was in. But a critic wrote that Tracy looked as if he'd been picked by the property man. In those days he had a solitary blue suit. It became so familiar around Broadway that a manager, annoyed at Tracy, yelled, "That ham! Why, I practically picked him up out of the gutter with his one blue suit which he is still wearing!"

One evening his father dropped into the dressing room after a show in which Spencer had quite a part. Spencer asked him how he liked it. Tracy, Sr., spoke with characteristic Tracy bluntness: "Son, I just sat there thinking about that new five-ton truck we just got. I couldn't help thinking you'd look right in the driver's seat."

"I found the ice bag, dear."
LIBERTY

Sometime later George M. Cohan gave Spencer a part in a play called Yellow, which took Tracy out of the red. It was a hit, and eventually he got the lead in The Last Mile. For this, Hollywood awarded him a one-picture contract. It was called Up the River. But the minute shooting ceased, Tracy collected his check and rejoined The Last Mile company in Chicago. His wife wrote a sister that, "Spencer doesn't photograph well; we don't think there is much chance for enough salary to make it worth while to leave the stage. So for the present we are just forgetting about the movies."

However, Fox immediately tagged him with a long-term contract starting in January, 1931. With rising wages, Tracy's cynicism increased. Dubbed the Fox Bad Boy, he'd go A.W.O.L. from the lot for weeks. Then on the eve of a despairing return to Broadway, M-G-M signed him.

AS Tracy's artistic security increased with such films as Fury, his personal insecurity kept pace. To escape from self-nagging, he took the late Will Rogers' advice and went in for polo. Though afraid of horses, he stuck it out till his friend Pat Roark was killed a few years ago, and the studio clapped down a no-polo clause on him.

Tracy turned to sailing and deep-sea fishing from his forty-foot ketch, the Carrie B. There also was a period when he bought a two-year-old named April Folly and planned a racing stable. When April—she was born on April 1—ran in the money (once), Tracy's friends abused him for not advising them to bet on her. When she ran out (forever after), they bet on her and abused Tracy for not warning them. So he retired the Folly, went in for dirt farming,

(Continued on page 100)

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when travel-minded America takes off again

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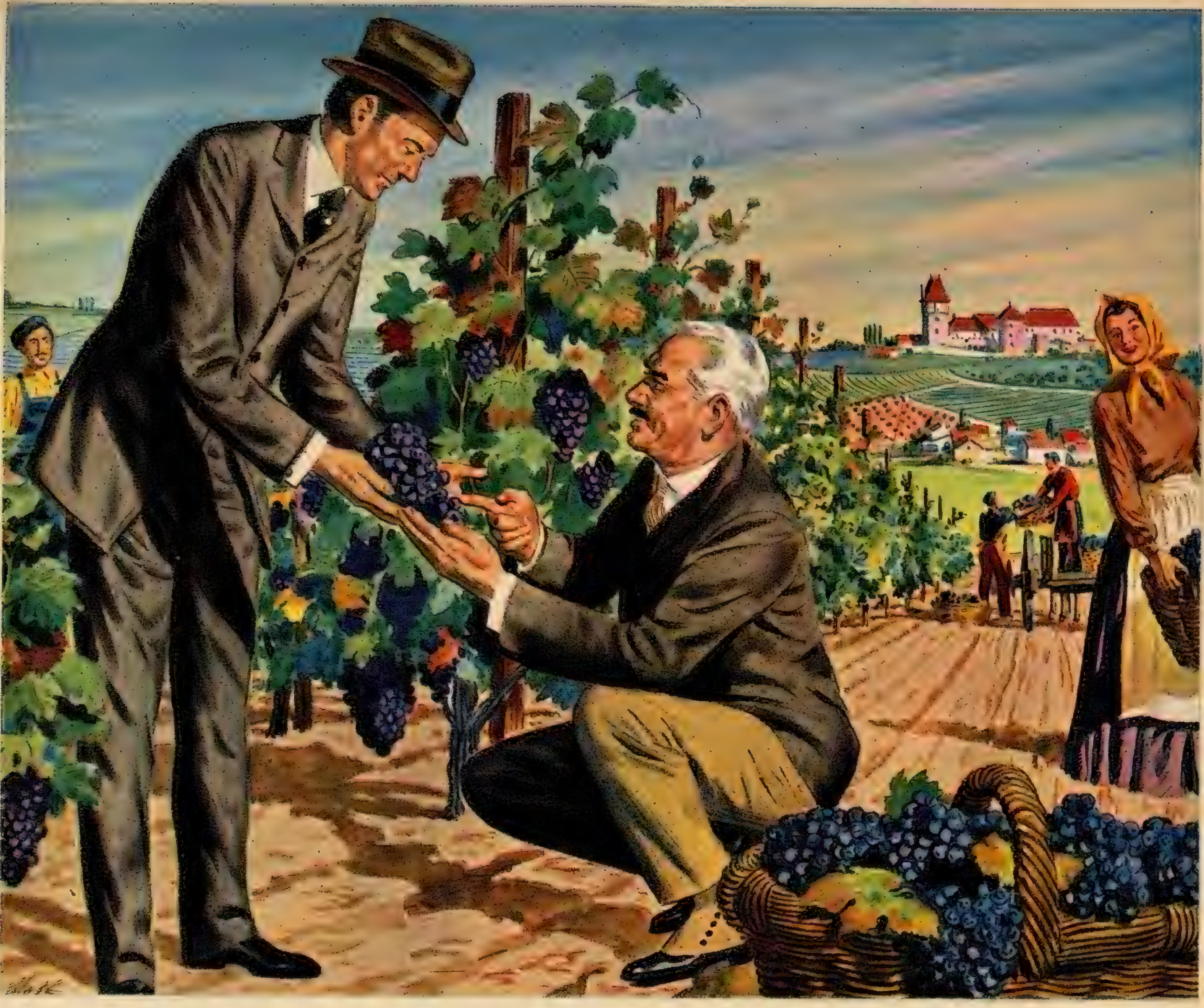

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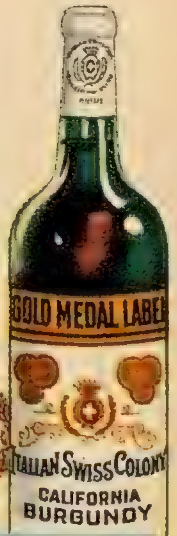
Enjoy, too, Italian Swiss Colony's fine dessert wines . . . such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Any one a happy choice . . . for any occasion.



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Wines with a past — for your pleasure today

Serve with macaroni or any paste
. . . . . makes the meal complete

GENERAL OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO

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(*Continued from page 98*)

Chinese-chicken raising, daily gym workouts, and other more personal sports.

Of his trade secrets, Tracy confides, "I'd like to say I have a theory about acting. I don't. It's just that I was born a sentimental Irishman and I play the parts the way they react on me."

His habit of throwing lines away he credits to George M. Cohan; his low mutter, to his having had to either pitch his voice down or burn it out in his auctioneering career; and his underplaying, to the old gal in O'Neill's Beyond the Horizon, who sat and rocked through the play, saying nothing but gradually dominating it.

The Mother Machree look is natural; and he won't use makeup. He memorizes his lines in a couple of readings.

The Tracy fan mail reflects the moral uplift of his screen life and often bothers him. Ninety per cent of it is from women, not the bobby-soxers but the substantial begirdled type. Millions believed he was the Fathers Mullins and Flannagan, and he got letters from atheists who had reformed.

Each film brings its peculiar reaction. After Captains Courageous he was invited to cross the Atlantic in a thirty-four-foot homemade boat with the owner, aged sixty-two, and sound as a dollar. "He saw you in the picture," said Gable. "He's trying to get you out in the Atlantic alone." After Test Pilot, an ex-Army officer offered to fly the Atlantic with Tracy in a prewar low-wing monoplane, saying, "The publicity value of your presence would repay me for the slight risk involved." A federal prisoner at Leavenworth has offered to take Tracy straight to buried treasure in the Caribbean, but first, Tracy must get him out of jail. Where Gable is invited to girls' schools, Tracy gets prison bids.

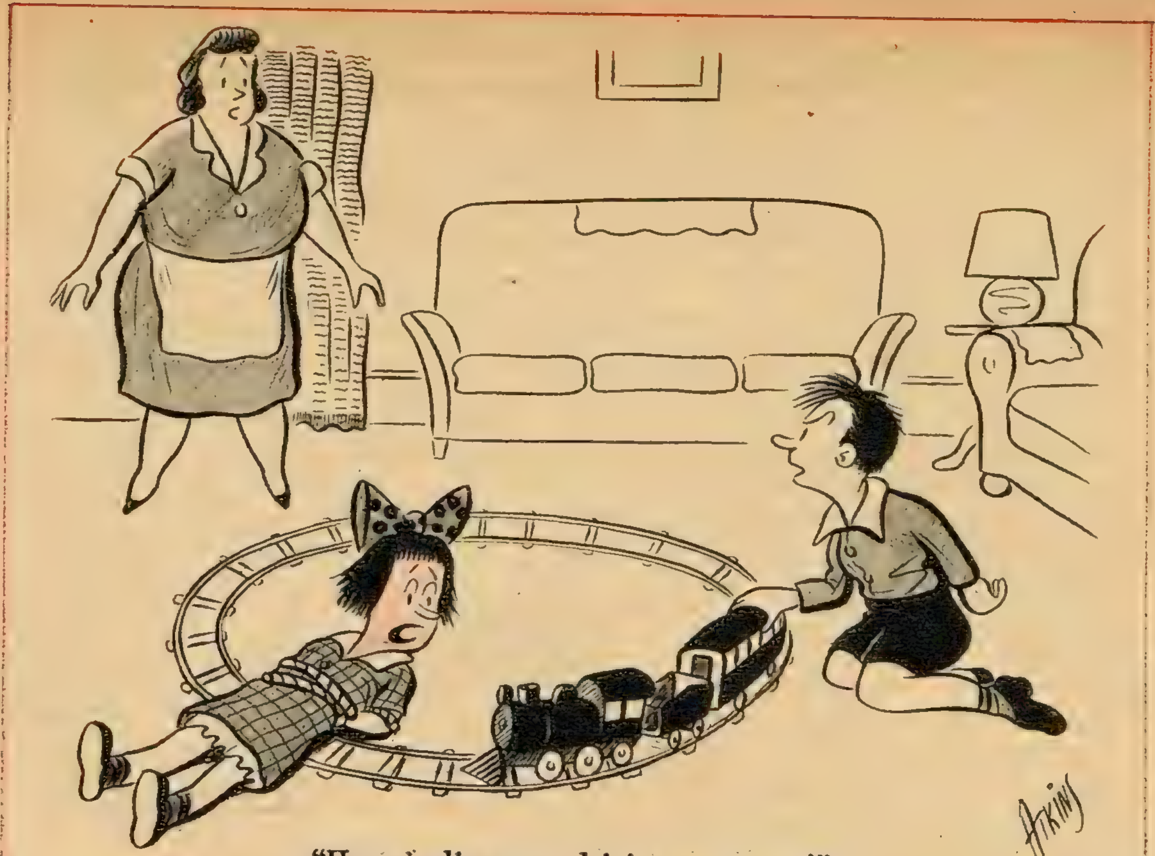
Tracy's normal wanderlust has been throttled by chain picture-making assignments. Once he got as far as Cuba, was mobbed, and hastily retreated home. After seven false starts, he visited England a few years back, where they fought the Battle of Waterloo over him at the station of the same name. The crowd nearly trampled Toscanini to death. He had come over on the same boat but was unrecognized.

Tracy fled to Ambassador Joe Kennedy's country place, where he played tennis to regain his strength for a crack at Paris. The French dubbed him Le Galopin (Street Urchin) de Milwaukee. Most Tracy junkets have been trips to New York, from which he returns telling stories about oldsters who have disappeared from the Lambs Club, and about youngsters who give him the Brooklyn burp when they find the autograph they've snagged with difficulty is that of Spencer Tracy.

SUCH items give Tracy much satisfaction. Once a boy disengaged himself from an admiring crowd and kicked Tracy hard on the shins, then yelled, "Gee, he's just as tough as he is in pictures!"

Tracy's son, Johnny, now nineteen, born deaf and stricken with infantile paralysis when six, has fought his way to health. Johnny's quite an athlete and cartoonist today, runs a small paper that Tracy'd write more for except it cuts in on his worrying time.

When Woman of the Year opened, Johnny wrote his father that he and some companions had had trouble getting into New York's Music Hall to see it. "We all liked it all right, but, boy!—was the Tarzan picture down Broadway neat!"



"Her giggling was driving me crazy!"

LIBERTY

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Suzy Tracy's twelve, the freckled image of her dad.

Tracy has never gotten enough to eat since his lean years. He'll eat anything any time. His favorite food is chocolate cake surmounted by chocolate ice cream and chocolate sauce.

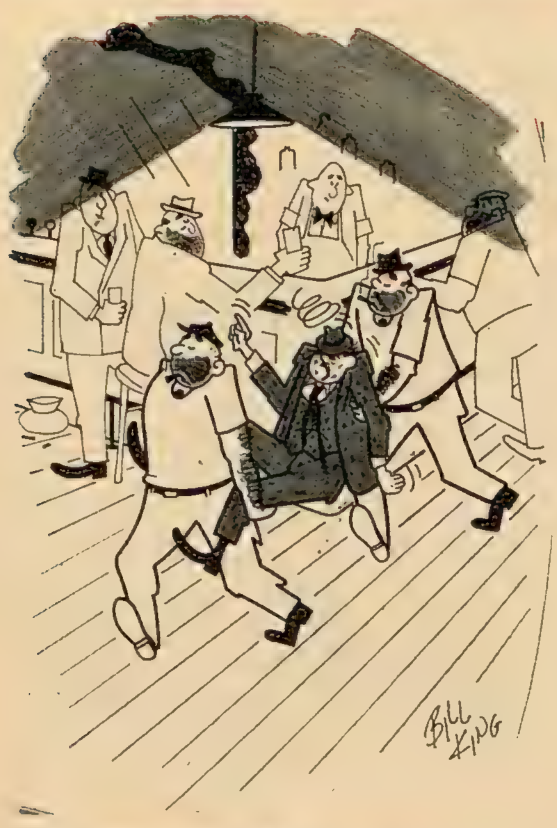
This he can take twice a day in addition to five regular meals.

When he gets above his normal 175 pounds, he tries diets like six bananas a day, plus three glasses of milk, or cottage cheese and matzoths. He sticks to these routines with Tracy tenacity, except that he fills in between meals with something called Strawberry Nut Fudge Maryann.

A HEADACHE to his press agents, Tracy will open up occasionally, but always with the admonition that "this is strictly off the record." Possibly he is thinking of the time when the press publicized his deep friendship with Loretta Young. And he can't abide candid cameramen. A still cameraman once climbed the catwalks over a sound stage and got Tracy's picture. "That night," says the actor's trainer, Pat Elsey, "it took about two hours to rub the kinks out of his muscles—he was that tense."

Tracy likes Brahms, reads omnivorously, and will sit for hours before paintings. He collects Lincolnisms, and knows Sandburg's Lincoln almost by heart. He changes shirts, always white, three times a day, and wears shoes a size too large for him. He likes practical jokes. When he sends a 190-pound marlin he's caught to Gable's dressing room with a note to "Top this, or I'll make you eat it!" he explains, "It's the Irish in me." His inability to stomach pretense or get phony about himself he blames on "my colonial blood."

THE END



"One more crack like that, pal, and . . ."

LIBERTY

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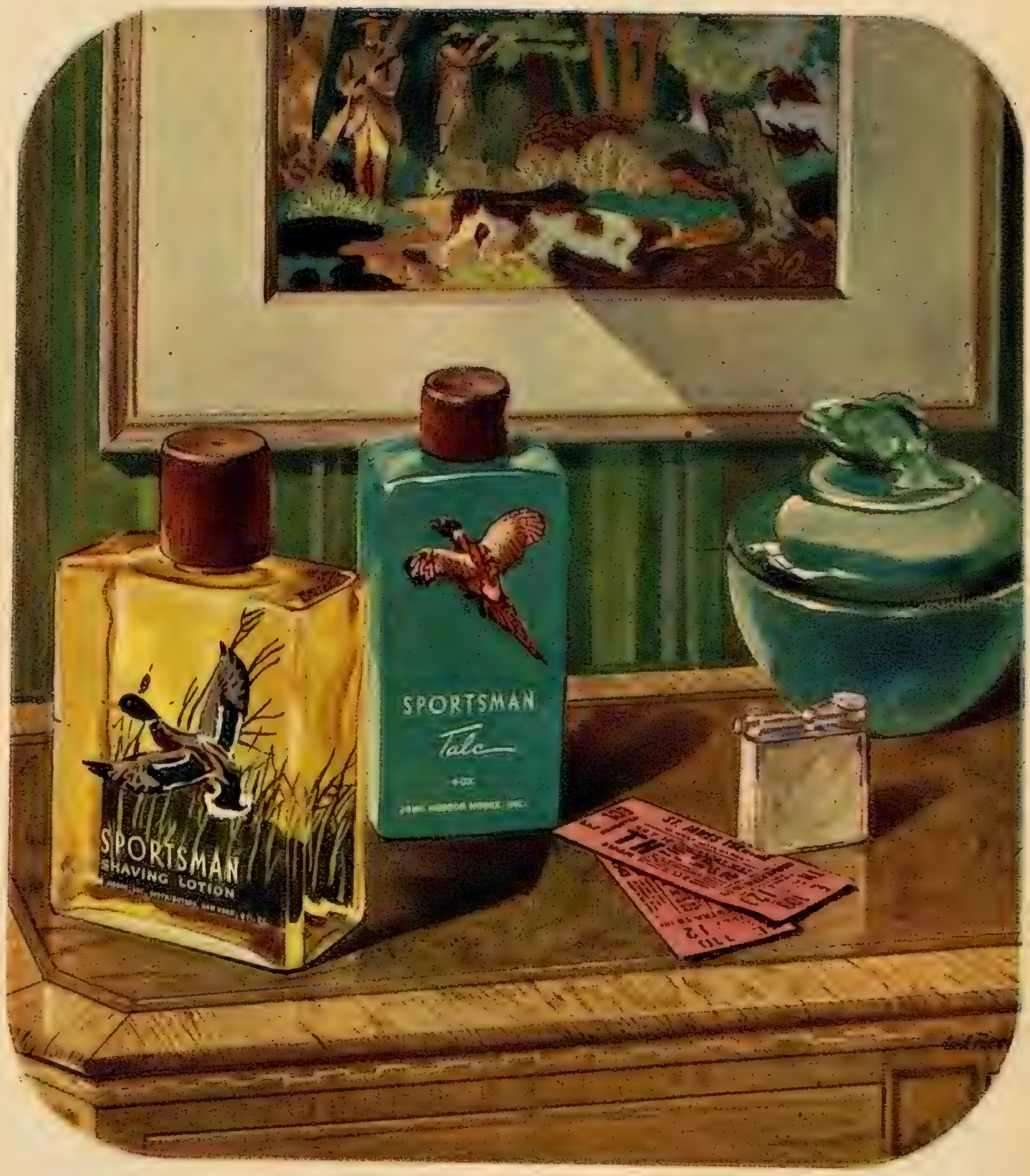

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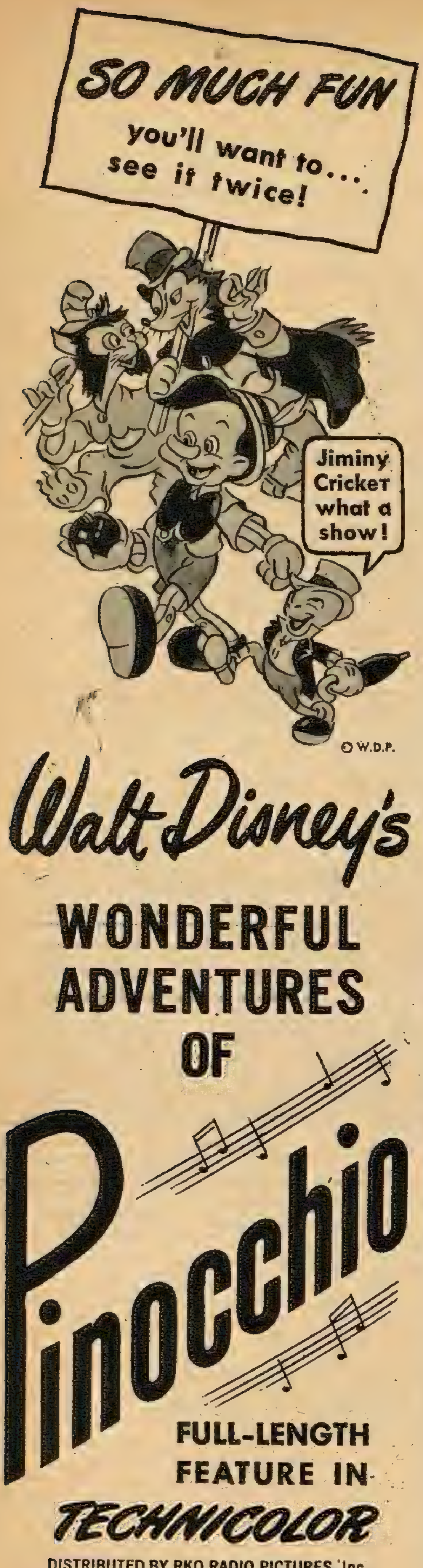
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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Boyer's been beaten up by a friend of Bacall—and the "Look" gets a look.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT

(Warner Brothers)
Lauren Bacall, Charles Boyer, Katina Paxinou, Peter Lorre

THE male and female of the species known as "Look" get together in this opus. Yes, Boyer and Bacall are the handsome duo who manage to keep their photoelectric beams uncrossed throughout Confidential Agent.

Go back to the Civil War in Spain. Boyer, a composer, is sent to England to buy coal for the Spanish Republicans. Bacall is (fancy this!) the Honorable Rose Cullen, daughter of Lord Benditch, coal magnate. This highly imaginative piece of casting reminds one of the time Jean Harlow played Lady Something-or-other in Hell's Angels. Lauren's conception of British dialogue is a chopped monotone. But never mind, she's a fine-looking filly.

Matching wits against the feckless musician gone political is a scabrous crew of villains—notably Victor Francen, Katina Paxinou, and Peter Lorre. They OPPOSE the republic, and go to extreme lengths to rub out its agent, the steely-minded yet tender M. Boyer.

The best performance of this stand-out cast is that of Wanda Hendrix, who plays a fourteen-year-old servant in Paxinou's London hotel. Some of the deeper drama of the film is reflected in this little girl's piquant face. It's her first picture and she should have a big future.

Confidential Agent gets off to a rather slow start. Matter of fact, the pace doesn't ever quicken much. With its reams of talent and with all London to be spooky in, Agent has all the ingredients of a "sensation," but somehow it stops just short. Perhaps it's because the Spanish Civil War is not yet history, yet is no longer news.

Menace Lorre and double-menace Paxinou gang up on the little cockney (Wanda Hendrix).

BY HELEN PARKER

California climate is so sultry.

FALLEN ANGEL

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Alice Faye

WITH Fallen Angel, the cycle of tough, cynical murder meller-drammers which began with Double Indemnity is now completed, or should be. At least it's true that the San Francisco background has been worked and reworked. It's high time the Chamber of Commerce put up a beef against the cinematic ruling that all the tawdry people in the country live near the Golden Gate.

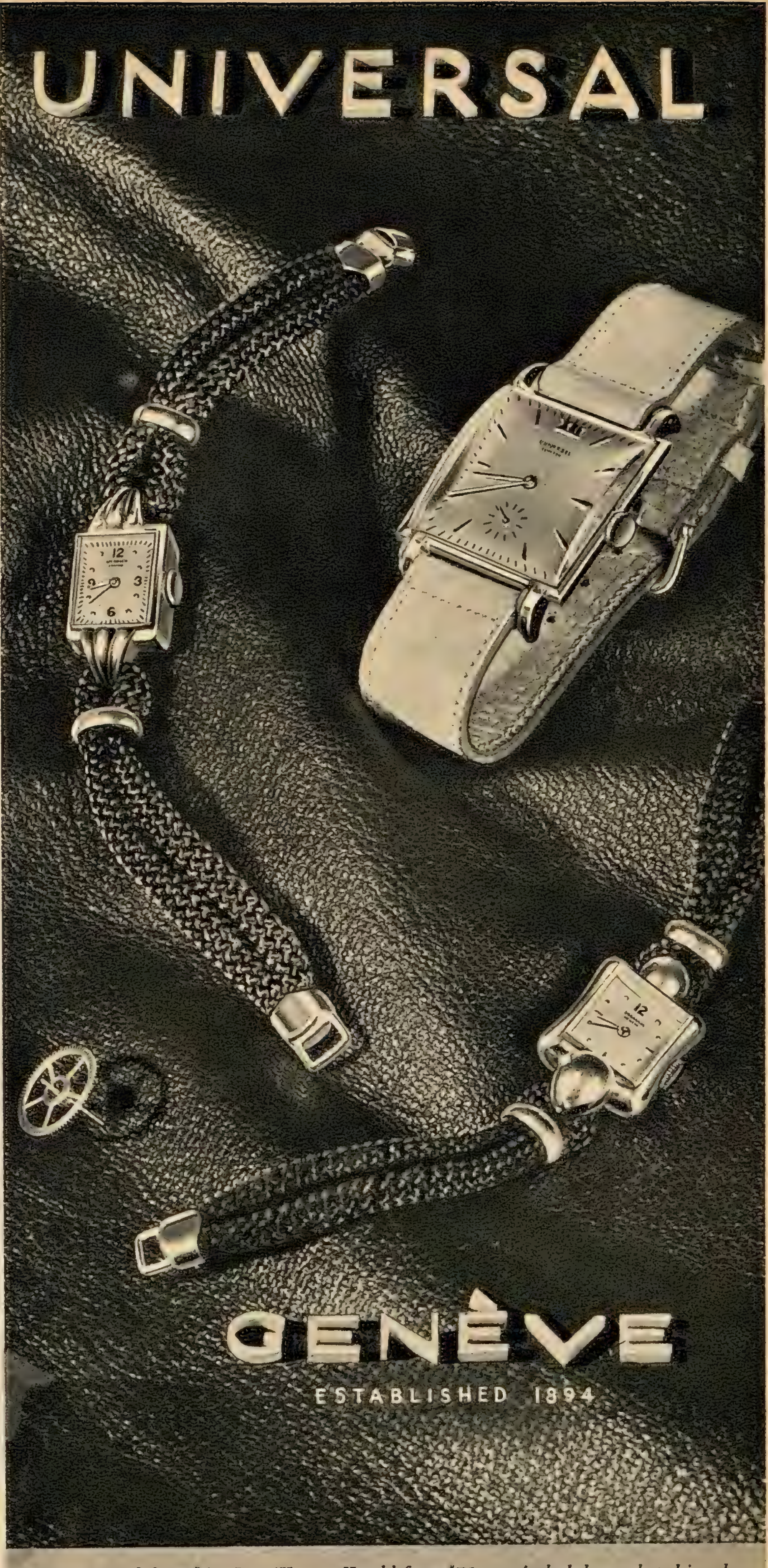
To begin the sordid saga, we establish Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell as a pair of combustibles whose passion requires only the spark of a large sum of money to set it off. He's broke. She's a waitress in a water-front beanery, and her philosophy demands that she snarl at everybody until she gets a wedding ring on her finger.

Enter Alice Faye, cast as a highly moral, highly intellectual church organist who shares a sizable bank account with her sister-companion-guardian, Anne Revere. Andrews casts his gimlet eye on the $25,000. Unfortunately, it becomes necessary to marry the gullible blonde to get hold of the dough. Then, on their wedding night, Linda is murdered.

The route from here on in is a circuitous one toward proving Andrews' innocence and extracting true love from his unseemly marriage. Recommended to those whose appetite for the Raymond Chandler-type story is insatiable.

PICTURES TO WATCH FOR

SPELLBOUND (Selznick). Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck. Psycho-thriller.
SARATOGA TRUNK (Warners). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. Ferber's romance.
SPANISH MAIN (RKO). Maureen O'Hara, Paul Henreid. Love and Piracy.
LOST WEEKEND (Paramount). Ray Milland, Jane Wyman. Diary of an alcoholic.
BLITHE SPIRIT (Noel Coward). Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford. Mystic jinks.



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THE HEART OF A VIPER

Continued from Page 41

dignity, "we strive for the ultra in word and deed. But what about tycoons?"

Briefly I relate the Sims incident. Al shakes his head.

"Beware, Freddy," he says, "of Greeks bearing gifts. In my considered opinion, Culberson Sims has a sly mind and the heart of a viper. And do you deem it wise to leave him alone with your girl?"

I stare at the man. "With you, Al," I says, "suspicion amounts to a maniac. Listen! Culberson Sims is a solid citizen and a shrewd picker of men. But even his own mother would admit that, socially, he has all the blinding kick of lukewarm cup custard."

Al frowns. "Freddy," he says, "I am a one to note trends. And recently I perceive that the feminine thinking is away from the panoply of war. It is edging back toward the sound and substantial, if slightly dull. I predict with confidence that the good-provider type is coming into its own again."

"Al," I says, "I would derive more uplift from a get-together with a disillusioned cemetery. In one swell swoop you shovel quicksand under my industrial life and imply that my benefactor is as the serpent from Eden."

"All," mumbles Al mournfully, "that glitters is not gold."

"Pah!" I get off my stool. "You are fuller of proverbs than Confusion. And your loquacity has lost you a sale. When I enter this fifth-flight establishment, I have two Panoramas in mind. But I cannot eat in the presence of a crapehanger who croaks like a raven." And I leave the unhappy fellow.

WELL, Culberson Sims calls next day. He has pulled wires and Frederick is tapped for Schofield and Sons.

So on Monday I report. I find Culberson waving in some majesty. He has a little office, partitioned off from the hoi polloi. But I am in no wise awed.

"Well, boy," I says, "what do you wish I should sell this morning, the New York Central Depot or—"

I pause. Culberson is looking at me like the Sphinx at a performing monkey. "Sit down, Sandford!" snaps Culberson.

Ten minutes later he leads a bewildered Frederick out of there. It seems that I am not to stalk abroad disposing of mansions, dwellings, and land tracts large and small. Instead, I have complete jurisdiction over the files of Schofield & Sons. I am likewise transformed from a retired G.I. into a working G.F. (General Factotum) and a kind of one-man Hey, You! department. Culberson conducts me to a moth-eaten desk.

"This is your private office," he says very audibly. "And one thing more! We emphasize punctuality."

Then he leaves what's left of me. But at the door of his own bailiwick he turns. "Also, Sandford," he calls, "you might get rid of Swamp Acres, in your spare moments."

This touches off intra-Muriel merriment. The masculine hirelings guffaw. The ladies of the typewriter titter. Culberson beams like a self-satisfied blowfish and dives behind his partitions.

I am perplexed. But presently I note Eileen Dougherty, an old acquaintance. Eileen is hammering out a decision over a keyboard just east of me.

"Look, Toots," I whispers, "what's the joke? And who does this guy Sims think he is? And what's Swamp Acres?"

Eileen sniffs. From a day when, purely in spirit of jest, I place a defunct sparrow in her desk at grammar school, Frederick finds no favor with the Doughertys.

"The joke, Mist-er Sandford," she says coldly, "could be you. As for Mr. Sims, he has recently been made office manager. He is our boss—and yours. And Swamp Acres is that marshy land across the railroad. The real-estate people have tried to sell it for years, but they can't even give it away. And it's Miss Dougherty to you, not Toots."

"Very good, madam," I says, cowed.

Soothsayer HI and Truthsayer HATT
I seem to see two letters —K.W., I think
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WELL, for several days I file, factote, fetch, and carry—with uncomplaining zeal. But this does not satisfy Culberson Sims. By day, when not riding me, he dreams up work for me to do after hours. Wherefore I burn much midnight oil at the office and the residence of Connie Parker is noteworthy for my absence.

Then one evening, homeward plodding my weary way, I am horrified at sight of Connie and Culberson. They are ducking into the Shadow Orchard Playhouse.

I do not need a second look to convince me that wolfishness is rife. I set a breathless course for Al's, arriving as that genius converses with old Abner Mullendike.

Abner Mullendike is the financial wizard of Shadow Orchard. He is a venerable party tap-tapping on a cane and cackling "Eh?" and "What say?" But his eyes are steel bullets, he's all present on the second floor, and he's got ten bucks for every light on Broadway. Al listens to this local Midas, smiling and rubbing his hands in a manner that sickens me. Finally Abner weighs anchor.

"Well," I says, "are you done kowtowing to that old curmudgeon?"

"You should not speak so of Mr. Mullendike, Freddy," Al says reprovingly. "A fine civic-minded old gentleman. To him, Shadow Orchard owes the station park and improved firehouse equipment. To him—"

"To you," I interrupts, "I owe seventy cents. But I do not salami before you. Enough of this, however! Al, I have seen that which gives me furiously to think."

"I was afraid you might, Freddy. They were just here. For cokes."

"What?" I says. "They parade their infamy in public?"

"I fear so," Al says gloomily. "But you could not be expected to know. The grapevine has it that you are working hard nowadays."

I WINCE at this gross understatement. "Listen, Al. Culberson is a direct linear descendant from Simon Legree."

"If you remember, Freddy," Al says, "I did not take a sanguine view of this recent move of yours."

"Now, Al," I says impatiently, "is this a time for post-Mortons? Manifestly Culberson Sims holds me down with one hand while stealing my girl with the other. And what I want from you is a constructive suggestion for procedure."

Al pulls his mustache. "Anticipating some such development, Freddy, I have pondered the matter. But I see no way out of the dilemma."

This wishy-washy statement irks me. "Al," I says, "I cannot overlook lack of interest and effort. And what happens tonight? Just after witnessing Connie and Culberson flaunting themselves at your own soda bar, I apprehend you gossiping with the village moneybags as if you had not a care in the world. It won't do, Al."

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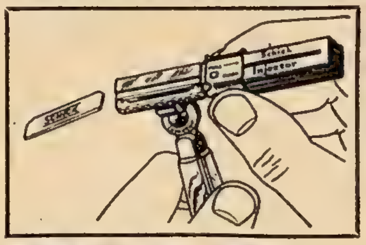

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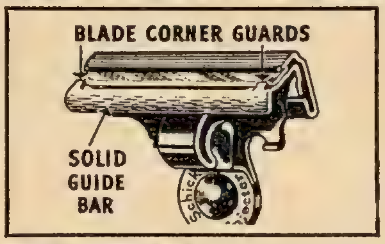

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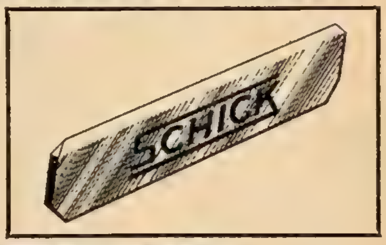

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BOB PINS

NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

- The pins with a lasting grip
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"This is rank injustice, Freddy," Al protests. "Not only did I— Oh, by the way! You haven't a couple more tickets for that West Point game, have you? A—a client of mine desires to attend."

"I have not," I says distantly. "But that proves my point. With my future in jeopardy, your mind is on football. What is more—" I stop suddenly. The solution of my problem has come, and so simple as to be laughable. "Al," I finishes, "you stand at my side, a tower of weakness. Happily, though, your assistance will not be required. I'll handle this."

He looks alarmed. "I advise no rash course, Freddy. Remember, I spoke to you of trends."

"Ha!" I says. "In view of your supine attitude, the trend of your star customer is now toward Diffenderfer down the street—a man of whom it is said, 'He never stints on the chocolate syrup.'"

That is a one for Al to bite into.

NEXT morning I am purposely late at the office. When I do arrive I sail uninvited into Culberson's foxhole.

"Look, Simsy Boy," I says, smiting the desk, "your reptilian program is now clear to me. First, you are getting hunk because, during schooldays, I take cognizance of the fact that Destiny intends you for a weasel. Secondly—"

"Yeah?" cuts in Culberson, grinning.

"On second thought," I says, "we will not discuss secondly. But you know to what I refer."

"Possibly." Culberson is unmoved. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Initially," I barks, "I am tendering my resignation."

He utters a Bronx noise. "So! I didn't think you could take it. But"—his fish eyes are slits—"have you considered a—a certain party's reaction to your failure here?"

"Eh?" I says.

Culberson fits fingertips together. "Well, a certain party understands you to be making a start in business. Now, if you walk out, what will Con—er—this individual conclude? Naturally, that you're a quitter. Yellow. That you plumbered your first chance. Get me, Mr. Sandford?"

A devastating reply trembles on my lips, but I pull it. Only now do I perceive all the diabolical angles of the spot Culberson has worked me into. What he says is gospel. I can forsake the real-estate business only without honor. Mine but to remain, teeth clenched, and take it on the chin from Culberson Sims, or Culberson will make it plain to Connie that lemon jello displays more spine than Sandford. Trapped is the word for Frederick.

"I—I—" I sputter impotently.

"Sandford," Culberson launches a nasty laugh, "go back to your desk! And while you're about it, clean up that desk! It looks like a rat's nest."

Black are the days which follow. Friendless and alone, I put in the weary hours. Culberson sees to it that, business-wise, they are as dreary as possible. That woolgathering Al is no help. And I do not see Connie Parker.

But, middle of the week, she phones. "Freddy," she says, "I am counting on going to the game Saturday."

"O.K.," I says dully. "If I can get off."

"Why can't you?" inquires Connie, slightly shrill. "On a Saturday afternoon? You just tell them—"

She tells me what to tell them. But, presumably, she does not know I have to tell it to Culberson Sims. And rather would one of the Sandford lineage partake of the wormwood and the gall. But I nerve myself. On Thursday I file my request. The magnate frowns.

"The road to success in real estate, Sandford," he says, "does not run through football stadia. But I am not a hard taskmaster. If your work is in order, you may go."

I clear out quick. Or, as C. McCarthy puts it, "So help me, I'll kill him."

Then, late Friday, Culberson calls me into his office. "Sandford," he says, "I'm afraid I'll have to renege on letting you off tomorrow."

"What?" I says, as the heavens fall.

"It seems," proceeds Culberson, "that a—a Mr. Gillenwater of New York is coming here tomorrow afternoon. He is interested in a property which I find on your—ah, list. I refer to Swamp Acres."

"Swamp Acres?" I ejaculates.

"Precisely. What Mr. Gillenwater has in mind for Swamp Acres, I wouldn't know. But I do know that Old Man Schofield will pin a medal on the guy who sells it. You should thank me, Sandford, for giving you this fine opportunity."

"But, look!" I says wildly. "Couldn't somebody else do it? This date—"

"Now, now," interposes Culberson. "One way or another, I promised the rest of the office force the afternoon off. And you're the last man in. Naturally, you'll have to take the rap. That's all!"

WELL, I call Connie to unload the bad news. And after work, I stumble to Al's, a broken man. "Al," I says, "draw me a small coke. This is the end."

Al pops the beverage and hears my dirge. "What did Connie say?" he asks then.

"Oh," I says wearily, "she was O.K. She said, 'Business before pleasure' and similar tripe. But, underneath, she is a very disappointed woman."

"Taking it well, though," Al says. "I have observed good stuff in Connie. But now," he exhibits sudden enthusiasm, "you won't be using those tickets, will you?"

"Nah," I says. "You take 'em. Give me a credit here."

"With pleasure, Freddy." Al pouches the tickets smugly. "It's an ill wind, as they say. My client will be overjoyed."

"Nuts," I says, nothing more suitable occurring.

ON the stroke of noon Saturday, Culberson Sims dashes importantly into the office, resplendent in sports raiment. "Got those letters for me to sign?" he says to Eileen Dougherty.

She has. But while Culberson brandishes pen, I happen to glance out the window. And the heart of Sandford bumps the nadir.

Culberson's car nudges the curb. In the front seat sits Connie Parker. As speechless I stare, Culberson Sims shoots out of the office.

"Have a good time at the game, Mr. Sims!" Eileen Dougherty calls in his wake.

Culberson replies not. He bounds in beside Connie. They're off, in a shiver of machinery. And I come to life, even as the pronged salamander.

"Hey!" I shouts at Eileen. "What game?"

She looks at me like a disintegrating rhubarb. "If the help—ha-ha!—around here has to know, Mr. Sims is driving to West Point."

Blindly I totter away. Crushed is the word for Frederick.

ALL that afternoon, as chained to my desk I await Mr. Gillenwater, I do bitter but penetrating thinking. The conclusion to which I am forced horrifies even my disillusioned mind. I would not have believed the human brain capable of such fiendishness. And I am in a lather to get to Al's.

Then, at four o'clock, with no Mr. Gillenwater having shown, old Abner Mullendike stumps into the office.

"Ha!" says Abner, glowering about him. "Where's Frank Schofield?"

"He hasn't been in all day," I says.

Abner snorts. "Humph! Fine way to run an office. No one to do business with but a—a beardless boy!" He stabs his cane at me. "What are you doing here all alone, boy?"

Well, no harm in making a good impression. "It's this way, Mr. Mullendike," I says. "I wish to be a success. So, while others gamble on the green as it were, I apply myself to my career."

"Ho!" He grins with his steel-bullet eyes. "That so? I know all about your generation, young man. Drink and smoke and dance like dervishes! But aren't you George Sandford's son? Didn't you go to war and get yourself wounded? Don't tell me, because I already know. Done any—harrumph!—business this afternoon, young Sandford?"

"No, sir," I says.

"What say?" cackles Abner. "No business? Well, don't sit there like a lump! Get me a piece of letter paper!"

"You wish to write a letter, Mr. Mullendike?" I says.

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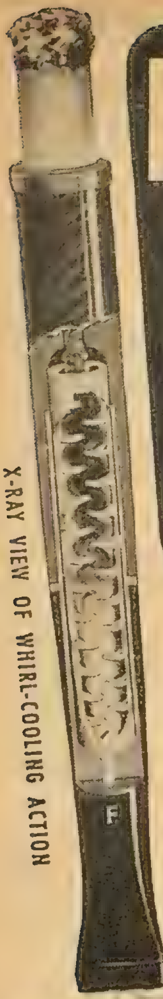

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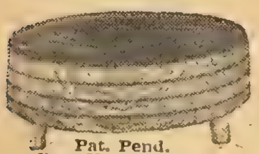

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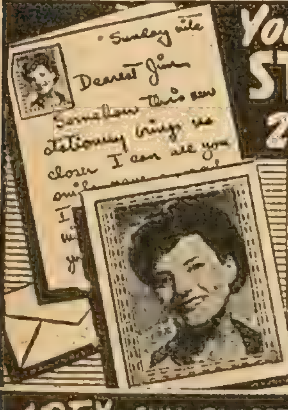

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So I provide stationery, plus envelope. Old Abner creaks down at a vacant desk and scratches with his fountain pen. I pay no mind. My thoughts are afar, on perfidy.

"Now then, boy," Abner hands me the envelope, sealed. "That's a complaint to Frank Schofield. I'll tell him what I think of leaving a whippersnapper in charge of his business. You put that on Schofield's desk! And don't you drink and smoke and dance like a dervish, or you'll wind up in the almshouse!" With which he flourishes his cane and tap-taps out.

Well, at six thirty, I consign the nonappearing Mr. Gillenwater to the bowwows and converge on Al, fire in my eyes.

"Y-y-you!" I barks, bursting in upon a deserted fountain. "You place on my cheek the kiss of Judith."

"Why, Freddy," says Al, "what's the matter?"

"Matter?" I howls. "It is common knowledge that in all Shadow Orchard there are but two tickets for the West Point game. These I hold, personally. But, taking advantage of circumstances—"

"Now, Freddy," Al interrupts, "be reasonable! Culberson Sims, a middling fair client of mine, has persistently bedeviled me for tickets. But until last night I was unable to accommodate him. Inasmuch, however, as you stated your inability to witness the contest, I naturally procured your tickets for Mr. Sims."

"And, of course, you did not know that Culberson plans it this way? To take my girl to the game?"

"Freddy—" begins Al, and stops.

Into the emporium, putting one foot carefully before the other, inches a vision of bedraggled loveliness. It staggers painfully to a stool.

"For heaven's sake, Al," it gasps, "give me a hot chocolate!"

The red mists before the Sandford eyes clear slightly. I recognize Connie Parker. Simultaneous, same recognizes me.

"Freddy!" she exclaims. "Am I glad to see you!"

"The pleasure, Miss P.," I says with hauteur, as Al rushes the sustenance, "is not mutual."

"Not— Oh, stop it, Freddy! Listen! I got so mad I left that game all by myself and I hitchhiked and took cross-country buses all the way back from West Point. In these high heels! And my feet—oooh! Al, this tastes wonderful. And, Freddy darling, where is your junk heap?"

"My car, your ladyship," I step up the hauteur, "awaits."

"Then, Freddy," sighs Connie, "won't you p-please take me h-home?"

SOMETIME later I reinvade Al's on a crest. "Earthling," I says, "compose me a double-double raspberry nut sundae. Such is my mood that I am prepared to waive your traitorous sale of my tickets. The beauty now sleeps off a stretch of

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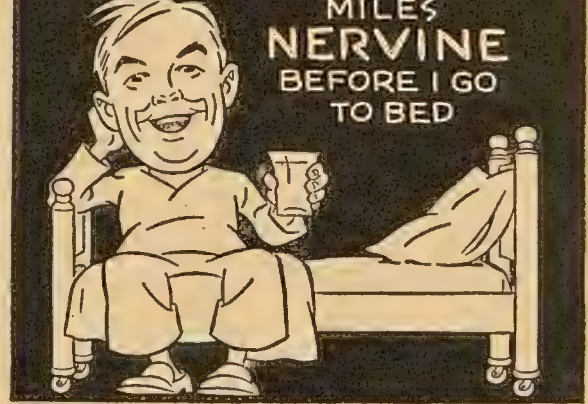

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hitchhiking and stuff. But before sinking into the arms of Orpheus, she issues a statement. It seems that between the halves, with Army leading seven nothing, Culberson Sims so far forgets himself as to wax vainglorious."

"Between the halves, eh?" muses Al. "Freddy, I am not the man I used to be. I felt confident that Culberson's unbridled ego would rise above itself long before they sighted the—er—battlements of West Point."

My jaw drops. "*You* felt confident?"

AL takes over, like Napoleon at Marengo. "My thinking," says Al fluently, "was predicated upon the fact that Culberson Sims is of blatant and boastful disposition. And I was certain that he would be unable to resist remarking to Connie about his cleverness in taking you out of the play."

"Clever—" I start. "Now you mention it, Connie hints vaguely at chicanery. But she is too tired to elaborate."

"It has been established, Freddy," Al says, with profundity, "that Connie considers the privilege of pushing you around as peculiar to herself. But let anyone else try it and she swarms to your side, claws unsheathed.

"Since this is so, I deemed it probable that she would take a poor view of Culberson's having immobilized you today to await a fictitious client."

My brows shoot up. "Fictitious client?"

"Mr. Gillenwater of New York, Freddy," says Al, as if addressing a Grade Z moron, "is a pigment of Culberson's imagination. But I did not think he would unfold the entire scheme to Connie. I merely expected him to give her an inkling, and I was prepared to see that she learned the true facts later. It seems, though" —Al sighs—"that Culberson, drunk with glory, has saved me the trouble."

I tap the fountain. "Al," I says, "clarify this!"

"Lately," says Al, "I have observed Culberson's tendency to poach on your — ah — preserves. And Connie did not entirely discourage him, due, I believe, to the prevailing trend toward the man of substance."

"Come, come, Al," I urges.

"Well," says Al, "I perceived the necessity of checking the victorious march of Culberson Sims. So, as he refreshed himself here recently, I inquired whether he was attending the West Point game. He deposed that he had no tickets, but added—and I quote—that 'that mutt Sandford had.'

"Right there, Freddy, I saw an opportunity to relegate Culberson to limbo where your love life is concerned."

"Al," I says incredulously, "yours is the brain behind?"

The great man bows modestly. "I simply pointed out that, as your present mentor, it would be easy

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for Culberson to detain you at the office. I reminded him of Connie's avidity to witness this gridiron spectacle. And I inferred—forgive me, Freddy!—that I might procure tickets. In that moment Mr. Gillenwater was born."

"Al," I says reverently, "this verges on the sublime. Connie does not say much. But I gather that, for her dough, stinkweed now holds a comfortable edge over Culberson Sims. She walks out on him today, she says sleepily, because she suddenly learns that he is lowdown, mean, despicable, and a conniver, which I could tell her on any given date this last twenty years. Further, I have her permission to quit real estate while retaining personal dignity."

"Tsk-tsk, Freddy," says Al. "You wouldn't do that, just after making your first important sale?"

"Sale?" I goggle at the man.

"A DAY or so ago," Al says insouciantly. "Mr. Abner Mullendike complained to me that time hangs heavily on his hands. Considering this statement, I remarked that Swamp Acres could be purchased for the proverbial song. And I convinced Mr. Mullendike that clearing and draining the land and converting it into building lots would serve a twofold purpose. It would give him a hobby and simultaneously remove an eyesore from Shadow Orchard. Mr. Mullendike, always civic-minded, received the suggestion with enthusiasm."

I can but stare, bug-eyed.

"From that point," Al continues, "it was not difficult to persuade Mr. Mullendike to extend a helping hand to a—a protégé of mine. In short, Freddy, a certain note, which Mr. Mullendike tells me you placed on Frank Schofield's desk, contains a firm offer for Swamp Acres, with the proviso that you get the commission on the transaction. Mr. Mullendike was happy to do this. He understands from me you are a deserving boy."

"Al," my voice is tailored for a cathedral, "in England they raise guys like you to the steerage. But never fear! All Shadow Orchard shall hear of this brilliant campaign of yours."

"No, no, Freddy," Al waves his hands. "I shun publicity."

"As you will," I says. "But at least I can split this commission with you."

He shakes his head. "I considered that, but abandoned the idea as unnecessary. The course of monies from your pocket to my soda bar, Freddy, might have been plotted with a ruler."

"Al," I says admiringly, "which are you, Fortune's darling or Destiny's tot? In addition to being practically pure intellect, you also have a keen sense of business."

"Huh!" Al debases his diction. "I'd better have—with a wife and three children."

THE END

A BUNNY'S LIFE IS NOT FUNNY

Continued from Page 27

This winter and next year there will be a good many adult beginners, because returning servicemen who never hunted small game before will take up gunning. After the first World War there was a one-third national increase in hunting-license sales and a similar gain is expected now. Military training often creates a new interest in guns, and many former G.I.'s will start on rabbits.

Both the boy hunter and the adult beginner most likely will think first of getting a 12-gauge shotgun. With today's shotgun shells it will carry a little more shot a little farther. Later they may change to a lighter gun, a 20-gauge, a 28, or a .410-bore, which are easier to carry and deadly enough. In dense growth the best shot to use in the shell is a brush load of fine pellets, say No. 7½, because a rabbit doesn't take a lot of killing and it is better to have many fine shot than fewer heavy ones. In open country, heavier, farther-carrying No. 6s can be employed. The gun and shells are all that's needed to start—the dogs and hunting clothing can come later.

PROPERLY prepared, rabbits make good eating. A young rabbit fried tastes much like chicken. After the rabbit is cleaned and cut up, it usually is soaked in a mild brine-and-vinegar solution overnight, then parboiled briefly, and finally fried in hot fat. Since a rabbit weighs two to three pounds, thirty or forty million killed a year puts a lot of meat on the table.

The cottontail rabbit, through no fault of its own, leads an exciting life. A rabbit is born into a litter of from two to six young, blind, almost naked, and helpless. Before its birth the doe plucked hair from her body and lined a nest made of dead grasses with this downy hair. This is the rabbit's first home—open and exposed to danger.

From birth to his inevitable violent end, he is forever dodging this danger. When too young to move about, he is lucky if heavy rains do not drown him in the nest. When older, he has only two means of defense—flight and squatting still in a form or lair, pretending he isn't there. There is no fight in him, although he has sharp incisor teeth that could cut severely if he had courage enough to use them. I have seen rabbits literally paralyzed by fear, which may account for some of the wild stories about snakes charming them into immobility.

If he reaches maturity, it is because he is lucky or faster than the things that pursue him. He will have fewer enemies by night than by day, so he will become nocturnal in his habits and eat and mate under the night skies, hiding in forms by day.

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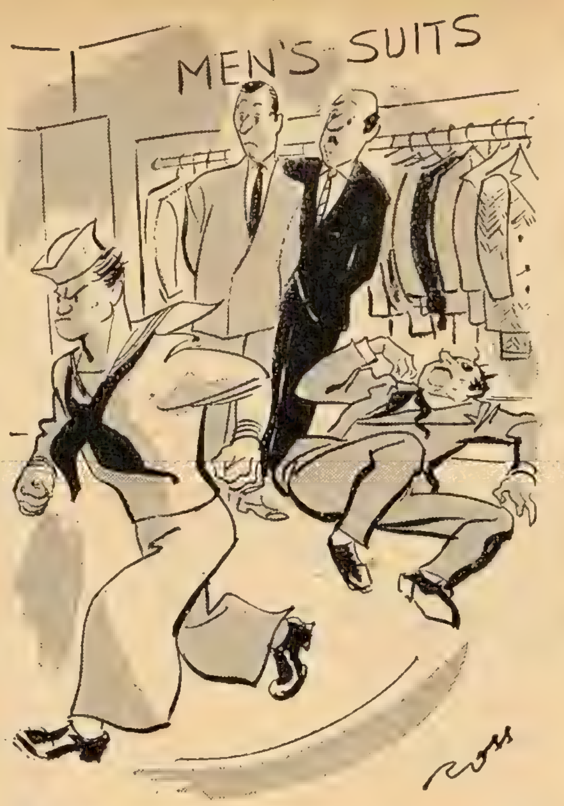

"He showed him a Navy-blue suit!"
LIBERTY

Even diseases will beset him, and one can be transmitted to human beings. It's tularemia, or rabbit fever, which is considerably overplayed in the press. A rabbit with tularemia is sluggish. If you happen to kill a rabbit that was obviously sluggish before you pulled the trigger, don't keep it. And see that there are no cuts or open wounds on your hands when you clean a rabbit.

Less frequently seen or not so widely distributed are some of the rabbit's relatives. The marsh and swamp rabbits—unlike the cottontail, which swims only to save its life—actually like water and plunge into it when frightened or when hunting food. Marsh rabbits have smaller ears than the common rabbit, do not have the white tail, and are restricted to the South. Their close relatives, the brush rabbits, can climb inclined trees.

The true rabbits are small, short-eared, short-legged, and their color is stable, not changing with the seasons. Farther north, however, are found the hares. A connecting link between the two is a favorite game animal in the colder states, the varying hare or snowshoe rabbit. In summer it is a pale brown, but when snow falls it turns white and the pads on its feet grow huge so it can travel over drifts. It grows larger than the cottontail, weighing about five pounds.

Unimportant as game animals are the California jack rabbit and its relatives which range the Western plains.

However, when you talk about rabbit hunting, you don't refer to any of these species. You mean the cottontail—that cowardly bundle of fur which is forever running away from something. But it can't run away from the fact that it is our major small-game animal.

THE END

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YOU know how a stuffy head cold makes you feel miserable . . . fills up your nose so you can hardly breathe! How it can spoil your sleep at night!

Well, next time this happens—just put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. This specialized medication works right where trouble is—instantly starts to open your cold-stuffed nose—reduce swelling—make breathing easier.

And Va-tro-nol does more. It's a *double-duty* nose drops. If used in time it helps prevent many colds from developing! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

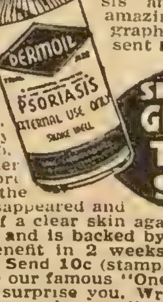
CHILDREN'S COLDS

To relieve miseries—rub VicksVapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!

VICKS VAPORUB

Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two-week supply, today. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 3 tablespoonfuls two times a day. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave and if you do not feel better, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale and recommended by druggists everywhere.



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Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE**. Write for it.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 5424, Detroit 4, Mich.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH BLUE

Continued from Page 29

new light upon these anomalies of human nature.

Aside from the cycle's giving a new explanation of personal happiness and unhappiness, Dr. Hersey sees it as giving new explanations for accidents, fatigue, mental and bodily efficiency or lack of it, sense of humor, drinking, smoking, and the like.

While the "highs" are all pretty much alike, it has been found that there are three different types of "lows."

DR. HERSEY'S charts give these pictures of typical "lows":

Picture No. 1: In this trough, a person's productive powers are about 10 per cent below normal. He is somewhat depressed, finds it harder to face the facts of life, is in what a playwright would call a state of quiet desperation. By extra effort he can force himself to produce a normal amount of work, but he is more touchy and grouchy than usual, and has a feeling of strain upon his will power and emotions.

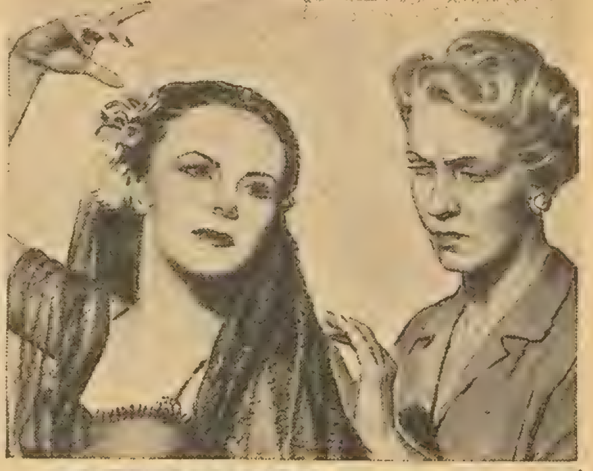
About 60 per cent of all "lows" are of this type.

Picture No. 2: In this trough, resistance to life's troubles and worries is at low ebb. Will power and moral courage seem weakened. This type of "low" helps explain the old saying, "Some days you can get drunk, and some days you can't." Neither stimulants—such as alcohol, coffee, tobacco—nor self-chiding nor love can pull one up to normal. Instead of boosting him up, even temporarily, each drink makes him feel worse. It is probably at such times that people seek relief in suicide or radio savants. This type covers about one fourth of the "lows."

Picture No. 3: The strange thing about this type is that while a man's mental efficiency is very low, he has immense physical energy but cannot control it. Dr. Hersey believes, on abundant evidence, that this explains, even more than the other two types, many sports upsets, including horse races. When Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis, he was probably in his normal high, because he came through smiling. But Joe was either in "low" No. 2 or—more likely—in No. 3, with great energy, but inability to direct his punches. In the next fight, the condition of the two men was probably reversed. Anyway, this will give fight managers a chance to come through with better alibis than "I wuz robbed."

This type covers about 15 per cent of "lows."

An odd thing about this type of "low" is that, if a person is aroused, he is likely to exhibit a cold-blooded anger and a reckless disregard for himself and his opponent. At such times, a "Milquetoast" may fight the boss, regardless of the consequences



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DRESSMAKERS *have it too!*

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Millions have been sold because they help relieve pain, fight infection, promote healing. Use as directed.

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DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

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Get Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills at your drug store—25c and $1.00. Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

to himself or to his wife and his children.

Dr. Hersey believes this accounts for some murders by respected citizens, and that the courts should take this into account where a murder is without premeditation or adequate motive.

Wives, too, he believes, might consider this fact before letting an erring husband have a piece of their mind or rolling pin!

These phases of the cycle can be predicted well in advance by examination of the blood, and brief mental and physical tests. Dr. Hersey believes that such examinations should be obligatory for auto drivers, airplane pilots, engineers, etc., where self-control is vital. He strongly advocates that such persons, including jockeys, auto racers, prizefighters, golf and tennis champions, should not only know their own cycles, but before any important contest should undergo tests to determine their degree of self-control. The implications of such information to the gambling fraternity are revolutionary, to say the least. Beyond question, he asserts, there are days when it is suicidal to permit an airplane pilot to leave the ground, because at such times he cannot control his physical co-ordinations. He ridicules the idea of a prizefighter's manager's setting the date for a fight without knowing whether his man will be in low or high condition.

DR. HERSEY and others also believe from their experiments on animals that they, too, go through emotional and physical cycles. He believes that many times when the "favorite" runs last and the twenty-to-one shot leads the field, it is due to the emotional and physical condition of the horses, or the jockeys, or both. It would be, he thinks, a simple matter for race-horse owners to provide facilities for determining the cycle of each animal prior to a race.

Maybe here, at last, is that unbeatable system which gamblers go into the poorhouse struggling to find.

The general philosophy of life suggested by the cycle enables us to plan our lives more intelligently. Five years ago the writer furnished a complete description of the cycle to the executives of a large corporation, who have found that this knowledge enables them to understand themselves and their men better and has given them greater self-confidence and self-control.

When it comes to managing our "lows," the cycle gives us two new techniques for weathering our mental depressions:

First, Dr. Hersey's findings show it is a law of nature that most of our unhappiness is within ourselves, and not due, as it often seems, to outside circumstances.

Second, in our deepest depressions we have the guaranty of nature itself that unhappiness will not last always.

THE END

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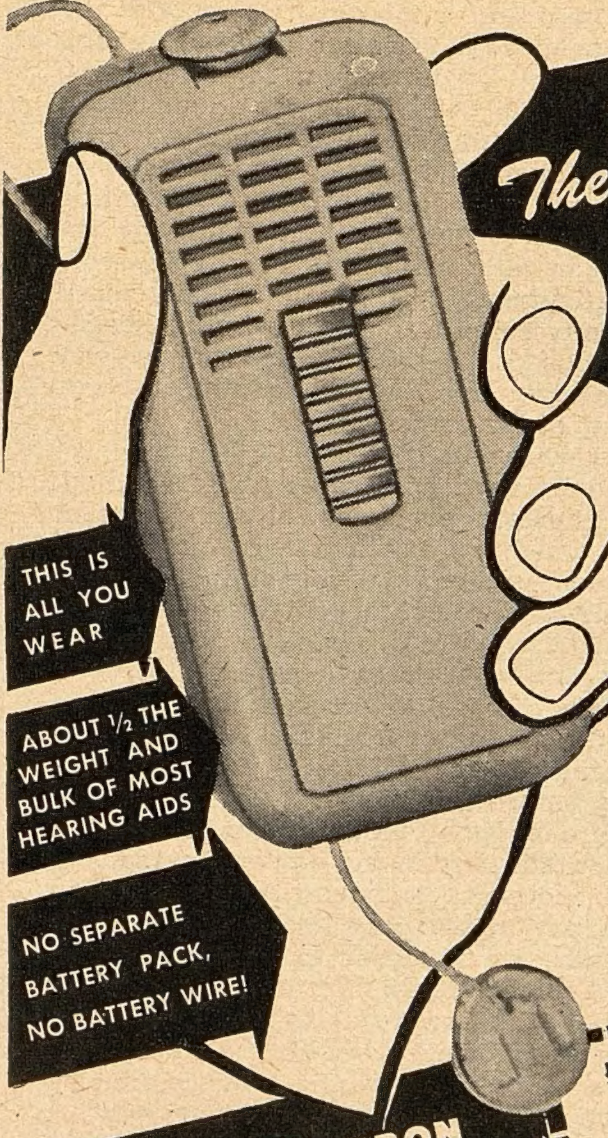

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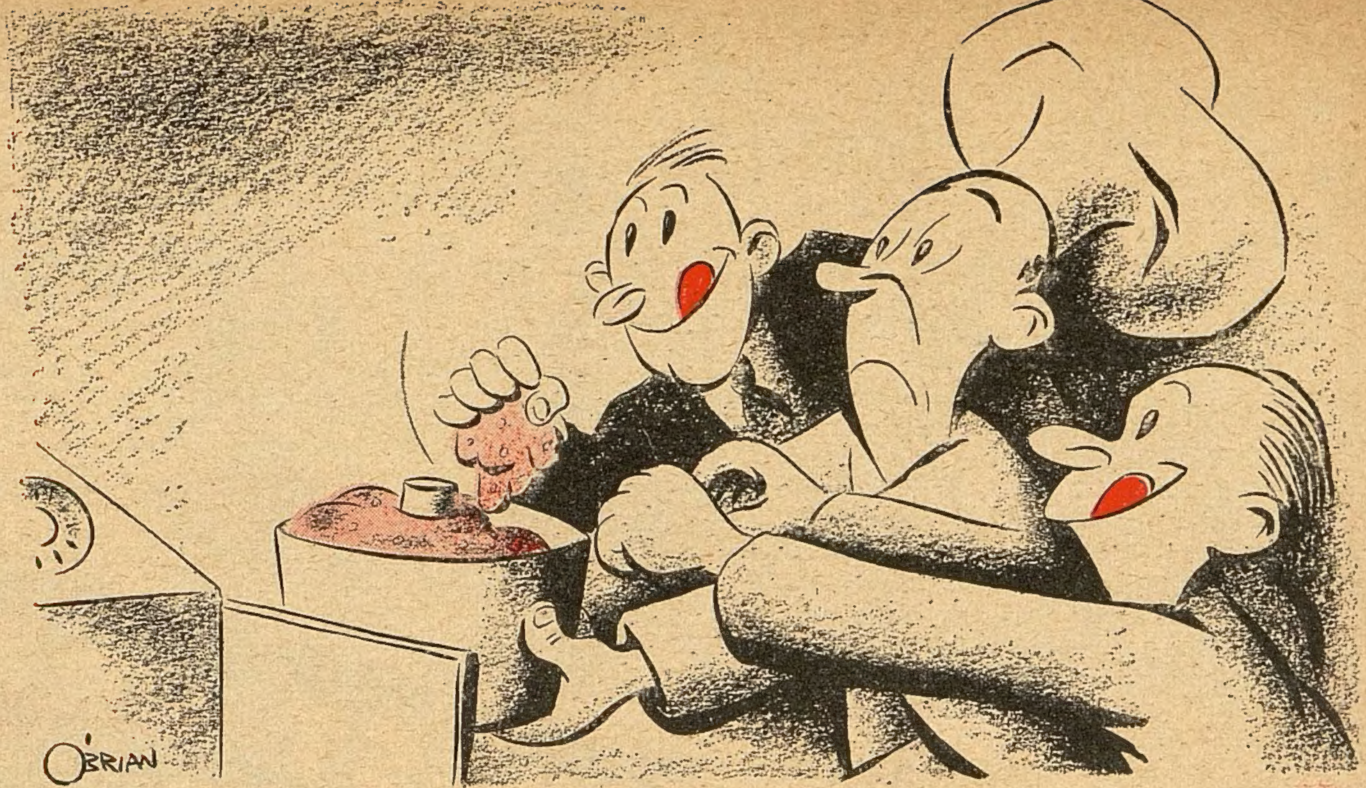


A CAKE CAN'T BE EATEN UNTIL IT'S BAKED

DURING the war years we were told often and emphatically that with the coming of peace we faced a gigantic problem of reconversion. Manufacturing plants would need to be revamped, stock piles of material accumulated, and industry disentwined from government physically and financially. The task of getting the wheels of peace rolling again was expected to take many months. Large-scale unemployment was predicted and speed in reconversion was emphasized so peacetime jobs could be provided for ex-war workers and for the added millions coming out of the armed services.

Now we're in that period to which we looked forward with so much foreboding. The physical problems of reconversion upon which so much stress was placed are proving to be relatively simple. In most industries the actual change-over from war production to peace production is going better than anticipated. However, we have chosen to place in our way an obstacle of our own making. We are demanding to eat the cake of postwar prosperity before it is baked.

There is much talk among us of the need to maintain purchasing power by means of wage increases sufficient to keep take-home pay at wartime levels. These wage increases are supposed to come out of the profits of industry. To draw a homely parallel, it is like trying to sink your teeth into an ear of corn before the sprout has showed above the ground. As yet, industry has no "profits" from postwar activity. It has only the vaguest idea what its balance sheets will show when reconversion is completed and merchandising gets under way. There are too many unpredictable factors. No business man, even aided by a crystal ball, can forecast how much profit his business will earn in the postwar years. Before we can whack up the profit, it must be created.

The current demand for a larger share of profits which as yet do not exist is plain foolishness. What this country needs is plans whereby all of us can work more efficiently, turn out more production, and thus create more values in which we all can share.

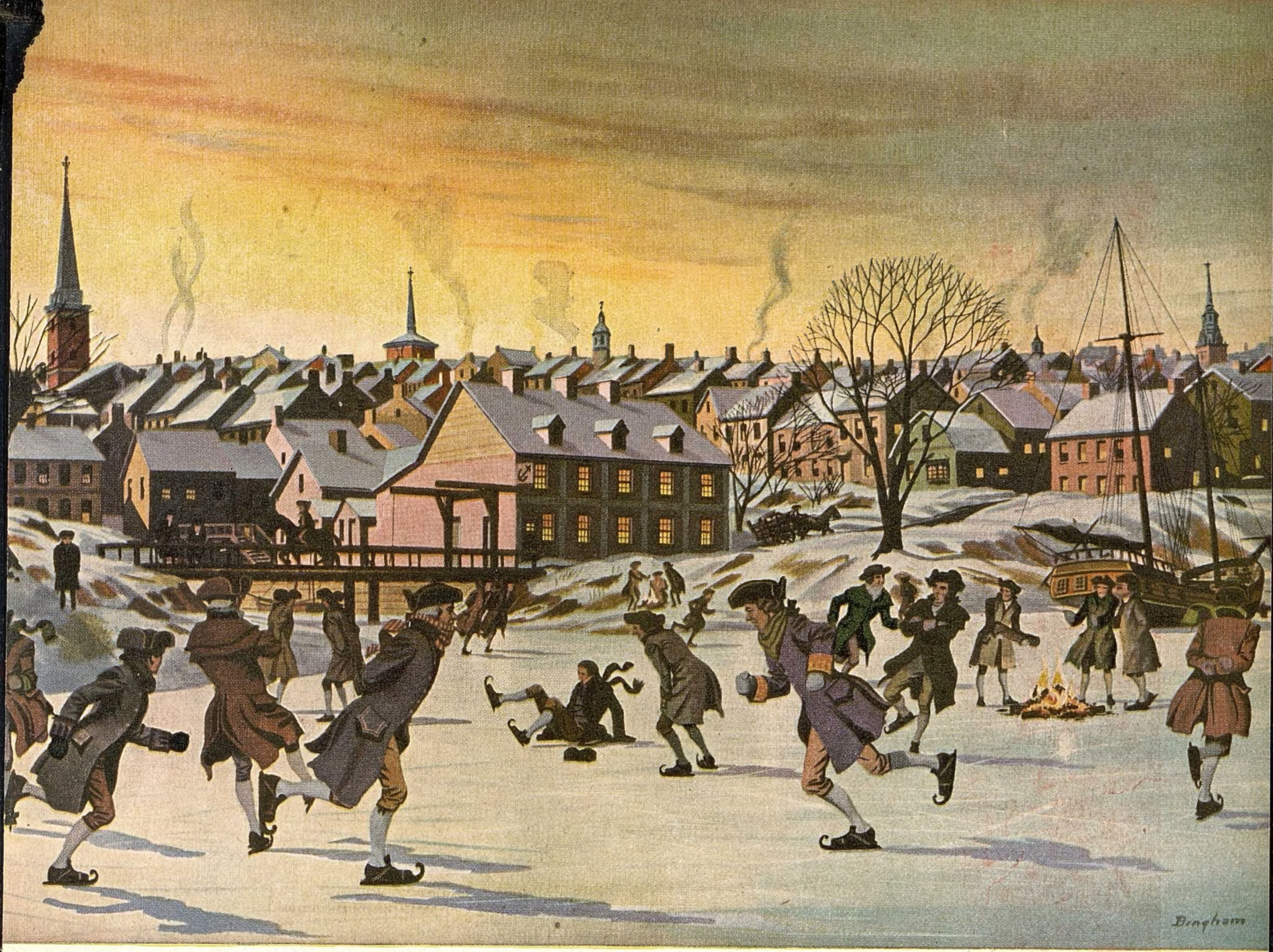
We have before us the opportunity to achieve prosperity and maintain it for a long time to come. The factors are all present and favorable. We can turn out a terrific flow of merchandise. The demand is almost incalculable. There is a vast reservoir of buying power. In fact, we can stop prosperity only by displaying a genius for stupidity and nearsightedness. One way to do so is by stubbornly trying to grab the benefits of prosperity before we have created them.

Instead of demanding a greater portion of profits not yet in existence, let's have some schemes to promote individual efficiency and a resultant production per worker which will permit not 30 per cent more wages but 50 or 60 or even 100 per cent.

But no cake can be eaten until it has been baked. No profits can be turned into higher wages before they have been earned. The sooner we learn this simple truth, the sooner we can get going.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



Skating on the Delaware River, Philadelphia, 1784 . . . based on early records*

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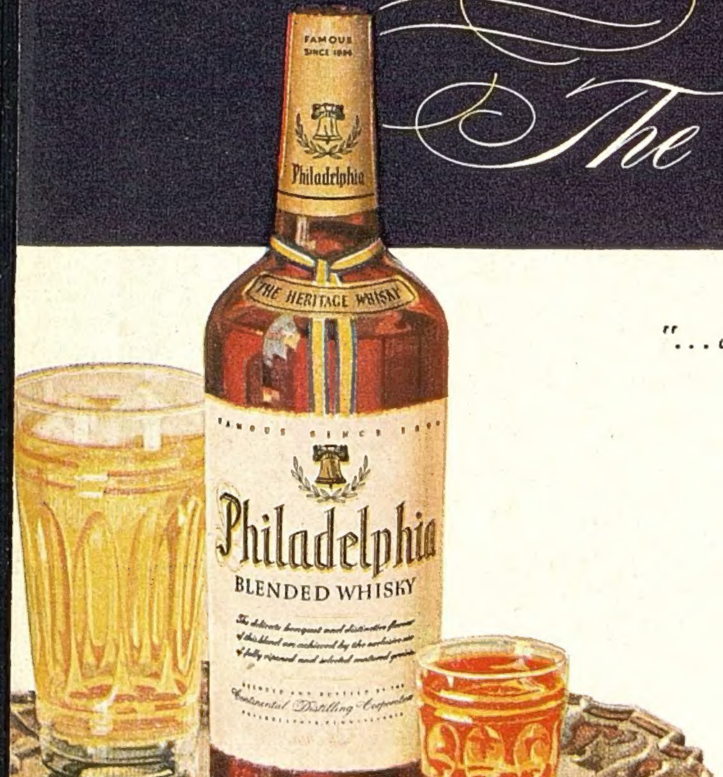
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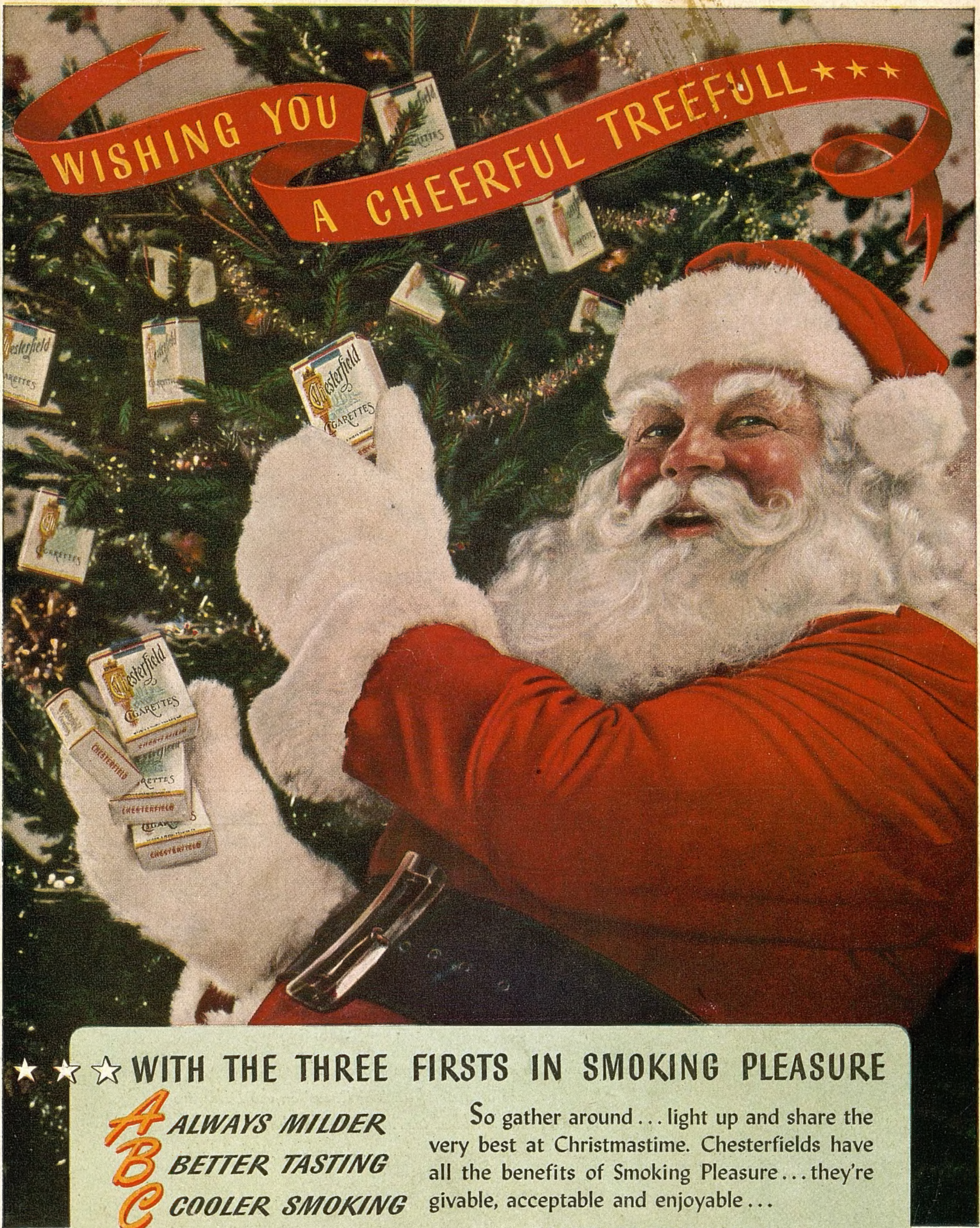
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